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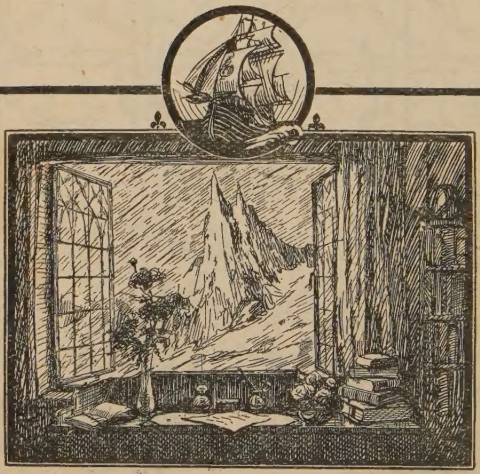
VIGNETTES



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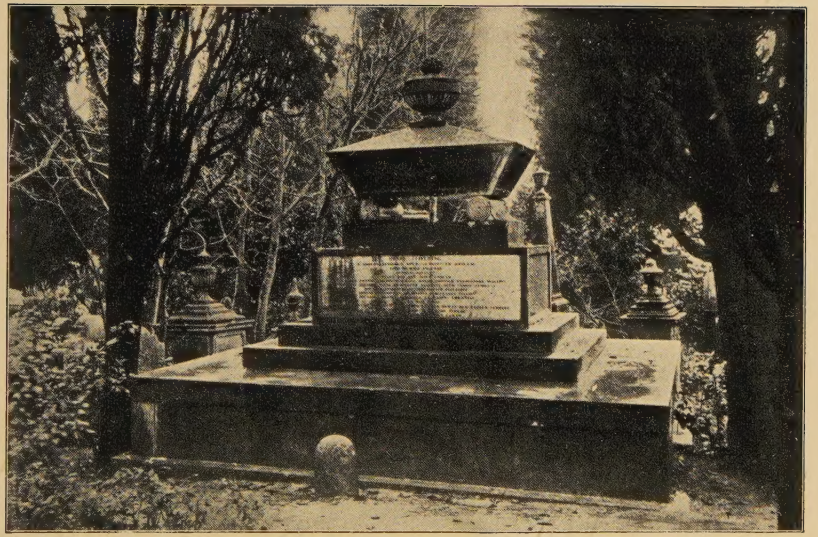

TOMB OF FIELDING IN THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT LISBON.

(N. 22ND APRIL, 1707; OB. 8TH OCTOBER, 1754.)

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(Ce superflu, si nécessaire!).

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Sincerely yours,

Austin Dobson.

[1896.]

PREFATORY NOTE.

Little can be said with regard to this third series of 'Vignettes' which has not been said with regard to its predecessors. As before, the papers treat exclusively of 'Eighteenth Century' themes; as before, they are—with one exception—reprinted from periodicals. The exception is the essay on 'Matthew Prior,' which appeared in the 'Parchment Library,' and is here included by permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.

[1896.]

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THE TRAVELLERS AT THE "NAG'S HEAD." From a facsimile of the original Sketch in the Print Room at the British Museum . *To face page* 142

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VIEW OF COVENT GARDEN FROM RUSSELL STREET. From a Print by J. Maurer, 1751 *To face page* 330

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

(BY WAY OF PROLOGUE.)

'Versate . . .
Quid valeant humeri.'

HOW shall a Writer change his ways?
Read his Reviewer's blame, not praise.
In blame, as Boileau said of old,
The truth is shadowed, if not told.

* * * * *

There! Let that row of stars extend
To hide the faults I mean to mend.
Why should the Public need to know
The standard that I fall below?
Or learn to search for that defect
My Critic bids me to correct?
No: in this case the Worldly-Wise
Keep their own counsel—and revise.

Yet something of my Point of View
I may confide, my Friend, to You.
I don't pretend to paint the vast
And complex picture of the Past:

Not mine the wars of humankind,
'The furious troops in battle join'd;' [1]
Not mine the march, the counter-march,
The trumpets, the triumphal arch.
For detail, detail, most I care
(Ce superflu, si nécessaire!);
I cultivate a private bent
For episode, for incident;
I take a page of Some One's life,
His quarrel with his friend, his wife,
His good or evil hap at Court,
'His habit as he lived,' his sport,
The books he read, the trees he planted,
The dinners that he ate—or wanted:
As much, in short, as one may hope
To cover with a microscope.

I don't taboo a touch of scandal,
If Gray or Walpole hold the candle;
Nor do I use a lofty tone
Where faults are weaknesses alone.

In studies of Life's seamy side
I own I feel no special pride;
The Fleet, the round-house, and the gibbets
Are not among my prize exhibits;

[1] Addison's *Campaign.*

Nor could I, if I would, outdo
What Fielding wrote, or Hogarth drew.

Yet much I love to arabesque
What Gautier christened a 'Grotesque';
To take his oddities and 'lunes,'
And drape them neatly with festoons,
Until, at length, I chance to get
The thing I designate 'Vignette.'

To sum the matter then:—My aim
Is modest. This is all I claim:
To paint a part and not the whole,
The trappings rather than the soul.

The Evolution of the Time,
The silent Forces fighting Crime,
The Fetishes that fail, and pass,
The struggle between Class and Class,
The Wealth still adding land to lands,
The Crown that falls, the Faith that stands. . .
All this I leave to abler hands.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES.

'EXIT ROSCIUS.'

TOWARD the latter end of the year 1775, those of 'Farmer George's' London lieges who had exhausted their interest in the impending trials of Her scandalous Grace of Kingston and that 'beauteous sufferer' (and suspected forger), Mrs. Margaret Caroline Rudd, must—if they had escaped the prevalent influenza[1]—have found an equally absorbing occupation in discussing the respective merits of the Covent Garden and Drury Lane playhouses. At Covent Garden, then under the elder Colman, Mr. Sheridan, jun., who, rather less than a year earlier, had opened his brilliant dramatic career with the comedy of 'The Rivals,' was drawing crowded audiences to the bright little opera of

[1] 'The influenza has raged in most parts of this kingdom, as well as in London' ('Morning Chronicle,' November 29, 1775).

'The Duenna,' his very singable songs in which were effectively aided by the admirable settings of his father-in-law, Mr. Linley. On the other hand, at Drury Lane, Garrick had not only revived the Jacobean comedy of 'Eastward Hoe' under the title of 'Old City Manners,' his adapter being the accomplished Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, but, calling in the aid of the brothers Adam, of Adelphi memory, he had beautified and Italianized his theatre, making it more commodious inside, and embellishing it externally—toward Brydges Street—with a brand new colonnade, balcony, and pediment, the last being surmounted with a classic trophy, flanked at the angles—in place of the familiar figures of Thalia and Melpomene—by a lion and a unicorn. Concerning all these attractive novelties, to judge from the letters in the papers, the quidnuncs of 1775 must have been abundantly exercised. 'Covent Garden' writes sneeringly to her sister 'Drury Lane' on her 'late acquisition of a new *gown* and *petticoat*'; and 'Drury Lane' retorts in a similar spirit of feline amenity. 'Impartial,' commending the improved accommodation, nevertheless holds that, 'with all deference to the taste of Messrs. A——m, . . . there is wanting a *simplex munditus* (*sic*) in the ornaments to render

them truly elegant,' while another correspondent sarcastically suggests that quite enough has been said upon this purely subordinate topic of decoration. But 'Adelphos' (whose pseudonym suggests an advocate either of the architects or the manager) is of opinion that 'Mr. Garrick, with a spirit undiminished by age, has . . . made it [his theatre] the prettiest Assembly-room in the whole Town.' The same writer, besides, regards it as inconceivable that although he [Mr. G.] 'himself performs his best parts three or four times a week' (an assertion which of course was promptly contradicted), all the world should flock ungratefully to that 'new sing song thing,' 'The Duenna'; and the public are significantly reminded that their Roscius is no longer young, and cannot possibly be expected to last for ever. 'In a few years, perhaps months,' says 'Adelphos,' with tears in his voice, 'this bright luminary of the stage must yield to the common lott of mortality! Let us suspend our love of Operas till that melancholy period!'

The date of this letter, with its note of portent, is November 27, and before Christmas had come Garrick was actively arranging the step which, with more or less sincerity, he had so long been threatening to take—his definite and final

retirement. For this, various reasons have been assigned, but it is probable that no single cause can be made responsible for a course which must have been dictated by many considerations. In the first place, exceptional as were still his energy and his vivacity, he was no longer the Garrick who four-and-thirty years before, inaugurating a new era in the art of acting, had bounded on the boards at Goodman's Fields. He was close upon sixty; and already, in addition to the wear and tear of an unusually harassing profession, he had to contend with two especially eighteenth-century ailments—gout and stone. His old partner, Lacy, had very recently died, and the managerial cares which this loss augmented were not made more easy to endure by the contentious character of Lacy's son and successor, Willoughby. His three leading ladies, Mrs. Yates, Miss Younge, and Mrs. Abington, gifted and indispensable no doubt as they were, nevertheless taxed all his tireless diplomacy to keep them in good humour with himself and with each other—Mrs. Abington, in particular, being especially 'aggravating.' 'What with their *airs*, *indispositions*, *tails*, *fringes*, and a thousand whimsies besides,' he is made to say in the 'Morning Chronicle' for December 16, 'a

manager leads the life of a devil,' and he declared his intention of speedily relinquishing that thankless vocation. The sentiment thus expressed found its echo in more than one contemporary epigram.[1] At the same time, it may be assumed that when he re-decorated his theatre he had not contemplated any very immediate severance from the scene of his ancient successes. The popularity of 'The Duenna,' the consciousness of his own failing powers and relaxing rule, and the development of the graver of his two disorders, seem, nevertheless, to have precipitated a decision which, in spite of all collateral anxieties, he might—after the traditional fashion of his kind—have continued to postpone; and at the close of December he wrote in express terms to offer the refusal of his share in Drury Lane to Colman. The offer was promptly declined. The Covent

[1] As, for example, this, quoted in Davies' 'Life,' 1780, vol. ii, p. 325:

THE MANAGER'S DISTRESS.

'I have no nerves, says Y——g; I cannot act.
I've lost my limbs, cries A——n; 'tis fact.
Y——s screams, I've lost my voice, my throat's so sore.
Garrick declares he'll play the fool no more.
Without nerves, limbs, and voice, no shew, that's certain:
Here, prompter, ring the bell, and drop the curtain.'

Garden manager, who would probably have bought the whole, refused to purchase a part. He would not for worlds, he protested, sit on the throne of Brentford with an assessor, unless (he was careful to add) that assessor could be Garrick himself. Such being the state of the case, it became necessary to seek for other bidders. Ultimately Sheridan, his father-in-law, and two others found the money required,—some £35,000,—and Garrick prepared to make surrender of his stewardship.

With the minor details of his last months of management—enlivened and diversified as they were by fresh vagaries on the part of Mrs. Abington—these pages are not so much concerned as with the series of farewell performances which preceded his departure from the stage. Before the end of January the purchase of the share appears to have been completed, and Garrick's sincerest friends were congratulating him on his approaching emancipation. In particular, from his old antagonist and warm-hearted admirer, Mrs. Clive, already herself in retirement at Twickenham, came a most cordial and characteristic epistle, containing an opportune testimony to that part of his talent with which the public were least acquainted—to wit, the extraordinary patience and administrative skill with which, behind all the

triumphs of the house, he had presided as wire-puller in chief. Other correspondents were as demonstrative in their felicitations. By-and-by the 'Gentleman's Magazine' announced the sale as an accomplished fact, and not long afterwards the sequence of leave-takings began. Strictly speaking, the first of these valedictory representations was Garrick's assumption, on February 7, of the part of Sir Anthony Branville in Mrs. Sheridan's recently revived comedy of 'The Discovery.' The old beau, who 'emits' volcanic language with the ardour of an iceberg, was not one of the actor's great characters, but even here spectators like the younger Colman remembered how adroitly, to fit a fantastic personality, Garrick contrived to quench the lustre of his wonderful eyes so as reduce those orbs to the semblance of 'coddled gooseberries.' Upon this occasion Mrs. Abington took the part of Lady Flutter. After 'The Discovery' he played four times during the ensuing month in four different pieces. Then, for March 7, was announced what proved to be his final appearance in the last of these, 'Zara,'—an adaptation by Aaron Hill from Voltaire—in which, with Miss Younge as the heroine, he took the part of Lusignan, the old King of Jerusalem. It was a favourite *rôle;* and long after, one of

those who saw him act it at this very date, communicated to Christopher North—over the signature of 'Senex'—his still green recollections of that memorable night. They are too lengthy and too discursive to quote, but they afford a vivid idea of the rapt attention with which Garrick's entry, not made till the third act, was greeted by the hushed and expectant house. The impression produced upon this witness was that of something entirely new, unprecedented, unexpected in matters dramatic. To him it seemed that all his pre-conceived ideas of acting were wrong—that Garrick was not acting, but that he *was* Lusignan —that 'by a kind of magic . . . the old king was conjured from his grave, and exhibited to the spectators *in propriâ personâ*, as just liberated from the long confinement of his dungeon—first unable to distinguish objects in the light, after such a length of gloomy incarceration, and afterwards gradually recovering the power of vision.' The illusion thus created was enhanced by that admirable elocution 'which compelled you to believe that what he [Garrick] spoke was not a conned lesson, but suggested by the exigency of the moment, and the immediate dictate of his own mind.'[1] The same

[1] Miss Burney (in 'Evelina,' Letter x.) is much to the same effect: 'I could hardly believe he had studied a

night witnessed the production of a farce by Colman called 'The Spleen; or, Islington Spa.' Its merit was not extraordinary, though it was acted for fourteen or fifteen nights; but its 'Prologue,' said to have been inimitably spoken by King in the part of the bookseller Jack Rubrick, is notable as containing the first public announcement of Garrick's intention to leave the stage. After describing a tradesman who quits his business for the fallacious delights of a country seat at Islington, King went on:

'The master of *this shop* too seeks repose,
Sells off his stock-in-trade, his verse and prose,
His daggers, buskins, thunder, lightning, and old clothes.
Will he in rural shades find ease and quiet?
Oh no! —
He'll sigh for Drury, and seek peace in riot.'[1]

written part, for every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment.'

[1] Rubrick, who also sells quack medicines, recalls Johnson's 'Jack Whirler' ('Idler,' No. 19), and still more, Johnson's original, 'John Newbery' (see 'An Old London Bookseller' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 1892, pp. 125-135). It may be added that, according to the 'Morning Chronicle' for March 8, 1776, 'a very beautiful scene of Loutherbourg's painting, representing the Spaw Fields with the Pantheon, and the adjoining buildings, was introduced in the second Act' of this farce.

For more than a month after the above-mentioned representation of 'Zara' Garrick's name is absent from the bills, which are mainly occupied by the benefits of other members of the company. On April 11, however, he played, for the last time, one of those low-comedy parts in which, even more than another, he gave evidence, not only of that versatility which had so astonished Count Orloff, but also of that power of confining himself rigorously within the limits of his impersonation, which is held to be one of his greatest gifts. This was the part of Abel Drugger in the 'Alchemist.' It was sometimes debated while he lived whether in this character he was really more successful than his contemporary Weston, and it is known that he himself greatly admired Weston's acting of Drugger. But the consensus of opinion among the best-instructed critics of the day is that Weston, while investing the *rôle* with much individual humour, never attained to that complete absorption of its essence which, in Garrick's case, compelled the commendations of onlookers as diverse as Hogarth and Hannah More. 'You are in your element,' said Hogarth in a burst of blunt admiration, after seeing his old friend in Drugger and Richard the Third, 'when you are begrimed with dirt, or up to your elbows in blood.'

But no one has written more graphically or acutely of this 'quite *unique* creation' (as he calls it) than Hogarth's own best commentator, Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, who was in London at the close of 1775. After dwelling upon its extension of the author's conception, and the minute by-play and subtle facial variation by which that extended conception was interpreted and made intelligible to every being in the theatre, Lichtenberg goes on to give an illustration of what he regards as Garrick's specific superiority to Weston. The passage is so excellent an example of his keen insight (he only once saw Garrick as Drugger) that it deserves unmutilated quotation, the admirable rendering being that of the late Lord Lytton. 'I will only mention,' says Lichtenberg, 'by way of example, a single trait, which Weston is quite incapable of imitating, and still more incapable of inventing. When the astrologers spell out the name of Abel Drugger in the stars, the poor gull says, with a certain self-satisfaction, "*That is my name.*" Now, Garrick gives to this satisfaction the quality of *secret* self-homage. He makes you at once understand that, at this moment, there is in the depths of Abel's confused sensations, a vague inarticulate sentiment that any open expression of self-satisfaction would be wanting in

respect to the majesty of the stars. He turns softly aside from the astrologers, and, for a minute or two, you see him silently caressing and enjoying this new sensation, till the rapture of it gradually flushes the wrinkling circles round his eyes, and at last overflows his whole countenance, as he half whispers to himself "*That is my name.*" The effect, upon all who behold it, of this unconscious betrayal of secret self-congratulation, is quite indescribable. You at once recognize in Abel Drugger, not only the passive stupidity of a born fool, but the active absurdity of a fool who is beginning to reason his way to a ridiculously high opinion of himself.'

That the words spoken by Drugger are not Ben Jonson's, but an addition to the prompt-book by some later hand, detracts nothing from the merits of this vivid piece of descriptive finesse. However they originated, Garrick certainly justified their retention in the acting copy of the play. A fortnight later, on Thursday, April 25, he bade farewell to another of 'rare Ben's' characters—that of Kitely, the jealous city merchant of 'Every Man in his Humour.' Beyond the verdict of Walpole—not an enthusiastic or even a sympathetic critic of Garrick—to the effect that this ranked with Ranger in 'The

Suspicious Husband' as one of his capital performances (a praise which Walpole did not vouchsafe to his Lear), little record seems to have been preserved respecting his appearance as Kitely, which is not mentioned by 'Senex' above quoted, while Hannah More, who was present on this very occasion, confines herself to recording the fact. In regard to his next 'last night' (April 30)—as Sir John Brute in 'The Provoked Wife'—there are better data, since, for the profit of posterity, Lichtenberg was lucky enough to see him in this part also. As, in the case of Abel Drugger, he had contrasted Garrick with Weston, so, in speaking of Vanbrugh's blackguard baronet, he contrasts Garrick with Quin. The most interesting passage of his notes, however, turns upon Garrick's unrivalled facial power. 'I was close to the stage,' he says, 'and could observe him narrowly. He entered with the corners of his mouth so turned down as to give to his whole countenance the expression of habitual sottishness and debauchery. And this artificial form of the mouth he retained, unaltered, from the beginning to the end of the play; with the exception only, that, as the play went on, the lips gaped and hung more and more in proportion to the gradually increasing drunken-

ness of the character he represented. This made-up face was not produced by stage paint, but solely by muscular contraction; and it must be so identified by Garrick with his idea of Sir John Brute as to be *spontaneously* assumed by him whenever he plays that part; otherwise, his retention of such a mask, without ever once dropping it either from fatigue or surprise, even in the most boisterous action of his part, would be quite inexplicable.' After this, one can understand what Johnson meant by telling Miss Burney that Garrick might well look much older than he was, 'for his face had had double the business of any other man's.'

There were, however, graver reasons why he should seem older. He was really ill, and nothing but his invincible energy could have kept him going. 'Gout, stone, and sore throat! yet I am in spirits,' he had written in February to a friend. Added to this came the nervous strain of these farewell representations, increased and intensified by the feverish enthusiasm of his hearers. 'I thought the audience were cracked,' he said of the reception of Abel Drugger, 'and they almost turned my brain.' Yet no sooner had he bidden good-bye to Sir John Brute than he followed up that part by three more successively, all for the

last time, and all in comedy. On May 2 he played Leon in his own version of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife'; on the 7th, Archer in 'The Beaux' Stratagem'; and on the 9th, Benedick in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' The leading feminine part on each occasion was taken by Mrs. Abington—'The Stratagem,' as it was called familiarly, being selected for her benefit (when she also acted in 'The Man of Quality,' an adaptation from Vanbrugh's 'Relapse'). Garrick was supreme in all of the three characters named. Nothing—according to those contemporaries who were privileged to see them—could be better than the gay vivacity of his Benedick; nothing exceed the splendid gallantry, the manly dignity of his Leon. But it was in the laced hat and brilliant light blue and silver livery of Farquhar's gentleman-footman that—notwithstanding the sneer of Johnson—he must have out-topped the record.[1] 'Never,' it was said, 'had appeared so genteel a footman, or so complete a gentleman: the one fit to triumph over the pert airs of an inn-keeper's

[1] Johnson thought that, in Archer, the gentleman should have broken through the footman; but Garrick—perhaps naturally—was of opinion that his old friend could not distinguish the one from the other.

fair daughter [Cherry]; the other inspired with that happy impudence, so timely corrected by a most profound respect, as not to be resisted by the finest woman in the world [Mrs. Sullen], languishing under the neglect of a cruel husband.' To the unmixed enjoyment of this 'last time,' there was only one irremediable drawback—the absence of that unrivalled Scrub, Thomas Weston, who had died in the preceding January, and whose part was taken by Yates.

By this time Garrick had bid adieu to no fewer than eight of his most popular parts. Out of these—with the exception of Kitely, which can scarcely be classed as comic—only that of Lusignan belongs in strictness to the domain of Tragedy. The farewells of Lear, of Richard, of Hamlet, were yet to come. From a letter in his correspondence which seems to have been misdated, he must also, at some period, have thought of adding Macbeth to the list. 'I shall play Lear,' he writes, 'next week, and Macbeth (perhaps) in the old dresses, with new scenes, the week after that, and then '*exit Roscius.*' But whatever he may have originally intended, 'Hamlet' was advertised for May 30, and, according to the notice in the public prints, certain omissions were to be made. To these he had referred

in the letter quoted above. 'I have ventured to produce "Hamlet," with alterations. It was the most imprudent thing I ever did in all my life; but I had sworn I would not leave the stage till I had rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act I have brought it forth without the Grave-digger's trick and the fencing match.' He goes on to say that the course he had taken had been 'received with general approbation, beyond my most warm expectations.' These changes, to which Lichtenberg asserts that Garrick should never have lent himself, and which must be laid at the door of Voltaire and French influence, had, however, no longer life than the actor; and the public, according to Davies, soon clamoured for their 'Hamlet' 'as it had been acted from time immemorial.' Of Garrick's assumption of this part at this period, perhaps the most important record is that of Hannah More, who, nevertheless, did not see him on this particular occasion, but on a penultimate performance in April, just after he had played Kitely for the last time. She sat in the pit, close to the orchestra, with the two Burkes, Sheridan, and Warton for neighbours. As a stage critic she is naturally not to be compared with those already mentioned, but her words give the note of

enthusiasm which animated the majority of those who (if they were fortunate enough to gain admittance) were now crowding Old Drury from all parts of the country whenever Garrick's name was in the bills. 'I staid in town to see "Hamlet,"' writes this perfervid chronicler, 'and I will venture to say, that it was such an entertainment as will probably never again be exhibited to an admiring world. . . . The requisites for "Hamlet" are not only various but opposed. In him [Garrick] they are all united, and as it were concentrated. . . To the most eloquent expression of the eye,[1] to the hand-writing of the passions on his features, to a sensibility which tears to pieces the hearts of his auditors, to powers so unparalleled, he adds a judgment of the most exquisite accuracy, the fruit of long experience and close observation, by which he preserves every gradation and transition of the passions, keeping all under the controul of a just dependence and natural consistency. So naturally, indeed, do the ideas of the poet seem to mix with his own, that he seemed himself to be engaged in a succession of affecting situations,

[1] She always insisted to the last—as Macaulay, who had heard her, remembered—upon its 'unequalled radiance and penetration' (Trevelyan's 'Life,' ch. iii.).

not giving utterance to a speech, but to the instantaneous expression of his feelings, delivered in the most affecting tones of voice, and with gestures that belong only to nature. . . . A few nights before I saw him in Abel Drugger; and had I not seen him in both, I should have thought it as possible for Milton to have written "Hudibras," and Butler "Paradise Lost," as for one man to have played Hamlet and Drugger with such excellence.'

From a letter following the one from which these extracts are derived, it seems that Mrs. Garrick petitioned Miss More for a copy of this little 'criticism,' and it is quite possible that 'dear Nine'—as Roscius playfully called her—was not entirely unmindful that her words might eventually come under his notice. Her rather rhetorical account may be supplemented by that of another witness (in all probability) of this same April performance. This was Joseph Farington, the landscape painter and Royal Academician, for whose impressions we are indebted to those gossipping volumes, 'The Recollections of John Taylor,' proclaimed on his title-page to be author of the ballad of 'Monsieur Tonson.' Farington told Taylor that he went to see 'Hamlet' acted by Garrick in his last season. Until the entrance

of the prince with the royal court in Scene 2, he paid little attention to the play; and then, observing the actor's worn and painted face, his bulky form, and the high-heeled shoes he had too palpably adopted to increase his height, concluded that Garrick was going to expose himself by attempting to perform a part for which age had rendered him unfit. But at length he began to speak, and such was 'the truth, simplicity, and feeling' which he displayed, that Farington speedily lost sight of everything but the Hamlet which Shakespeare had conceived.

To the advertisement of the last 'Hamlet' is appended—'On Saturday [*i.e.*, June 1] Mr. GARRICK will perform a Principal Part in Comedy.' This was the part of Ranger in 'The Suspicious Husband,' which was accordingly played on the date named. It is a *rôle* which ranks with such lighter characters as those of Archer and Benedick, and we have the assurance of Mrs. Siddons that it was one of Garrick's 'most delightful' impersonations—a verdict in which even Walpole would have agreed. After this, on Monday, June 3, came what had been intended to be the last performance of 'Richard the Third.' It was, however, repeated on Wednesday, June 5, 'by Command of their Majesties,'

being followed (also by command) by Garrick's farce of 'Bon Ton.' This second performance must have been a cruel ordeal for Garrick, upon whose physical powers the part of 'crook'd-backed Richard,' as he was described in the bills, made inexorable demands—demands with which his increased infirmities made it more and more difficult to comply. 'I dread the fight,' he told his friend Cradock, 'and the fall. I am afterwards in agonies.' Yet he surprised the King by the extraordinary activity with which he ran about the field. His Lady Anne, upon these two occasions, was Mrs. Siddons, then young and (as always) beautiful, but not yet risen to the maturity of her powers, and only imperfectly known to the London playgoer. Years afterwards she told John Taylor that she still retained the most vivid recollection of Garrick's terrible energy in this part, and in that of Lear. She remembered particularly how, in rehearsing Lady Anne, he begged her, 'as he drew her from the couch [?'corse,' in Act i., sc. 2], to follow him step by step, for otherwise he should be obliged to turn his face from the audience, and he acted much with his features.' She promised to attend to his wishes, but the intensity of his play entirely overcame her, and she was constrained to pause, 'when he

gave her such a look of reprehension as she never could recollect without terror.'

Mrs. Siddons appears to have acted only six times with Garrick—thrice as Mrs. Strickland in 'The Suspicious Husband,' and thrice as Lady Anne in 'Richard the Third'—the last performance of the latter piece being also the last occasion they ever appeared together. On the next day (Thursday, June 6), the 'Public Advertiser' announced that Garrick would play Lear on the following Saturday, 'being the last Time but one of his appearing on the Stage.' As to the supreme excellence of this impersonation, which duly took place on the 8th, there seems to be no question. Cumberland protested that it was one of the three finest pieces of acting he had ever witnessed, the other two being Henderson's Falstaff and Cook's Iago; and Reynolds told Hannah More (who of course was rapturous) that it took him 'full three days before he got the better of it.' Years after the occurrence, Bannister related to Rogers how Garrick had thrilled him by his utterance of the words, 'O fool, I shall go mad!" in Act II. O'Keeffe, again, could recall the exquisite tenderness and pathos with which, in Act IV., wistfully asking, 'Be your tears wet?' he touched the cheek of Cordelia; while the traditions are unani-

mous as to the effect of the terrible paternal curse of Act I., under the influence of which the very audience seemed to shrink and shudder. One of the most eloquent of the written tributes which Garrick received at this time came in the form of a farewell letter from the beautiful Madame Necker—the sometime love of Gibbon—then on a visit to England. 'Je ne sçais, Monsieur,' she wrote on May 14, 'où je trouverai des termes pour rendre l'effrayante impression que vous nous avez faite hier; vous vous êtes rendu maître de notre âme toute entière, vous l'avez bouleversée, vous l'avez remplie de terreur et de pitié, je ne puis penser encore aux différentes expressions de votre physionomie sans que mes yeux se remplissent de larmes. Quelle superbe et touchante leçon vous nous avez donnée! quelle horreur pour l'ingratitude! quel amour! quel respect pour la vieillesse! même injuste, même égarée; oh! que n'ai-je encore les auteurs de ma vie, que ne puis-je porter à leurs pieds tous les sentiments que vous avez élevés dans mon cœur, et y répandre les larmes déchirantes que vous m'avez fait verser. Toute ma pensée se concentre sur les divers caractères de la vieillesse affligée; je fuis et je cherche cette image, et jamais rien ne s'est gravé plus profondément dans mon souvenir.'

Garrick was justly gratified by this impassioned homage, and he showed his pleasure in his reply. But his farewells were not without their pangs of separation. When, on this same occasion, he got back to the greenroom, he said with a touch of sadness to his Cordelia (Miss Younge) that he should never again figure as her father. The actress fell upon her knees, and begged him at least to give her a father's benediction. Raising her kindly, he laid his hand upon her head, and then murmuring to those who had crowded round, 'God bless you all!' hurriedly quitted the room. Miss Younge (afterwards Mrs. Pope), who often told the story, could seldom repeat it without tears.

But the *ineluctabile tempus* was at hand, and on Monday, June 10, 1776, came what, in modern theatrical parlance, would be 'positively the last appearance.' That Garrick would have chosen some important character on this occasion might perhaps have been expected. The renewed representation of Richard, however, and the demands made upon his strength in Lear, taken in connection with the sufficiently pathetic aspects of this abandonment of his profession, decided him to make his farewell bow in a less arduous part. He chose Don Felix in 'The Wonder' of Mrs. Centlivre—an impersonation having certain

affinities with that of Jonson's Kitely. From floor to ceiling the theatre was crowded by admirers of all ranks, and of almost all nationalities. The proceedings opened with a prologue (memorable for the line 'A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind') in aid of the Theatrical Fund. This, to which the profits of the night were to be devoted, had been set on foot by himself. Then came the piece. 'Never,' says the 'Morning Post,' 'were the passions of love—jealousy, rage, &c., so highly coloured, or admirably set off: in short, he finished his comic course with as high a theatrical climax as he did on Saturday evening, his tragic one.'[1] Replying to the already quoted letter of Madame Necker, he himself supplies some account of his feelings. 'Though I performed my part,' he says, 'with as much, if not more spirit than I ever did, yet when I came to take the last farewell, I not only lost almost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too: it was indeed, as I said, *a most awful moment.*' He here refers to the brief and un-

[1] He presented the buckles he wore in this last part to Hannah More, as a relic. They prompted an extempore couplet from Mrs. Barbauld:

'Thy buckles, O Garrick, thy friend may now use,
But no mortal hereafter shall tread in thy shoes.'

affected address which he gave at the close. There was no attempt at an epilogue; 'the jingle of rhyme, and the language of fiction,' he told his audience, would be unsuited to the occasion. In a few faltering and almost conventional words, which were interrupted by a burst of genuine tears, he confined himself to assuring them of the sincerity of his past efforts on their behalf, and of his unalterable gratitude for their long kindness to himself. The Country Dance customary at the end of Act V. had been already omitted; and it was now felt by spectators and performers alike that Dibdin's 'Musical Entertainment' of 'The Waterman,' which was intended to follow 'The Wonder,' and in which Bannister was to play his popular part of Tom Tug, could not take place. And so—accompanied by the uncontrolled sobbings of Mrs. Garrick in her box—the curtain came down upon the excited plaudits and farewells of one of the most brilliant and enthusiastic audiences which had ever filled that historic house.

. . . . .

Five-and-forty years after this event, and not many months before her own death, Mrs. Garrick, at that time an old lady of more than ninety-eight, and interested to the last in any relics of

her 'Davy,' visited the British Museum at the invitation of Mr. J. T. Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings, to inspect Dr. Burney's collection of Garrick portraits. Inquirers to-day may still study, in the Print Room at Bloomsbury, the identical engravings and sketches which the great actor's widow saw in August, 1821, and re-create from them, if they will, the images evoked in her nonagenarian recollections. They will see the magnificent Archer and the multifarious Scrub, sitting in much the same attitudes as those in which contemporaries have described them:—Garrick, airy, elegant, and *dégagé*; Weston, awestruck and awkward, in red stockings and a green apron. They will see the white-haired Lusignan, in his over-decorated dressing-gown,[1] taking the little cross from a Zara whose architectural costume might have been designed by William Kent himself. They

[1] An interesting anecdote of Garrick's last illness is connected with this garment. Two days before his death, when Mrs. Garrick, worn out with nursing, was talking quietly to an old friend whom she had persuaded to stay and dine with her, her husband, in his gorgeous undress, and looking as if he were about to play the part of Lusignan once more, suddenly entered the room. He sat moodily for an hour without uttering a word, and then withdrew as abruptly as he came.

will see the restless-eyed Kitely of Reynolds; they will see Zoffany's inimitable Abel Drugger, leering round with stupid cunning at Face and Subtle, while he presses his tobacco into his pipe-bowl with his thumb; they will see Sir John Brute, in his woman's hoop and cap, viciously cudgelling the watch in Covent Garden, and wearing upon his deboshed and besotted visage the very look that Lichtenberg had noted. They will see Lear in his ermine, buffeted by the storm; and Benjamin Wilson's Hamlet in his black velvet; and the rival Richards of Hogarth and Nathaniel Dance—the latter by far the finer of the two. Yet with all these aids to historic reconstruction, much must still remain unrealized. So true are Garrick's own prophetic words in the Prologue to 'The Clandestine Marriage':—

> 'Nor Pen nor Pencil can the Actor save;
> The Art, and Artist, share one common Grave!'

DR. MEAD'S LIBRARY.

IN that lively and now rather rare little book, the 'État des Arts en Angleterre,' its author, Hogarth's friend the Swiss enameller Rouquet, under the heading 'De la Médecine,' draws an instructive, if somewhat malicious picture of the eighteenth-century leech of eminence. After dilating upon his costume, his sword, his ample and indispensable *perruque nouée* ('a physician,' wrote Fielding in 1732, 'can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee'), his chariot, his urbanity, and his erudition, Rouquet goes on to note—as a proof of the profundity of the Doctor's scientific attainments, and of the limited amount still left for him to learn—that he has almost invariably a special pursuit or hobby outside his own profession. 'One busies himself with paintings, antiquities, or prints; the next with natural curiosities in general, or with particular departments of them; some preserve in bottles all the *lusus naturae* that are discovered or invented; others devote their energies to objects more agreeable, and are *galants*.' Music,

Poetry, the Drama,—each of these has its charm for your medical *virtuoso*. 'This apparent inattention with which the English practitioners exercise their calling'—the critic continues ironically—'is sometimes of incalculable value to the patient. Nature, it is suggested, frequently takes advantage of their negligence to exert all her own efforts in effecting a cure.' The sentiment is one in which it is easy to detect the compatriot of the famous author of the 'Médecin Malgré Lui'; but of the cultivated tastes of the foremost physicians of this country in the first half of the last century (Rouquet's book is dated 1755), there can be no reasonable doubt. Garth and Arbuthnot, for instance, the one by 'The Dispensary,' the other by 'John Bull,' belong almost as much to Literature as to Physic; and even Sir Richard Blackmore, the much abused 'quack Maurus' of Dryden and the wits at Will's, if he cannot be advanced as a lettered luminary of the first magnitude, may at least be cited as a productive case in point. Fat Dr. Cheyne again—Gay's 'Cheney huge of size'—was a scholar; and, both before and after his milk regimen, as great a humorist as Falstaff; while Freind and Woodward were not only writers, but also book-lovers, who left behind

them extensive collections. Dr. Radcliffe, in the capacity of lady-killer so liberally assigned to him in the 'Tatler' and elsewhere, should perhaps be classed primarily with those whose distractions were amatory rather than æsthetic; but, on the other hand, as founder of the great university library which bears his name, he certainly rendered essential service to students. It is probable, however, that Rouquet had in mind chiefly those twin-stars in the Hippocratic heaven whom Pope has coupled in the line—

'And Books for *Mead*, and Butterflies for *Sloane*.'

Sir Hans Sloane, whom Young dubbed 'the foremost toyman of his time,' and whose monumental urn with its Æsculapian serpents you shall still see beside the rail in Chelsea Churchyard, was an indefatigable hunter after the bibliographical treasures and curiosities which afterwards went to form the nucleus of the British Museum; while Mead, who died shortly before the 'État des Arts' appeared, was not only an almost typical specimen of the 'great court-Galen' of his epoch, but, during a prolonged and prosperous career, had succeeded in bringing together such a show of antiques, coins, and rare volumes as had no contemporary parallel. The

coins and antiques scarcely come within the province of this paper, but the books, which in the sale catalogue occupy some two hundred and forty pages, may fairly claim brief notice.

Once a collector, always a collector. To Richard Mead this venial vice apparently came early, for it was during his *Wanderjahre* in Italy that he discovered, or rather re-discovered, the famous pseudo-Egyptian records then known as the Mensa or Tabula Isaica, but now discredited as spurious. In the paternal house at Stepney, where he first began to practise; in his houses at Crutched- and Austin-Friars; in the house at Bloomsbury where his predecessor Radcliffe had entertained Eugene of Savoy,—the 'Bibliotheca Meadiana' must have been growing as slowly, but as surely, as the fame of Marcellus. Its last and longest home, however, was 49 Great Ormond Street, at the corner of Powis Place, where its owner died. After Mead's death, the house was tenanted by Lord Grey's uncle, Sir Harry Grey. Then, in due course, it was turned into a Hospital for Sick Children, and, as that institution progressed, ultimately gave way to the more imposing building which now absorbs not only its site, but also that of the adjoining No. 48. Tradition, no less, still speaks of the

Hospital's first home as an ancient Queen Anne Mansion, with fine oak staircases and carved chimney-pieces contrasting strangely with the rows of tiny cots which, about 1852, began to find their places along its dark wainscoted walls. Charles Dickens, who, six years later, made one of his warm-hearted appeals for funds to aid the good work, spoke picturesquely, and from personal experience, of the pleasant and airy wards into which its time-honoured state drawing-rooms and family bed-chambers had been converted; and it is to the Children's Hospital at Great Ormond Street that, in company with the toy-horse, the Noah's ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the Guards, he carries—too late—the 'little Johnny' of 'Our Mutual Friend.'

The Hospital for Sick Children was still domiciled in Mead's 'courtly old house' when little Johnny made that last testamentary disposition of his effects recorded in the story; and those who now pause before the vast brick and terra cotta structure raised by Barry on the spot, will find it hard to realise that the earlier dwelling to which King George II.'s First Physician in Ordinary removed in 1720, had, at the back, a spacious and secluded garden, and that this garden, again, abutted upon the then wide and green

expanse—not yet encumbered by the Foundling—of Red Lion, or Lamb's Conduit, Fields. At the end of the garden, about a dozen years after taking up his residence at No. 49, Mead built a gallery for his overflowing statues and antiques, and here no doubt were enshrined many of his historical treasures,—the statue of Hygeia, afterwards purchased by Askew,—the Antinous, for which, notwithstanding its alleged broken nose and repaired condition, Lord Rockingham paid two hundred and thirty pounds,—the Homer that Lord Exeter presented to the British Museum. It is in this garden-gallery that we must conceive its owner discussing antiquities with Martin Folkes, or 'curios' with Sloane, or Greek particles with Bentley; here, no doubt, he would chaffer with the 'Puffs' and 'Varnishes' of his day over some newly-imported 'black master,' or here, aided by Arbuthnot and 'Addison on Medals,'

> '———— judiciously define,
> When Pius marks the honorary coin
> Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.'

Probably only the rarer books—*e.g.*, the 'Missal,'[1]

[1] This, no doubt, was the opinion of Walpole and Mead. But later experts regarded the miniatures as sixteenth century French work, and described the volume as a Book of Hours.

said to be illuminated by Raphael and his scholars, which afterwards found a home at Strawberry Hill—were exhibited in the gallery; and it must be assumed that the remainder, numbering at their owner's death some thirty thousand volumes, were dispersed in the library and reception-rooms. What, however, seems indisputable is, that Mead was the most accessible and generous of collectors—not always an accessible or a generous race. Neither the princely Grolier nor the unparalleled Peiresc[1] could have made a more unselfish use of his possessions. He flung

[1] Grolier's generosity is sufficiently evidenced by his well-known book-motto, 'Io. Grolierii et Amicorum.' But lest the qualifying epithet should be deemed extravagant in the case of M. Nicolas Claude Fabri de Peiresc, let it be recorded, in the words of his biographer, that 'he sought Books, not for himself alone, but for any that stood in need of them'; that 'he lent an innumerable company, which were never restored; also he gave a world away . . . of which he could hardly hope ever to get the like again; Which he did when learned men had occasion to use them.' Finally, if he borrowed books in bad condition, he re-clothed them before sending them back, 'so that having received them, ill-bound, and ill-favoured, he returned them trim and handsome' ('The Mirrour of True Nobility and Gentility,'—being Pierre Gassendi's 'Life of Peiresc,' 'Englished by W. Rand, Doctor of Physick'; London, 1657, pp. 194, 195).

open his treasures freely to the public; he would lend his miniatures and pictures to be copied; and he not only allowed his books to be consulted, but he would even permit them to be taken away by deserving students. As a host, he kept open house, and scarcely any foreigner with the faintest reputation for learning visited these shores without paying his respects to the renowned physician and connoisseur of Great Ormond Street. A classical scholar in an age of classical scholars; an omnivorous and indefatigable reader; a scientist and an antiquary of distinction; and with all this, a person to whose native amenity his continental travels and foreign education had superadded a certain cosmopolitan charm of manner—he seems to have deserved, better than most, the good things that were everywhere reported of him. 'Dr. Mead,' said Johnson, 'lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man.' And Hawkins (whose testimonials are seldom unqualified) declares that 'he raised the medical character to such a height of dignity as was never seen in this or any other country.'

When, on Saturday, 16 February, 1754, Dr. Mead died, to be buried a week later in the Temple Church, he was a man of eighty, whose

work in the world had been done some years before. His professional gains had been large: in one year, indeed, they are said to have exceeded £7,000. But his tastes and his mode of living were on a scale with his means; and as his powers failed and his practice fell off, his income dropped also. Towards the close of his life, one hears, in Walpole and elsewhere, vague rumours of growing embarrassment, and it is not impossible that some of his books (in addition to the Greek MSS. he sold to Askew) were privately disposed of previous to his death. At all events, when he did die, there seems to have been no question of anything but the sale of his library by auction, a step which is the more to be regretted in that his collection, instead of representing exclusively, like the collections of some of his contemporaries, the individual needs or likings of its possessor, was really a systematic attempt at a general ingathering of the best authors of his day. He aimed at the standard and the canonical in everything; and his library, although it did *not*—as Fielding said—include every rare work quoted in the all-embracing notes of the 'laborious much read doctor Zachary Grey' to 'Hudibras' (for which book, by the way, Mead supplied the portrait of Butler by Gerard Soest), it would, nevertheless, had it been

preserved intact, have remained an excellent specimen of a typical eighteenth-century library. Its dispersal, however, was not to be averted. In November, 1754, it was announced for sale by Samuel Baker, of York Street, Covent Garden; and the auction, beginning on the 18th of that month, continued at intervals for twenty-eight nights, terminating on May 8, 1755. According to Dibdin, the total amount realised was £5,518 10*s.* 11*d.*, from which must be subtracted £19 6*s.* 6*d.* for bookcases, leaving a sum of £5,499 4*s.* 5*d.*[1]

In these times sales of rare books by auction would be copiously chronicled. But in the middle of the last century they found scant record; and mention of them, apart from the advertisements, is generally confined to private letters. Horace Walpole spent five days in 1755 at the sale of Mead's coins and antiques, when he bought,

[1] In a carefully-priced large paper copy of the Catalogue, acquired since these pages were first written, as well as in an ordinary copy, the total produce of the sale is stated at £5,540 7*s.* 6*d.* The half bound ordinary copy, it may be added, is clad, as to its sides, in that old hand-made Dutch flowered and gilt pattern paper, familiar to the collector of John Newbery's children's books, but now—as Mr. Charles Welsh found when preparing his *facsimile* reproduction of 'Goody Two Shoes'—no longer manufactured.

among other things, the reputed 'Raphael Missal,' of which mention has already been made; but he does not seem to have invested largely in the earlier sale of books. Indeed, his chief reference to these consists in an expression to the younger Bentley of heartfelt relief that he had *not* been successful in securing the folio 'Prospects of Audley End' (Lord Braybrooke's seat in Essex), by Henry Winstanley of the Eddystone, for which he had given a commission of two or three guineas, whereas it was run up, apparently under some misapprehension, to no less than £50. But Dibdin, who possessed one of the half dozen large paper catalogues, 'uncut and priced,' mentions a few of the rarer items. Of these there were, on vellum, copies of the 'Spira Virgil' of 1470; of the first Aldine 'Petrarch' of 1501; of Melchior Pfintzing's 'Tewrdannckh,' 'pulcherrimis tabulis ab Alberto Durer [Hans Schaufflein?] ligno incisis ornatum,' 1527 [1517?]; and of Sebastian Brandt's 'Stultifera Navis,' 1498. Other volumes specified by Dibdin are the Abbé d'Olivet's 'Cicero,' 1741-42, 9 vols. 4to, 'charta maxima, foliis deauratis,' bought by Askew for fourteen guineas; the first edition of the 'Historia Naturalis' of Pliny the Elder, 1469, which found a purchaser in the King of France at eleven guineas;

and another edition of the same book by Jenson, 1472, with illuminated initials, which fell, for eighteen guineas, to a bookseller named Willock. This, however, must have been but a merely superficial sampling of Mead's treasures. The number of editions of the classics,—of Horace, Virgil, and Cicero especially, was extraordinary, and many of these were of the utmost interest. 'The French books,' says Dibdin again, 'and all the books upon the *Fine Arts* were of the first rarity and value, and bound in a sumptuous manner.' There were also a large number of MSS. in different languages, and of books with autograph *marginalia* by Scaliger, Casaubon, Wotton, Wren, Hearne, and Mead himself.

Of some previous book collectors, who were also authors, it has been observed that they seemed culpably indifferent to what my Lord Foppington, in 'The Relapse,' styles 'the natural sprauts' of their own brains. Dr. Mead must have been wholly exempt from this infirmity. Few, if any of his productions, one would think, were absent from his shelves, for the majority of them appear in the Catalogue, with all the indications of that most favoured treatment which are conveyed by luxury of margin, gilt edges, and Turkey leather. Mead 'De imperio Solis ac Lunæ,' 1704; Mead

'De Peste,' 1720 (his best book); Mead 'De Variolis et Morbillis, 1747; Mead, 'Medica Sacra,' 1749; Mead, 'Monita et Præcepta Medica,' 1751—all these occur, not once but often, and in Latin as well as in English versions. There are also many books which like the 'Medicinal Dictionary' of Dr. James were inscribed or presented to him 'as a man' (in Warburton's words) 'to whom all people that pretend to letters ought to pay their tribute'; and there are others which owe their very existence entirely to his fostering and munificent care. One of these last is the works of Roger Bacon by Dr. Samuel Jebb, which came out in 1733; another is the *folio* edition of De Thou's 'Historia sui Temporis' in seven vols., upon which he employed at first Thomas Carte, and then Buckley. 'A finer edition of a valuable historian,' says Dibdin, 'has never seen the light.' He was also, to all appearances, a liberal subscriber to large paper copies, which abound in the record, and he often took more than one. In the case of his friend John Ward's 'Lives of the Professors of Gresham College,' he is down for no less than five. It is possible, however, that this particular prodigality was due to an adroit compliment supposed to be paid to him by the author in one of George Vertue's plates. In 1719 Mead had been

provoked into a duel with a professional rival, Woodward of the Fossils, and had proved, by overpowering his antagonist, that his sword was no mere decorative appendage. Woodward on his part had not come off badly, for on being bidden to beg for his life, he is alleged to have replied defiantly, 'Never—until I am your patient!' But Woodward had long been dead when Ward's *folio* was published in 1740, and the physical victory, which remained with Mead, was supposed to be indirectly commemorated at p. 33 by a pair of tiny figures in front of the Gate into the Stable Yard at Gresham College (said to be the scene of the incident), one of whom kneels and presents his weapon to the other.

The natural limits of this paper would be far exceeded by any detailed attempt to give an account of Mead's ten thousand volumes. As might be anticipated, his collection was especially rich in medical works of all kinds. Next to these come the classics, of which, over and above the special rarities already mentioned, there is an unusual show of first editions, including, of course, the Homer of Demetrius Chalcondylas. Theology, Topography, Archæology, History, Law, Voyages, and Travels are all abundantly represented. Nor are *Belles Lettres* neglected,

except, it may be, in the item of Fiction, of which, as regards England at least, the solitary specimen is 'Tom Jones.' But there are all the 'Ana' from Scaliger to Poggio; there are all the Essayists in large paper from the 'Tatler' to the 'Craftsman,' including even the vamped-up volumes of 'Original and Genuine Letters sent to the Tatler and Spectator,' which Charles Lillie, the perfumer, issued in 1725. There are early editions of Froissart and Monstrelet, and of Montaigne; there is the extremely rare little 'Pensées de M. Pascal' of 1670; there is Perrault's 'Les Hommes Illustres,' 1696-1700,[1] there is an 'Eikon Basilike' of 1649; a Surrey's 'Songes and Sonnets' of 1585. Of Shakespeare we can only trace a second folio; but there is a Skelton of 1562, a 'Faerie Queene' of 1596, a 'Colin Clout's come home again' of 1595; there are Earle's 'Microcosmography,' and Coryat's 'Crudities,' and Maundevile's 'Travels'; there

[1] In which, let us hope, Dr. Mead had duly noted M. Perrault's judicious reprehension of Molière: "Il n'a pû trop mal-traitter les Charlatans & les ignorants Médecins, mais il devoit en demeurer là, & ne pas tourner en ridicule les bons Médecins, que l'Ecriture mesme nous enjoint d'honorer' (vol. i., p. 80). The Mead copy sold for £2 5*s*., which was cheap, especially if it contained the suppressed portraits of Arnauld and Pascal.

is Raleigh's 'History of the World'; there is Guicciardini, whose long drawn War of Pisa the hapless convict in Macaulay found even more unbearable than the galleys;[1] there is Sanchoniathon, who almost inevitably suggests in his train the 'Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus,' with whose sonorous names, at Welbridge Fair, the ingenious Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson cajoled the ingenuous Dr. Primrose.

After so much gravity, the last items have perhaps an undue air of flippancy. But they serve to remind us in closing, as do not a few titles in Mr. Baker's list, of those books which, unread to-day, save by the antiquary or bibliographer, nevertheless survive vaguely in the memory by their association with other books. Here, for instance, at p. 122, is Capt. George Shelvocke's 'Voyage round the World by the Way of the Great South Sea,' etc., London, 1726, 8vo. Who now reads Shelvocke? Yet,

[1] Guicciardini's circumstantial prolixity must have been a common jest. Boccalini makes the reading of him the punishment of a copious Spartan [perhaps this is the origin of Macaulay's anecdote]; and Steele quotes Donne as saying ('Sermons,' ii. 239), that if he had written the History of the Creation, the world itself would not have held his work.

according to Bishop Wordsworth's 'Memoirs' of his uncle (1851, i. 107), out of Shelvocke's pages, between 'the streights of *le Mair*,' and the coast of Chili, flew that historical 'disconsolate black *Albitross*,' which plays so essential a part in Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.' 'I had been reading,' says W. W., 'in Shelvocke's Voyages, a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. "Suppose," said I, "you represent him [Coleridge's 'Old Navigator,' as he was called at first] as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime."[1] The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly.' Here again, at p. 134, is Richard Ligon, Gent., his 'Trve & Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes,' not the first edition, but the folio of 1673,[2] whence Steele

[1] Wordsworth does not say, and perhaps forgot, that the shooting of the Albatross is also in Shelvocke. Hatley, the second Captain, a melancholy, superstitious man, killed it in hopes that its death would bring a fair wind.

[2] The copy in the British Museum belonged to Sir Hans Sloane, and bears his autograph.

elaborated that touching story of the heartless Inkle and the beautiful Yarico which figures in No. 11 of the 'Spectator,' and which the younger Colman turned into an opera. 'I was the other Day,' says Steele, 'amusing my self with *Ligon's* Account of *Barbadoes* [his own first wife, it will be remembered, had been a Barbadian heiress]; and . . . I will give you (as it dwells upon my Memory) out of that honest Traveller, in his fifty fifth Page, the History of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.' Mead had also Lord Molesworth's 'Account of Denmark as it was in the Year 1692,' a passage from which is thought to have prompted another 'owre true tale' in 'Tatler,' No. 94—the story of Clarinda and Chloe. Both love Philander: Philander loves Chloe. The ladies go in masks with Philander to the theatre; a fire breaks out; Philander saves Clarinda first by mistake, but returns to die with Chloe. The situation is highly dramatic, and Steele depicts it sympathetically. Other books in the Catalogue are equally suggestive. Who, for instance, can come upon the quarto numbered 912, the 'Institvtiones ac Meditationes in Græcam Lingvam' of the learned Nicolaus Clenardus, Frankfort, 1588, without thinking instantly of Johnson? 'Why, Sir,'—he seems to ask sonorously of Langton,—

'who is there in this town who knows any thing of Clenardus but you and I?'—an inquiry which he might probably repeat to-day with even less chance of contradiction.[1] And so one goes down the list. Baptista Porta 'De Humana Physiognomonia,' Vico Equense, fol. 1586. Is not this the Porta of Addison ('Spectator,' No. 86) and Gay's 'Dog and Fox'?—

> 'Sagacious PORTA's skill could trace
> Some beast or bird in ev'ry face,'—

a feat, by the by, which was also performed by the late Charles H. Bennett. And Quincy's 'College Dispensatory'? 'Questionless' (as Mrs. Charlotte Lenox would say), this must be an 'early state' of that very manual from which, in 'She Stoops to Conquer,' maternal Mrs. Hardcastle was wont to physic her hopeful Tony Lumpkin. 'I have gone through every receipt in the complete huswife ten times over,' he complains; 'and you have thoughts of coursing me

[1] Matthew Prior the poet—it may be noted—must have known something of this particular scholiast, for one of his unpublished MSS. at Longleat (Wilts.) is entitled 'Dialogue between Charles the Emperor and Clenardus the Grammarian' ('Hist. MSS. Comm.,' 3rd Rept., App., p. 194). But he can scarcely have been familiar to Boswell, who, in his first edition, calls him Clinardus.

through "Quincy" next spring.' Then there is Turnbull on 'Ancient Painting,' large paper. Alas! all its large paper could not save it from being wheeled, in Hogarth's print of *Beer Street*, to 'Mr. Pastem,' the Trunk Maker in Paul's Church Yard, cheek by jowl with Hill on the 'Royal Society,' and Lauder on 'Milton,' both of which also had hospitable harbourage on the shelves at Great Ormond Street. The list is one that might easily be extended; but we have room for only two books more, endeared to us by their connection with Thomas Bewick. It was from Francis Barlow's folio 'Æsop' that (through Croxall) Bewick borrowed the compositions of many of the 'Select Fables' of 1784; and it was in Pierre Belon's 'Histoire de la Nature des Oyseaux' ('Belon's very old book,' he calls it), Paris, 'In Pingui Gallina,' 1555, that he made some of the preliminary studies for his 'Land and Water Birds,'—masterpieces which assuredly, had they been published fifty years earlier, would have found an honoured place in the 'Bibliotheca Meadiana.'

Under a glass case in the Library of the College of Physicians is the famous gold-headed and crutch-handled cane which, belonging originally to Dr. Radcliffe, passed in turn to Drs. Mead,

Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie, and was ultimately presented to the College by Baillie's widow. Its chronicles, recorded first by Dr. Macmichael, sometime Registrar of that Institution, have been excellently edited and continued by his successor, Dr. Munk, from whose pages some of the data for the foregoing paper have been derived. In the Censor's Room is another memorial of Mead in the shape of his bust by Roubillac,—a memorial which we owe to the pious care of the Doctor's friend and disciple Askew. Whether it was executed during Mead's lifetime is not quite clear; but as Roubillac died in 1762, it must certainly have been executed while the memory of his face and features was still fresh in the minds of many of his contemporaries—to say nothing of the fact that, as in the case of Newton, the sculptor may have worked from a death-mask. Moreover, as far back as 1740, Mead had been painted by Allan Ramsay in a portrait which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, and might well have formed the basis of a bust, even of a later date. But however this may be, there is ample testimony to the fact that the somewhat bent and dignified personage in the furred 'night-gown' and silk cap, with the protruded under-lip which characterises so many

eighteenth-century presentments (Fielding's, Gray's, Macklin's, for instance), faithfully depicts the Mead of 1750 or thereabouts. 'I,' said the ornithologist Edwards, 'who was as well acquainted with his face as any man living, do pronounce this bust of him to be so like that so often as I see it my mind is filled with the strongest idea of the original.' Dr. Askew, for whom it was carved, gave, if possible, even more unhesitating proof of his approval, since, having agreed with Roubillac for £50, he was so pleased with the result of his labours, that he paid him £100. But here ensues a less intelligible part of the story. Roubillac, it is alleged, was still dissatisfied, and handed in a supplementary account for £8 2*s*., which Askew discharged, shillings included, afterwards 'enclosing the receipt to Hogarth to produce [apparently as a curiosity in extortion] at the next meeting of artists.' This is one of those imperfect and tantalising anecdotes upon which the discreet critic can only postpone judgment indefinitely—'pending the production of further evidence.'

GROSLEY'S 'LONDRES.'

'AN Englishman has sense without wit: a Frenchman has wit without sense.' Such, at least, is a definition suggested in that lively little comedy, 'Le Français à Londres.' By combining these qualities on either side, the author, M. Louis de Boissy, creates two highly respectable characters; and it is upon the *Français raisonnable* of the piece, M. le Baron de Polinville, that its *Anglais poli*—who rejoices in the Hugo-like name of 'Milord Craff'—bestows his desirable daughter Eliante. But there are two others of M. de Boissy's *dramatis personæ* who correspond more exactly to the traditional natives of France and England, to wit, the Baron's cousin, the Marquis de Polinville, and the English merchant, Jacques Rosbif. The Marquis is a vainglorious, vivacious, and rather amusing coxcomb; the Englishman, on the contrary, taciturn, phlegmatic, and boorish, is a true blood-relation of that other historic

'Jean Rosbif, Ecuyer,
Qui se pendit pour se désennuyer.

Both, of necessity, would be somewhat exaggerated for stage purposes; but while the Marquis is a conceivable portrait, the other is a caricature. Not the less he represents—with far greater fidelity than 'Milord Craff,' whose nationality is the No-Man's-Land of the footlights—what, about 1727 (the date of 'Le Français à Londres'), was the received French notion of the average inhabitant of this perfidious realm; that is to say, he represents a personality of whose domestic environment the generally untravelled Parisian knew literally nothing. Up to the date quoted, indeed, there had been but two recognised books by Frenchmen professing to describe England from actual inspection—the 'Relation d'un Voyage en Angleterre' of the Sieur Samuel de Sorbières, upon certain misstatements in which Thomas Sprat had angrily 'observed' in 1665,[1] and the 'Lettres sur les Anglais' of Muralt, translated in 1726. After these came, in 1733, the famous 'Letters' of Monsieur de Voltaire, to whom followed, at a respectful distance, the Abbé Le

[1] Under the title of 'A Journey to England in the Year 1663' the volume of M. de Sorbières has been made the subject of an interesting article by M. Jusserand ('English Essays from a French Pen,' 1895, pp. 158-192).

Blanc, who (like his accomplished predecessor) had for some time resided in this country. But none of these books—and certainly not that of Sorbières—could be said to be wholly free from those 'strokes of national rancour and antipathy,' which are begotten of imperfect knowledge and long conflict by sea and land; and it was not until the opening and the close of the 'Seven Years' War' that France succeeded in really learning something authoritative of English habits and customs. In 1758 was translated and issued at the Hague Dr. John Brown's once popular 'Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times'—'the inestimable estimate of Brown,' as Cowper ironically calls it;—and at the beginning of 1765 M. Pierre Jean Grosley made that brief excursion to these shores which served him for the basis of his 'Londres'—a work which one of the critics of his nation has described as the first *livre d'ensemble* composed by a Frenchman upon the English.

Before proceeding to M. Grosley's pages let us present M. Grosley himself. Born in 1718, at Troyes in Champagne, he was by profession an advocate. But the acquisition of a competence in early life left him free to devote himself in great measure to travel, to antiquarian

studies, and to the cultivation of a kind of Rabelaisian humour, which—like the cheerfulness of the philosopher in Boswell—was always asserting itself at unseasonable moments. His incorrigible habit of throwing the reins upon his very vagrant fancy, without regard to the nature of his theme, made it impracticable (says M. Dacier, the author of his 'Éloge') to find a place in the plain-sailing Proceedings of the *Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres,* which numbered him in its ranks, for any of his half-learned, half-burlesque 'Mémoires.' These disqualifications for gravity, nevertheless, did not prevent him from producing a good many works, among which his 'Ephémérides Troyennes' and 'Travels in Italy' are reckoned the most noteworthy. His personal appearance must have been fully in keeping with his other peculiarities, and had Smollett not been abroad, would probably have attracted the attention of the creator of Lismahago and Captain Weazel. Above the ordinary height, and withal exceptionally dry, lean and bony of make, his figure was surmounted by a head too small for his body, out of which head looked, under bushy brows, a pair of green and deep-set, but very bright and penetrating eyes. He had a long neck, and a complexion of so

preternatural a pallor that even he himself described it with grim humour as a *visage d'extrême-onction;* while without being positively, like Macbeth's witches, 'wild in his attire,' his costume (at such times as it was not merely old-fashioned) must have been undeniably, and of set purpose, eccentric. He carried his contempt of conventionality so far as to perambulate his native town in night-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers—varying this in later years by a sort of loose surtout of red camlet, lined with cat-skins, which came down to his heels, and in which he must have closely resembled the pantaloon of Italian comedy. Indeed, it is asserted that he had adapted this garment from a picture of St. Pantaleon in the church of that saint at Troyes. Although scholarly, and particularly well versed in law and in Greek and Latin authors, he was (like Sorbières) wholly ignorant of English; but, upon the precedent of Panurge, who contended that he heard better when he had taken to spectacles, M. Grosley affirms that his inability to understand our tongue did but enhance and intensify his native acuteness of vision. He describes, he says, what he actually saw, after the manner of Herodotus; and it is with what he saw, and not with what he sub-

sequently 'read up' in his study at Troyes, that our paper is concerned.

Transivi ut viderem sapientiam, erroresque & stultitiam, says the motto from the Vulgate to this traveller's title-page. Upon such an errand, one would think, it was unnecessary to cross the Channel; and, in any case, in eight weeks, he could scarcely hope to exhaust the subject. Yet in eight weeks much may come to pass; and M. Grosley was fortunate in happening upon an unusually eventful time. Already King George III. had been attacked by the first of those mysterious illnesses which ultimately incapacitated him as a practising monarch, and to this, during M. Grosley's sojourn among us, was to follow the second Regency Bill, with all its anti-Bute plotting and counter-plotting. Then Lord Byron had killed his cousin Mr. Chaworth of Nottinghamshire in a quarrel at the 'Star and Garter' in Pall Mall; and the galleries had already been erected for his lordship's trial by his peers in Westminster Hall. Moreover, the Spitalfields weavers were to make new demonstrations against the clandestine importation of French silks, marching in their thousands, under black banners, to St. James's and the House of Lords, and actually beleaguering, in his Blooms-

bury mansion, his august Grace the Duke of Bedford, who had thrown out a Bill for their relief. It is true that at this date some notable and notorious personages were unavoidably absent from London. Mr. Laurence Sterne, for instance, who had not long published Vols. VII. and VIII. of his 'Tristram Shandy,' was at the Bath, and Mr. Garrick was at Paris—whence, however, he was on the point of returning, heralding his advent, *more suo*, by his own anonymous fable of the 'Sick Monkey.' Mr. Whitefield was still in America; Mr. John Wilkes was luxuriating at Naples; and Miss 'Iphigenia' Chudleigh had betaken herself to the German Waters. On the other hand, there were rumours that Rousseau was coming to England, and (perhaps) the Duke de Nivernais; while if Roscius was not rejoicing his admirers at Drury Lane, Foote would soon be delighting the devotees of broad-grin at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. At Vauxhall and Ranelagh, the season was approaching; and the exhibition of the Society of Artists 'at the Great Room in Spring Garden' was on the point of opening. Besides all this, M. Grosley would find indications in England of some of those things he had left behind him. There was, in the first place, that

'fugacious' monster, the Wild Beast of the Gévaudan, whose carcase, a few months later, Horace Walpole would inspect in the Queen's antechamber at Versailles, exhibited by two chasseurs 'with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt,' but which was now still 'on the rampage,' being carefully followed in its career of crime by the 'St. James's Chronicle.' There was a very pretty quarrel between the French Ambassador, the Count de Guerchy, and M. D'Éon de Beaumont, who not only (in his correspondence) compared his Excellency to the Beast aforesaid, but maintained that M. de Guerchy had procured a certain lean and impecunious Treyssac de Vergy to attempt his (D'Éon's) life;—and the popular voice in England was on the side of M. D'Éon.[1]

[1] Of this M. Grosley himself gives an instance. At one of the exhibitions was a slightly-worked portrait of De Guerchy by Michael Vanloo, first painter to the King of Spain. Above it was ostentatiously hung a magnificent full-length of D'Éon in his uniform as a captain of dragoons, a richly-laced hat pulled fiercely over his eyes, one hand upon his sword hilt with the air of a swashbuckler ('*d'un air de matamore*'), and the other opening a copy of his recently published 'Mémoires' (1764). 'I never passed before the two pieces,' says the author of 'Londres,' 'but all the English present, men and women, were so kind as to let me know, that the large figure

Lastly, there was M. Buyrette de Belloy's tragedy of the 'Siége de Calais,' which, with its anti-English spirit, was at the height of its vogue when Grosley left the French capital, and was naturally attracting the attention of the London prints. The great 'M. Garrique'—it was rumoured from the 'Brussels Gazette'—contemplated its transfer to Drury Lane, and an English version was, as a matter of fact, actually prepared by Robert Lloyd's friend, Charles Denis. But there is no record that this version was ever placed upon the boards.

Owing to the popularity of M. de Belloy's play—M. Grosley tells us—he decided at first to start for England from Calais. He was, however, ultimately persuaded by friends to embark from Boulogne, at which place only a few months earlier (and probably in the Rue Neuve Chaussée), Churchill had breathed his last. But M. Grosley knew nothing of Churchill, although, before leaving Boulogne, he paid his respects to the burial-place of Lesage.[1] He set sail on April 11, in the sloop of a Captain Meriton

represented the chevalier D'Éon, and the little one was the portrait of the French Ambassador.'

[1] In a cemetery in the Upper Town, which once occupied the site of the Petit Séminaire, Rue de Lille. With the Revolution the cemeteries were moved outside the

whose vocation it was to carry French clarets in bottle to Dover and London. The passage was a stormy one; yet, 'fortified by that resignation to Death which ought to be the first travelling requisite of all who undertake voyages of curiosity,' M. Grosley fared better than most of his fellow-passengers. Two of these were an Englishwoman and her 'very amiable daughter,' residents at Boulogne, who, in concert with 'a tall old Irishman, passing as an officer' (one wonders if his name was Costigan!), seem to have contrived that their French companion should defray a material part of their passage money. At Dover, where they presently arrived, M. Grosley was struck (like Pastor Moritz) with the towering and barbaric inn-signs. He was also impressed with the dapper postilions of the post-chaises; and he proceeded without delay to experiment on the grilled *bifteks* of the country. He could see, he says, no trace of any place of worship—a statement which his English trans-

city, and it is not now known where lie the bones of the author of 'Gil-Blas.' He died 17 November, 1747, in his eightieth year, at No. 3, Rue du Château, the residence of his second son, Julien-François, who was a Canon of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. A black marble slab was placed over the door in 1820 by the Société d'Agriculture

lator very properly declines to reproduce. As Dover swarmed with travellers, chiefly French, the standing order as to Sunday traffic was suspended, and M. Grosley set out for London in a 'Flying Machine.' One advantage of this Sunday journeying was that, except where they dangled from gibbets at the wayside, 'dressed from head to foot, and with wigs on their heads,' nothing was seen of any of the dreaded 'Gentlemen of the Road.' On the other hand, the absence of Custom House vigilance afforded a favourable opportunity for the delivery by the coach at the different hostelries of a good deal of contraband brandy. At Canterbury, M. Grosley was shown the 'Red Lion,' where (as already narrated in an earlier paper[1]) the Duke de Nivernais had been fleeced three years before; and, like Nivernais, he admired on his drive from Rochester the full-flowing river, and the *riante verdure* of the rich Kent landscape. At sundown, when the lamps were already lighted on Westminster Bridge, he found himself rolling into London.

With his arrival in the metropolis, where he at once settled himself in lodgings near the congenial quarter of Leicester Fields, M. Grosley

[1] 'Nivernais in England,' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 1894, pp. 100-130.

ceases to narrate his experiences in the order of their occurrence, but distributes his impressions under such general headings as 'The People,' 'Public Diversions,' 'The Polite Arts,' and so forth. For a stranger who held that no one but a fool meddles with foreign tongues after forty, and the sum total of whose two months' conversational achievements in England was confined to 'very good' and 'very wel,' judiciously placed, it might be supposed that his difficulties would be almost unsurmountable. But in reality they were less than they looked. His landlord, M. Martin, was a Frenchman, in whose house both French and English were spoken; and M. Grosley had introductions to many persons of rank and education, who, like Lord Temple and Lord Chesterfield, possessed his own language to perfection. In addition to this, most of his mornings were spent in long questionings and cross-questionings of that 'Marcellus of Scotland' (as Boswell calls him), and friend of Sterne, Sir James Macdonald, whose unusual linguistic gifts and scholarly attainments were so speedily to be buried in a premature grave at Rome.[1] It is

[1] Even Walpole, who met him at Paris a few months later, testifies to the gifts of this 'very extraordinary young man.' He died in 1766.

probable, indeed, that Grosley's book owes considerably more to Sir James than is covered by its grateful acknowledgments. He also refers repeatedly to the extreme civility and kindness with which he was everywhere treated by the upper and middle classes, particularly the citizens and shopkeepers. It is of the lower orders alone that his report is unfavourable. The people disliked the Peace; and—as M. Grosley found to his cost—they detested and insulted all foreigners. 'My French air,' he says, 'drew upon me, at the corner of every street, a volley of abusive litanies, in the midst of which I slipped on, thanking my stars that I did not understand English.' Still, as he seems to have circulated freely among all sorts and conditions of chairmen, porters, and Chelsea watermen—not to mention the disaffected Spitalfields weavers already referred to—and to have even escaped a playful mob in Seven Dials who had been baulked in their desire to pelt a gentleman in the pillory with dead dogs and rotten eggs, he cannot be said to have been exceptionally unfortunate. His servant, however, who was ill advised enough to go to Tyburn on 'Execution Day,' was not so lucky. Returning with the crowd down Oxford Road, he was mobbed and maltreated, Jack Ketch

himself (who figures in M. Grosley's pages as '*Sir Jaquett, maître des hautes-œuvres*') taking joyous part in the game. He was finally rescued, half-dead and utterly demoralized, by three grenadiers of the French Guard (deserters), who, making a successful sortie from an ale-house, brought him off in safety.[1]

M. Grosley does not, as he might, include this incident under his chapter of 'Public Diversions.' But it is part of his erratic method that his headings often relate to the subjects treated as remotely as the titles of his favourite Montaigne do to the matter of the 'Essays.' His 'Public Diversions' discourses, among other things, of pickpockets and thieves, but his description of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, both of which he visited, comes in the section headed 'Clubs.' The account he gives

[1] The victory was not always with the popular side. In 1763, M. de la Condamine, assailed in the streets of London by opprobrious reflections on his parentage, turned the tables adroitly on his tormentors by replying in broken English: 'Have a care, my friends, my mother was an Englishwoman.' Upon another occasion, the famous Maurice de Saxe, being challenged to fight by a scavenger, craftily permitted his opponent to come on, and then, to the delight of the spectators, dexterously tilted him into his own mud cart, much as—in 'Our Mutual Friend'—the artful Sloppy disposes of Mr. Silas Wegg.

of the two gardens differs little from that contained in the guide-books. But it adds one more testimony to the beauty of the *coup d'œil* at Ranelagh, when the lighted Rotunda was filled with company, and 'music arose with its voluptuous swell.' In Vauxhall he testifies to the merit of Hayman's four great pictures of English Conquest, though, as might perhaps be expected, somewhat grudgingly. 'The national antipathy of the English to the French (he observes) seems to have raised the imagination and the hand of the painter above what the pencil of an Englishman is capable of producing'; and he goes on, with perfect justice, to lay this species of pictorial insult to foreign nations at the door of Louis XIV., by which he must be understood to refer to those boastful battle-pieces of Le Brun which prompted the patriotic *mot* of Prior.[1] As regards the Stage he can hardly be expected to say much, since the plays he went to, though no doubt submitted *oculis fidelibus*, could not be considered as confided *acutis auribus*. There is an instance of this in his report of a visit to the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. He says he saw Foote, and he describes minutely what he saw, namely: 'an actor behind a kind of

[1] See 'Matthew Prior,' in this volume.

counter, surrounded by wig-blocks, wigs, hats, and women's headdresses, who, making his own head and periwig part of the Farce, took off all nations, all conditions, and all states of life in a series of laughable dialogues—the whole constituting a species of *Encyclopédie perruquière* in action.' Unhappily, though the Haymarket was unquestionably Foote's theatre, it was not 'M. Fout' (as he writes him) whom M. Grosley beheld on this occasion, but that eccentric strolling player and vocalist, George Alexander Stevens, whose once popular 'Lecture on Heads' began its long vogue at Foote's house. At Drury Lane and Covent Garden, M. Grosley was impressed (like Addison and M. Rapin before him) by the very inhuman and bloodthirsty character of the tragedies of the author he calls 'Sakhespéar.' 'Whatever the most brutal cruelty or the most refined wickedness can conceive, is presented to view,' he says; and he goes on to relate that his landlord's son, a boy about nine or ten, had grievously alarmed the household at Leicester Fields by going into nightly convulsions after being taken to see 'Gentleman' Smith in 'Richard III.' But he confesses that the affecting situations were rendered with so much power that they moved him to tears. Lord Chesterfield seems to have done

his best to remove this impression, by attributing it solely to his ignorance of English. If he had fully understood the speakers—said that cynical nobleman—the platitudes connected with the incidents would have destroyed all the charm of the action.[1] Of our comedies M. Grosley, in common with other French critics, conceived a poor idea, regarding them as neglectful of the unities and needlessly involved in plot; but as he must have assisted at pieces by Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, we may perhaps, with Lord Chesterfield, lay something to his lack of our language. Where he is speaking of an adaptation from the French, however, he must be allowed a competent judge; and it is possible that his criticisms upon the actor (one Dyer) who

[1] Lord Chesterfield cared little for Shakespeare, and no doubt preferred the author of the 'Henriade.' At this date his lordship was over seventy. Writing to his son about the D'Éon and Guerchy quarrel, he says:—'I see and hear these storms from shore, *suave mari magno*, etc. I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect, at my age, and with my constitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think that I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary' ('Letters,' April 22, 1765).

played the part of Oberon in Mrs. Cibber's version of 'L'Oracle' of Saint-Foix, are not undeserved.[1] 'Charmant' [this is the name given to Oberon throughout the comedy by the heroine] 'was performed in this piece by a little man in an overcoat, frigid as marble, and who had no other way of expressing the tenderness and perplexity, which are the soul of the part, than by frequently biting the ends of his fingers.' Of the Italian Opera M. Grosley reports but little, though here he would obviously be no worse off than a native auditor. He heard, he tells us, at Covent Garden [King's Theatre in the Haymarket], the 'Ezio' of Metastasio; but he seems to have been entirely engrossed with the uncontrollable hilarity induced in two young Englishwomen near him by the ludicrous contrast between the *soprano* voice and the masculine physique of the leading singer.[2]

[1] He says this was at Drury Lane. But it must have been at Covent Garden, where 'The Oracle,' which, in 1765, according to contemporary advertisements, had not been acted for twelve years, was produced for one night in May, following 'Richard III.,' 'the entire performance being for the benefit of Mr. Younger.' It does not seem to have been revived again during Grosley's stay in London.

[2] Among other disturbing insular customs, M. Grosley was much exercised by the little train-bearers (*caudataires*),

As a connoisseur who decorated his birthplace of Troyes with busts of its local celebrities, M. Grosley might be expected to speak with some authority upon the state of the 'Polite Arts' in this country. Hogarth, of course, was dead when he came to Leicester Fields. But M. Grosley saw in Hampton House the famous Election Series now in the Soane Museum. He compares them to the work of the elder Breughel, calling them indeed 'pure realism, but realism too crude and too truthful'—a definition with which one can scarcely quarrel. But he is wrong in adding that Hogarth left them to Garrick by will, since Garrick bought them cheaply for 50 guineas apiece. It is more than a slip of the pen, again, to say that the 'Analysis of Beauty' is based upon an obscure passage in Pliny; it derives from a saying of Michael Angelo. These, however, are trifles concerning which he might

in liveries that fitted them more or less, who ran about the stage to adjust the trailing robes of the heroines, as they were hurried to and fro by the tumult of their fictitious feelings. Fifty-four years earlier Addison had also commented upon this anomaly in much the same way:—'It is, in my Opinion, a very odd Spectacle, to see a Queen venting her Passion in a disordered Motion, and a little Boy taking Care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown' ('Spectator,' April 18, 1711).

readily have been misled. He went, of course, to the Spring Garden exhibition, where he saw a picture by 'M. Raynolds' representing 'une Ladi sacrifiant aux Grâces.' He would probably have been more interested if he had known that the 'ladi' in question had narrowly escaped wearing the crown of England—being indeed none other than that beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury (*née* Lenox), sister of the third Duke of Richmond, who, albeit Mrs. Thrale reports her more addicted to beefsteaks and cricket on the Steyne at Brighton than 'sacrificing to the Graces,' had nevertheless aroused, in the susceptible breast of George III., a *tendre* which Time never wholly extinguished. M. Grosley also praises, as from the same brush, a portrait of the Marquis of Granby on horseback. But here, once again, he must have been at fault, for what he actually saw was Gainsborough's General Honywood riding through the trees, which was not only a chief feature of the exhibition, but also one of the artist's finest works. He mentions no other painting, although Zoffany's 'Garrick in the "Provoked Wife"' (*i.e.* as Sir John Brute),[1] and the admirable 'Gladiator' of

[1] See pp. 13 and 28 of this volume.

Joseph Wright of Derby might have been expected to appeal to him. On the other hand, he characterizes Allan Ramsay, who was not an exhibitor, compactly in a footnote. 'Il a fait,' he says, 'des portraits qui ont du coloris, de l'expression et du dessein. Il est peintre du roi et homme très instruit.' This, for brevity and conciseness, is a pattern 'appreciation.'

Sculpture in England, when M. Grosley visited us, was but in a languishing condition, being mainly monumental. Of the artists whose works he admired in Westminster Abbey, his compatriot Roubillac was dead; and Scheemakers and Rysbrack were no longer active. The leading native statuary at this date was Joseph Wilton, in whose studio he inspected the clay model of Wolfe's monument—a work which is regarded as the artist's masterpiece. He also saw in the same place, destined for erection at Cork, an unfinished figure of Pitt, soon to be Earl of Chatham The only other sculptor's workshop he seems to have visited was that of the Hanoverian Moore, then engaged upon a statue, in Roman costume, of Lord Mayor Beckford, for whom Moore had also designed an elaborate mantelpiece, carved with death-scenes from the 'Iliad.' Of engraving on copper M. Grosley says nothing, although the

shops must have been full of examples from the burins of Strange and Bartolozzi. But he was greatly interested by the boldness of the political caricatures. One which particularly attracted him by its frank satire of the majesty of the law was manifestly the 'Bench' of Hogarth—memorable also as being the last plate on which that artist worked. These popular prints were to be found chiefly in the shops near Westminster Hall, where on April 16 and 17, or only a few days after his arrival, he assisted at the trial, by the House of Peers in full Parliament assembled, of William, fifth Lord Byron, Baron Byron of Rochdale, for the murder of Mr. Chaworth. Under the head of 'Criminal Jurisprudence' he gives a detailed description of this impressive ceremonial: the scarlet hangings of the Hall; the peers marching two and two in their long red robes faced with ermine; the peeresses with their jewels and elaborate toilettes; the Lord High Steward (Northington) with his white rod of office; the Lord Chamberlain with his, 'but somewhat shorter'; the prisoner in his deep mourning, flanked by the serjeants-at-arms with their axes turned outwards; and last, but not least, the little monkeys of schoolboys who munched apples on the steps of the throne itself,

and tossed shreds of peel into the voluminous curls of the Rt. Hon. the Lord High Steward's periwig.[1] The result of the trial, as is known, was that Lord Byron—who in Westminster Hall simulated a contrition which he failed to maintain in after life—was found guilty of manslaughter, pleaded his privilege as an hereditary legislator, and went away comfortably in a chair to his own house in Mortimer Street. Five days afterwards, M. Grosley saw him in his place in the House of Lords, taking part in the debate on the Regency Bill. Through Lord Temple, M. Grosley had several opportunities of visiting the Upper House. He heard the King, whose voice he describes as 'sonorous, flexible, and persuasive;' he heard 'silver-tongued Murray'; he heard Lord Lyttelton, Lord Temple, Lord Pomfret, and the old Duke of Newcastle—the last, as he spoke, leaning familiarly with both hands 'on the shoulders of two young lords who sat in front of him on the second bench.' M. Grosley thought the eloquence of the peers infinitely superior to the eloquence of the stage. In the

[1] From M. Grosley's account it might be supposed that these were Eton boys. But they were probably Westminster King's scholars, who had long-standing privileges of this kind.

Lower House, he was not fortunate enough to hear Pitt, who was at this time ailing, and in retirement; but he heard Beckford and George Grenville, neither of whom impressed him as distinguished. They stood up, he says, and addressed themselves to the Speaker's chair (the *bureau du Spik*—is M. Grosley's phrase), 'with legs apart, one knee bent, and one arm extended as if they were going to fence. They held forth for a long time, scarcely anyone paying attention to what they said, except at such moments as the members of their party cried out in chorus, *ya, ya*.' Many of these last, he observes elsewhere, confined themselves to this monosyllabic contribution to debate; and he instances one gentleman who for twenty years had never but once made a speech, and that was to move that a broken window at the back of his seat might be mended without loss of time. M. Grosley omits the name of this laconic emulator of 'Single-speech Hamilton,' but according to certain recently published records, he is to be identified with James Ferguson of Pitfour, afterwards Member for Aberdeenshire. Despite his taciturnity in the House, 'old Pitty,' as he was called, was a noted humorist, who is credited with the probably earlier statement (not long

since revived in 'Punch') that 'he had heard many speeches which changed his opinion but never one that changed his vote.'[1]

From that comfortable club, the House of Commons, one naturally turns to M. Grosley on clubs and coffee houses in general. But here he is scarcely as full as might be anticipated from such a gadabout, or rather he is more general than specific. Under this head he notes that the old pious salutation of any one who sneezed, which still prevailed in his own country, had been abolished in England by the use of snuff. He was given to understand that to salute a snuff-taker in these circumstances was like complimenting him on the colour of the hair of his wig. That colour, by the way, he announces in another place, was usually reddish-brown, being chosen as least affected by the mud and dirt of the streets. This ingenuous explanation, like his statement that Pope was not buried at Westminster because he was a Roman Catholic, and that Queen Anne in St. Paul's Churchyard wears a hoop, seems to suggest that some of his obliging

[1] 'Records of the Clan and Name of Fergusson, Ferguson, and Fergus.' Edited for The Clan Fergus(s)on Society by James Ferguson and Robert Menzies Fergusson. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1895.

informants must occasionally, in eighteenth-century parlance, have treated M. Grosley to a 'bite.' But in saying that his chapter of clubs is disappointing, it must not be forgotten that he visited one very remarkable specimen of this all-popular Georgian institution — the society of 'Robin Hoodians,' at whose freethinking discussions Fielding pokes rather cumbrous fun in the 'Covent Garden Journal.' This curious debating association—of which M. Grosley was advised by Lord Chesterfield—held its sittings in Fielding's day at Essex Street, Strand. But M. Grosley locates it in Fleet Market, which his translator converts into Butcher Row. Wherever it was held in 1765, however, our Traveller attended a *séance*, paid his sixpence, consumed his mug of beer, and listened to the florid eloquence of the famous baker-president, which, if it be true that both Burke and Henry Erskine were not ashamed to learn from his periods, must have been more than remarkable. Indeed, according to a pleasant anecdote, he was not only oratorically but physically impressive. Goldsmith, who went to the Robin Hoodians with Derrick of Bath, was completely overawed by the senatorial dignity of the chairman (this very baker), whom he thought Nature must at least have intended for a

Lord Chancellor. 'No,' commented Derrick neatly, 'only for a Master of the *Rolls*.'

The Byron trial is one of the few incidents of his stay in England to which M. Grosley devotes anything like a sequent description, and even in this the episode of the schoolboys has somehow straggled into the section on 'English Melancholy.' It is part of the author's rambling method that his personal experiences have to be picked out from the antiquarian 'padding' with which he has overlaid them. But those who have the patience for such a sifting will find that they are gradually gaining a fair idea of the old dim-lighted London of the Georges, with its dirty streets and ancient watchmen (*ouachmen*). In the 'course continuelle' of his brief sojourn, M. Grosley certainly contrived to see more than many of the oldest inhabitants manage to achieve in a lifetime. He visited Bedlam, and drank a 'dish of tea' in the 'gayest and most noisy of all the *Coteries* he had seen,' a group of its female inmates; he went to the races at Epsom, and dilates upon the love of the English for their horses; he went to a cock-fight, which he regarded as no better than child's play. He went to that 'nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod,' a Quakers' meeting, where

he was fortunate enough to hear a speaker, who reminded him of the Paris convulsionaries; he went to Wesley's tabernacle at Moorfields; he went also over Lindsey House, the home of the Moravian Society, concerning which, owing to some confusion of his recollections and his researches, he makes but a doubtful and an inaccurate report. He visited on several occasions the Royal Society, which elected him one of its foreign members; he visited that younger but not less prosperous institution, the Society of Antiquaries. He travelled to Windsor, where he saw the Eton boys hugging a buxom shop-girl, and playing 'en chemise et en sueur' at an 'espèce de paume' (cricket); he travelled to Lord Temple's seat at Stowe, to the grottoes, columns, pyramids, and triumphal arches of which he consecrates a grateful appendix; he travelled to that 'Gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome,' Strawberry Hill, though apparently without making the acquaintance of its accomplished 'Abbot.'[1] Finally, although he did not see

[1] Walpole, however, saw his book. 'I have read an account of Strawberry in a book called 'Londres'; in which my name is Robert, my house lives at Putney, the book-cases in the library are of inlaid woods, and I have not a window but is entirely of painted glass. This is

Garrick act at Drury Lane, he must have seen him act at home, for he managed to penetrate to the Villa at Hampton, where he was introduced to the Shakespearean temple and statue, concerning which latter he makes Roscius say: 'Je dois tout à Sakhespéar: *si vivo & valeo, suum est;* c'est un faible têmoignage d'une reconnaissance sans bornes.' Apart from the scrap of Latin, which was 'pretty Fanny's way,' the quotation is probably textual, as Mr. Garrick was fresh from the pleasant land of France, and would speak in M. Grosley's tongue. But, as we know, Mr. Garrick's 'reconnaissance sans bornes' did not prevent him from driving an exceedingly close bargain with his sculptor, Roubillac.[1]

called seeing and describing' ('Letter to Mason,' May 4, 1776).

[1] See 'Little Roubillac' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 1894, p. 91. This paragraph does not, of course, pretend to exhaust the list of M. Grosley's personal experiences. Among other individuals he encountered in London was the so-called 'French Poet,' M. du Halley Descazeaux, an eccentric of whom Mr. J. Eliot Hodgkin has recently given some account in 'Notes and Queries,' May 9, 1896. Descazeaux (who died in the Rules of the Fleet in February, 1775) at this time seems to have been living on 'proposals to print,' and laudatory verses to Lady Harrington, Nivernais, and others, some of which latter M. Grosley quotes in his first volume.

M. Grosley's volumes deserve a larger examination than has been given to them in this essay. But we must forego for the present his curious and ingenious theories as to what Dr. Cheyne calls the 'English Malady' of the spleen, together with his proposed remedy, French light wines; his doctrine of the causes of the national propensity to suicide, as evidenced by the skulls found in the bed of the Thames; and his explanations and interpretations of a variety of things which, one is bound to allow, he treats in general with a *bonhomie* and an impartiality not often characteristic of his countrymen who deal with England and things English. When he got back to France (he returned, as he came, by way of Boulogne), he did not at once publish his *impressions de voyage*. He worked upon them during 1766 and 1767, supplementing his experiences 'by a study of the History of England in its sources, and by combining the information so acquired with the actual state of men, things, and places,' a praiseworthy piece of application which produced some remarkable results in the way of obscure erudition, besides having the additional effect of filling his page-feet with illustrative quotations from the ancients. His book, ready for press in the latter year, was not actually

issued until early in 1770, when it appeared at Lausanne (for Paris) in three volumes. Its success was so encouraging that it was promptly pirated at Neuchâtel, 'with the notes of an Englishman,' who professed to correct its more glaring misconceptions. One or two of these gave grave offence. Garrick, in particular, was greatly irritated by the account of a riot at Drury Lane, which represented him in a ridiculous aspect; and M. de la Condamine also protested, politely but firmly, against certain inaccurate details connected with his own visit to this country two years before. In both instances Grosley made *amende honorable* to the complainants in the 'Journal Encyclopédique.' In 1772 his book was done into English by that energetic translator, Dr. Thomas Nugent, of the French Pocket Dictionary, who had already produced a version of the author's Italian travels. Dr. Nugent, who 'castigated' the text in some respects, might clearly—as shown in the course of this account—have 'castigated' it still farther. In 1774, M. Grosley himself published, in four volumes, a new edition, 'revised, corrected and considerably augmented,' one of the additions being a map of London. He died in November, 1785. Not long after his death appeared a

curious 'life' by the Abbé Maydieu, Canon of the Cathedral of Troyes, three parts of which are made up of a disorganized autobiography of Grosley's earlier years, entitled 'Commentarii de vita mea.' His will, printed at full in 1810 with his 'Opuscules,' is characteristic. Pope speaks somewhere of those testators who

> 'Die, and endow a college, or a cat.'

M. Grosley did not endow a college. But he left three thousand livres to a learned colleague who, he considered, had cultivated letters 'without self-assertion, intrigue, or undue desire of profit.' And he endowed *two* cats, whom he styles his *commensaux* (mess-mates), with an annuity of twenty-four livres. Also, he left to his maid two hundred livres for mourning, which he dispensed her from wearing. He gave orders that he was to be buried like the poorest hospital patient, at the foot of the cross in the cemetery where for sixty years had lain his morning walk. 'Qui m'aime, me suive'—was the only injunction as to followers.

'POLLY HONEYCOMBE.'

'MADAM,'—says Sir Anthony Absolute, commenting on those marble-covered, half-bound volumes[1] with which Mrs. Lucy in 'The Rivals' was wont to supply Miss Lydia Languish, —'Madam, a Circulating Library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge.' It is not uncharacteristic of Sheridan that something of the kind had been said before. Fifteen years earlier, the elder Colman had inaugurated his theatrical career with a one-act farce—or 'dramatick Novel,' as he calls it—the whole scheme of which is but Sir Anthony's aphorism 'writ large,' while its final moral—if moral there be—is much the same. 'A man,' says the heroine's father, 'might as well turn his Daughter loose in Covent-garden, as trust the cultivation of her

[1] They must have long survived the days of Sheridan.

> 'You still read books in *marble covers*
> About smart girls and dapper lovers—'

writes Macaulay to his sister Hannah in 1833 (Trevelyan's 'Life,' ch. v.).

mind to a Circulating Library.' Polly Honeycombe, the daughter in question, certainly justifies his Jeremiad. The child of steady-going tradesman parents, already middle-aged, but

> 'Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
> Like *Philip* and *Mary*, on a *Shilling*,'

this misguided young person dreams, after the fashion of Arabella in the 'Female Quixote,' of nothing but what she has learned from the leaves of Sir Anthony's pernicious perennial. But whereas Arabella is occupied exclusively by the impossible Clelias and Clidamiras of Scudéry and La Calprenède, Polly Honeycombe seeks her ideals in the more modern and more human productions of Richardson and Fielding, and their imitators. 'A Novel (she declares) is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies, and love to the end of the chapter.' To which her Nurse, a repetition, in more than one characteristic, of a similar ancient gentlewoman in 'Romeo and Juliet,' replies that, indeed, her young mistress is 'always reading her simple story-books,—the *Ventures* of Jack this, and the history of Betsy t'other, and sir Humphrys, and women with hard Christian names.' The result is that Miss Honeycombe

knows the 'nature of a masquerade as well as if she had been at twenty.' She flouts her father's chosen suitor, the moneyed and estimable Mr. Ledger, who she asserts is 'ten times uglier than Solmes' in 'Clarissa,' and she openly prefers the frivolous Mr. Scribble, who not only 'writes as well as Bob Lovelace,' but contrives to persuade her that she is a 'constellation' of the blended beauties of Narcissa, Clementina, Sophy Western and all her most cherished heroines. As a consequence, she informs the luckless Ledger that she considers him 'a vile book of arithmetick,' and 'more tiresome than the multiplication table,'—thereby pluming herself that she is out-topping Polly Barnes, Sophy Willis and sundry other self-respecting and high-minded young women of fiction in the gentle art of 'treating an odious fellow with spirit.' To these proceedings there can be but one issue, to wit, that, aided by her mother's regrettable weakness for the restorative cordials (*lege* strong waters) of Mr. Julep the apothecary, she elopes with Scribble, who turns out to be her Nurse's nephew, and a mere attorney's clerk from Gracechurch Street,—a discovery which has no other effect upon his infatuated *inamorata* than to set her conjecturing that, like Fielding's Foundling,

he may chance to be a gentleman's son, and that, when they are married, they may go through 'as many distresses as Booth and Amelia.' Of Ledger—who at this point judiciously cries off—even when she is brought back, she will have nothing. He is 'as deceitful as Blifil, as rude as the Harlowes, and as ugly as Doctor Slop,' who, by the way, had only recently made his first appearance in the early volumes of 'Tristram Shandy.' And so comes down the curtain upon that already-quoted outburst of her perplexed and exasperated father.[1]

With Yates as the paternal Honeycombe, and King as Scribble, and Churchill's 'lively Pope'—the Miss Pope who afterwards shed histrionic tears over Lady Di. Beauclerk's 'incomparable' drawings to Walpole's 'Mysterious Mother'—in the part of Polly, the little piece must have gone admirably when, in December 1760, it was produced by Garrick at Drury Lane. Indeed, in the Preface to the printed play, Colman specially acknowledges the kind reception which, in spite of an inconclusive *dénoûment*, the public

[1] This little satire against the contemporary novel—it may be noted—has its parallel—perhaps its first suggestion—in Arthur Murphy's 'Apprentice,' 1756, which is directed against the stage.

had given to his work. Already, in his Prologue, he had defined and described the class of Fiction at which he aimed. The Sorceress ROMANCE with her distrest Maids 'on Milk-white Palfreys,' her Knights and Dwarfs, her Oroondates and Statira, had been killed by Cervantes. And now a younger sister had taken her place:

'Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
And NOVEL her enchanting, charming, Name.
ROMANCE might strike our grave Forefathers' pomp,
But NOVEL for our Buck and lively Romp!
Cassandra's Folios now no longer read,
See, Two Neat Pocket Volumes in their stead!
And then so *sentimental* is the Stile,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
Plot, and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—Chapter.
'Tis not alone the Small-Talk and the Smart,
'Tis NOVEL most beguiles the Female Heart.
Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—Love steals upon her—
And then—Alas, poor Girl!—good night, poor Honour!'

To the Preface which preceded this Prologue, its author had added what, from a purely antiquarian point of view, is now a valuable *pièce justificative*. It is an Extract, extending to some eight closely-printed columns of book-names, purporting to be transcribed by his own mother

from a Circulating Library Catalogue which she had found in the back-parlour of Mr. Lutestring the Cheapside silk-mercer, where it lay upon the table in company with certain dog's-eared copies of the first volume of the 'Adventures of Mr. Loveill,' the third volume of 'Betsy Thoughtless,' and the current annual issue of the scandalous and still-surviving 'New Atalantis.' It is, in short, a fairly exhaustive list of the popular novels in circulation for the year 1760.

The record thus presented, it must be owned, is scarcely a worshipful one, and the eye at once detects two or three titles that assuredly would not now be found at all in any reputable book-list. 'Rasselas,' which was just a year old in 1760, is conspicuous by its absence; but 'Zadig; or, The Book of Fate' is an obvious translation from Voltaire, as the 'Sopha' is, no doubt, from the younger Crébillon. The 'Vicar of Wakefield' had not yet been written; but there are Fielding's three chief novels, several of Smollett's, and the 'Pamela,' 'Clarissa,' and 'Grandison' of Richardson. There are also the 'David Simple' and 'Countess of Dellwyn' of Sarah Fielding, together with the 'dramatick Fable' called 'The Cry,' which she wrote in conjunction with Jane Collier. There are the novels of Mrs. Lenox,—

'Harriot Stuart,' 'Henrietta,' the 'Memoirs (from the French) of the Countess of Berci.' Side by side with these are the spurious sequels and stupid rejoinders which had grown up round the work of the greater men—the 'History of Tom Jones in his Married State,' 'Anti-Pamela,' the 'True Anti-Pamela,' and so forth. There is the 'Marriage Act' of Dr. John Shebbeare, which was prompted by Hogarth's 'Marriage à-la-Mode'; and, though no more than two volumes of 'Tristram Shandy' had made their appearance, there is already a 'Life and Opinions of Miss Sukey Shandy, of Bow Street, Gentlewoman.' Of the numerous brood which may be said to have sprung from the Swift-*cum*-Addison 'Adventures of a Shilling' in the 'Tatler,' there are the first instalment of Charles Johnstone's recently-published *roman à clef*, the 'Adventures of a Guinea (Chrysal),' and the Rev. Francis Coventry's 'Adventures of a Lap-Dog (Pompey the Little).'[1] There are Defoe's 'Colonel Jack' and 'Roxana,' and there is the 'Stage-Coach';

[1] Another *roman à clef*, in which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, no mean judge, found 'a real and exact representation of life, as it is now acted [1751] in London'—a statement to which the candid critic can only reply—'So much the worse for the life represented.'

there are the worthless and curious 'Memoirs of the Shakespear's Head in Covent Garden,' and the equally curious and worthless Life (which those experts, the second-hand booksellers, some times describe as the origin of Sterne's masterpiece) of that 'broken-hearted soldier,' Corporal Ephraim Tristram Bates. There are Parson Dodd's 'Sisters,' and George Alexander Stevens's 'Tom Fool'; there is a second 'Amelia,' who (like Fielding's heroine) is also a 'distressed Wife';[1] there is the cryptic 'Widow of the Wood'; there are biographies of notorious personages, such as Buckhorse the boxer and Kitty Fisher. Finally, there are 'Accomplished Rakes,' 'Men of Pleasure,' 'Fair Citizens,' and 'Fair Moralists' in sufficient numbers to turn the heads of all the Polly Honeycombes in the 'varsal world.'

It is instructive to run down the list, and think how many of these masterpieces, once marked by the 'most observing thumbs' of the Lady Slattern Loungers of their day, have now perished,—

[1] It was probably the story of the author, Elizabeth Justice, whose own married life had not been happy. She claims mention here because her 'Voyage to Russia, 1739,' was printed at York by Thomas Gent, the subject of a later paper in this volume.

perished so hopelessly and irrecoverably that, for a moment, one wonders whether some of the titles were not invented *ad hoc*. The 'Adventures of Jerry Buck,' 'Dick Hazard,' 'Jack Smart'; the Histories of 'Charlotte Villars,' 'Lucy Wellers,' 'Sally Sable'; the 'Memoirs of a Man of Quality,' 'A Coxcomb,' 'An Oxford Scholar';—had all these a real existence, or were they only stop-gap dummies concocted by Colman to swell his schedule? Yet there need be little doubt upon this head. No one who has looked over a file of the 'Public Ledger' or the 'London Chronicle' will be likely to deny that they had their being, or, at all events, that books very like them had their being, since notifications of similar performances are as common as those which proclaim the virtues of Dr. James's Fever Powder or Dr. Hill's world-famed Essence of Water-Dock. Now and then, indeed, an odd volume, 'with one cover loose,' turns up forlornly in the fourpenny box, or a packet of them (tied with listing) gathers dust in the window of some provincial furniture shop, where they have arrived from the garrets of a 'gentleman's house in the country,' in company with a broken roasting-jack, a bell-mouthed blunderbuss, and a napless Kevenhuller hat. In that forgotten storehouse of

eighteenth-century fiction, Harrison's 'Novelist's Magazine,' now desiderated solely for its graceful old 'coppers' after Thomas Stothard, two or three of the minor works mentioned by Colman are preserved, apparently because they were regarded as rather better than the rest. One of these is the 'Life and Adventures of Joe Thompson'; another, the 'History of Betsy Thoughtless.' They are, in all probability, fairly representative samples of the very second-rate literature to which the Demoiselles Lutestring devoted themselves in their Cheapside back-parlour, and they moreover exemplify the kind of work which was produced by the camp-followers of Fielding and Richardson. For these reasons, rather than for any particular value in their 'message,'—and certainly not from any desire to withdraw them from deserved oblivion,—it may be useful to give some brief account of them in this place.

Of the author of 'Joe Thompson' not much is known beyond the facts that his name was Edward Kimber; that (like Goldsmith's 'Ned Purdon') he 'long was a bookseller's hack'; and that he finally quitted this world at fifty, worn out by drudgery and the compilation of Peerages. 'Joe Thompson,' which seems to have been his

solitary effort in fiction, was published anonymously in August, 1750, two years and a half after the appearance of Smollett's 'Roderick Random,' and about a year and a half after the appearance of Fielding's 'Tom Jones.' Professing to be no more than the Editor of a true history, Mr. Kimber avails himself unblushingly of the privilege (he would probably have cited the precedent of Richardson) of praising his own work in his Preface. His author, he says, 'is all over new'; he has 'followed the track of no former writer,' his 'style and manner is peculiar to himself,' he has borrowed from no one but the poets, and his narrative is 'founded on fact.' If this be so, it is certainly a little unfortunate for the 'fact,' that it has an awkward knack of suggesting previous fiction. For instance, there is a fox-hunting baronet, Sir Walter Rich, whose function is that of Fielding's Squire Western. Sir Walter has a daughter Louisa, whose function is that of Fielding's Sophia, and who is moreover destined, like Miss Western, to an unworthy suitor. There is a Mr. Speculist, who discourses on the 'moral fitness of things'; whose practice is lamentably at variance with his precept; and who completes his likeness to Fielding's philosopher Square by repenting in his last illness.

There are nocturnal misadventures at inns which recall 'Roderick Random'; there are 'Man of the Hill' digressions which interrupt the story as in 'Tom Jones.' In one of these, the hero, Mr. Prim, escapes from a brutal captain at the island of Madagascar, living there like Selkirk and Crusoe, and, after the manner of Philip Quarll, educating an ape to fetch and carry for him. Other recollections of the sort might be mentioned. For the rest, the book is certainly, as claimed by its self-styled Editor, crowded with a variety of events. Of movement there is assuredly no lack; and the scene shifts freely from the East Indies to Versailles, from the town to the country, from Covent Garden to the Fleet Prison, of both of which last localities the author's knowledge, as might perhaps be anticipated, appears to have been 'extensive and peculiar.' Indeed, in spite of his proclaimed unwillingness to 'shock the nicest ear, or kindle a blush even in the face of innocence herself,' it must be distinctly stated that several of Mr. Kimber's incidents, especially in his first volume, are laid in scenes, and enacted under conditions, only to be excused or endured in days when Hogarth's plain-speaking 'Progresses' formed the acceptable decoration of decent sitting-rooms.

Upon the whole, however, it is difficult to deny to 'Joe Thompson' a certain kaleidoscopic variety of invention, and even a certain jaded facility of style. Its radical and irremediable defect is that —set in motion as it must have been by the successes of Fielding and Smollett—especially Smollett—and perhaps of Defoe—it has been powerless, while reproducing and exaggerating much that is least admirable in those writers, to imitate their more distinctive features, their graphic vigour, their narrative impulse, their power of creating character,—most of all their genius. That its purpose is moral, we are expected to believe, since we are repeatedly told so; and it is undeniable that, after the fashion of eighteenth-century ethics, it is indefatigable in punishing its evil-doers, and bringing its rogues to the gallows. 'The fair of this happy land,' says the Editor complacently in the closing words of his Preface, 'will rise improved from their reading, as well as the generous youth, who pants after instruction.' Commending his work 'to the perusal of all ranks of people,' he declares that 'in *families* it should become a kind of Monitor, and in *schools* a Vade Mecum'; and it is his sincere and hearty prayer (he adds) 'that it may be as much admired by others, as it is by himself[!], and may be of

universal service to mankind.' To achieve so complete a severance from one's work as to succeed in regarding it as the work of another person, is not often conceded even to the most deserving among writers. But it must have been granted in unstinted measure to the ingenious Author-Editor of the 'Life and Adventures of Joe Thompson.'

If it be with Fielding and Smollett that we are to associate the labours of Mr. Edward Kimber, it is with Richardson and his congeners that we must class the author of the 'History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless.' The literary career of Mrs. Eliza Haywood (or Heywood) had been a singular one. Under the first George, she had been a follower of Mrs. Aphara Behn of 'Oroonoko,' and Mrs. De la Rivière Manley of the original 'New Atalantis,' and it was to this latter *chronique scandaleuse* that her earlier successes, the 'Memoirs of a Certain Island' and the 'Secret History of the Court of Caramania' were allied. Pope, whose anger she had aroused by these productions, put her into the 'Dunciad' under conditions of unusual infamy. But whether his indignation was righteous or unrighteous, there seems to be no doubt that her efforts under George II. were characterized by qualities widely removed

from those which had accompanied her entry into letters. 'In the numerous volumes which she gave to the world towards the latter part of her life,'—says the 'Biographia Dramatica,'—'no author has appeared more the votary of virtue, nor are there any novels in which a stricter purity, or a greater delicacy of sentiment, has been preserved.' Even to this reassuring testimonial it is necessary to apply the precautionary rectification of 'Autres temps, autres mœurs'; but as far as one is able to judge from contemporary records, the change in her style seems to have been the genuine result of altered standards. We learn from the authority already quoted that she was, 'in more mature age, remarkable for the most rigid and scrupulous decorum, delicacy, and prudence, both with respect to her conduct and conversation.' A couple of the novels of her post-Richardsonian era are preserved by Harrison—the Histories of 'Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy,' and of 'Betsy Thoughtless.' It is the former of these works which Scott, at the end of 'Old Mortality,' makes Miss Martha Buskbody describe as 'indeed pathos itself'; and seeing that Miss Buskbody's forty years' experience embraced the three circulating libraries of Gandercleugh and the two next

market towns, her opinion is not one to be lightly set aside. To 'Betsy Thoughtless,' however, belongs, not only priority of production, but the real or reputed honour of (in Walpole's word) 'predecessing' the 'Evelina' of Miss Burney as an early example of the domestic novel. Upon this latter ground alone, it deserves a pair of paragraphs.

It was published by Gardiner in October, 1751, not many weeks before the 'Amelia' of Fielding. Subject to the *caveat* which candid criticism must always prefix to eighteenth-century professions of purity, it seems to have been sincerely moral in its motive, though, at the same time, rather more preoccupied in showing vice its own image than modern taste would deem desirable. The heroine is a young lady of many personal attractions, not fundamentally vicious, but vain, inquisitive, and exceedingly vivacious. Launched early as an orphan among those multiplied perils which—in her day especially—were held to environ female honour, the quality of heedlessness to which she owes her surname, involves her in a network of dangers. Among many admirers she has one entirely eligible, named Trueworth. But he is alienated from her by a fallen schoolfellow, and an abandoned female-friend. She is subsequently

entrapped by a sham baronet into a mock marriage, from the consequences of which she is opportunely delivered by Trueworth, who, however, in the interim, has found consolation elsewhere. She subsequently marries Mr. Munden, a cross-grained hunks who is unfaithful to her, and she has to quit him, only returning to nurse him devotedly in his final illness. Being thus left a widow, and, it may be added, considerably chastened by the severe discipline to which she has been subjected, she is free, at the end of a year, to crown her adventures by bestowing her hand upon the faithful Trueworth, who (having, on his part, conveniently become a widower) arrives to claim his 'trembling fair' in the regulation coach and six, not omitting that indispensable herald, 'a very neat running footman.' Such, divested of innumerable episodes, which serve to swell the narrative to the orthodox four pocket volumes 'in twelves,' is the history of 'Betsy Thoughtless.'

That its style is copious rather than concise will be gathered from its length. But it is easily and clearly written; and the writer has wisely refrained from telling her tale in letters, though there are a good many of these scattered through the book. There is not much character drawing,

nor dialogue, nor description. Indeed, in a work dealing largely with the lives of idle people in London, the absence of references to localities, except of the most casual kind, is very noticeable. You may turn page after page without finding more than a chance mention of Rosamond's Pond or a stray reference to Cuper's Gardens. Of passages relating to the writer's contemporaries, there are practically none save the following, directed at Fielding:

'There were no plays, no operas, no masquerades, no balls, no publick shews, except at the Little Theatre in the Hay Market, then known by the name of F——g's scandal shop, because he frequently exhibited there certain drolls, or, more properly, invectives against the ministry; in doing which it appears extremely probable that he had two views; the one to get money, which he very much wanted, from such as delighted in low humour, and could not distinguish true satire from scurrility; and the other, in the hope of having some post given him by those he had abused, in order to silence his dramatick talent. But it is not my business to point either the merit of that gentleman's performances, or the motives he had for writing them, as the town is perfectly acquainted both with his abilities and

success; and has since seen him, with astonishment, wriggle himself into favour, by pretending to cajole those he had not the power to intimidate.'

The isolated irrelevance of this quotation seems to indicate some unexplained irritation on the part of its writer. But, as far as we are aware, Fielding, who mentions Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, never once speaks of Mrs. Haywood, although, oddly enough, one of her earlier dramatic efforts had been (with the aid of a Mr. Hatchett) to turn Fielding's 'Tragedy of Tragedies' into an opera.

'Polly Honeycombe,' as already stated in this paper, was first acted in December, 1760. But it is to be observed that its strictures on contemporary fiction had been anticipated by Goldsmith some weeks earlier in one of the 'Chinese Letters' that he was then contributing to the 'Public Ledger.' After speaking of the ordinary run of 'romances'—by which the text makes it clear he means 'novels'—as no better than 'instruments of debauchery,' Lien Chi Altangi goes on to make the following very pertinent remarks on those—and they were by no means the majority—which professed [after the fashion of 'Joe Thompson' and 'Betsy Thoughtless'] to

have a primary moral purpose. 'It is true'—says he—'the plot is commonly wound up by a marriage, concluded with the consent of parents, and adjusted by every ceremony prescribed by law. But as in the body of the work there are many passages that offend good morals, overthrow laudable customs, violate the laws, and destroy the duties most essential to society, virtue is thereby exposed to the most dangerous attacks.' To the contention that the sole aim of the writers is 'to represent vice punished and virtue rewarded,' he replies,—'Granted. But will the greater number of readers take notice of these punishments and rewards? Are not their minds carried to something else? Can it be imagined that the art with which the author inspires the love of virtue, can overcome that crowd of thoughts which sway them to licentiousness? To be able to inculcate virtue by so leaky a vehicle, the author must be a philosopher of the first rank.' These admirable and unanswerable sentiments, which are substantially in accordance with those expressed by Goldsmith elsewhere, are said by him to be 'borrowed from a modern philosopher of China,' as translated in Du Halde. Yet not only have they been supposed, upon internal evidence, to be his own, but one of his

editors has gone so far as to leave out the inverted commas which decorated them in the first editions; and it is certainly a curious coincidence that—as another editor remarks—the phrase 'virtue rewarded' should be the sub-title of Richardson's 'Pamela,' to which, in great measure, their 'animadversions' apply. But it is more curious still that they are actually to be found, where no one seems to have searched for them, namely, in Du Halde's great *folio* of 1735, at p. 169 of his third volume, being there stated to be taken from a version into French out of the original Chinese by the Père Dentrecolles, a Jesuit Missionary to the Flowery Land, who died at Pekin in the year 1741.

THOS. GENT, PRINTER.

AMONG the many mezzotints of that excellent craftsman, Valentine Green, is one which, at first sight, might easily be mistaken for a copy of Mieris or Gerard Dou. It is the portrait, framed by the stonework embrasure familiar in Dutch and Flemish art, of a man between seventy and eighty, whose abundant grey hair, unkempt as that of 'Maypole Hugh' in 'Barnaby Rudge,' encroaches upon his cheeks and flows freely round his ruddy, vigorous, and —it must be owned—irascible Irish face. His well-worn coat—the dilapidations of which are reproduced by the artist with scrupulous fidelity —has a short cape, and deep sleeve-cuffs covering the fore-arm; he wears a double vest; and he holds in his right hand a volume with unfolded frontispiece, entitled 'History of the Loyal Town of Rippon.' The picture, in short, is a representation by the York painter, Nathan Drake (father to Nathan Drake of the 'Essays'), of Thomas Gent, Printer and Citizen of London, York, and Dublin, once notable for his useful topographical

publications, but now remembered, if at all, by the characteristic account of his early years which he drew up about 1746. Nothing definite, indeed, seems to have been known of his career until the discovery of this document by the Covent Garden bookseller, Thomas Thorpe, who printed it in 1832. In common with the somewhat analogous 'Memoir' of Bewick the engraver, it appears to have been materially abridged by its editor, the Rev. Joseph Hunter; and those who have inspected the original MS. which, until recently, was in the possession of a now-deceased collector, Mr. Edward Hailstone, of Walton Hall, affirm that much was omitted in addition to those initial pages of which (like the beginning of Prior's 'Alma') Time had already taken tithe. What is left, nevertheless, not only, as Southey says in chap. cxiv. of his 'Doctor,' 'contains much information relating to the state of the press in Gent's days, and the trade of literature,' but it also, in an old-fashioned, self-educated way, throws curious light upon a curious personality in times more favourable to unfettered originality than our own. These are characteristics which should justify some account of this now not-often-encountered record.

It was 'in fair Hibernia' that Thomas Gent

'first sucked in breath,' as he poetically puts it, being born in that country of English parents in the year 1693. At thirteen or thereabouts he was apprenticed to a Dublin printer named Powell, who seems to have possessed all the traditional disqualifications for appreciating an apprentice of parts. Consequently that apprentice, following the precedent of all traditional apprentices in similar case, ran away, and at the third page of his mutilated memoirs, is discovered hiding in the hold of a ship bound for England, hopelessly sick, and having about fourteenpence in his pocket. When they arrived in the Dee (this was in August, 1710), the poor boy tremulously offered his waistcoat to the skipper in payment for his passage. But the captain, whose name was Wharton, being, by good luck, more like Captain Coram of the Foundling than those brutal ship-masters under whom Silas Told sailed out of Bristol City, not only addressed him as 'pretty lad,' and gave him excellent fatherly advice of the best copy-book kind, but in addition presented him with his blessing and sixpence. He was then landed, still faint and dizzy, at Parkgate; and it may be noted, in passing, that it was in riding from this very Parkgate towards Chester, about three weeks later, that Jonathan

Swift, Vicar of Laracor, Prebendary of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and apparently an indifferent cavalier to boot, fell off his horse.[1] From Parkgate Thomas Gent also set out for Chester, but on foot, his *compagnons de voyage* being a fat Englishwoman, travelling with an anchor-smith, and another couple passing for man and wife. The party admired the ancient city of Chester, and the 'celebrated river Dee,' where Gent's memory afterwards taught him to remember that 'the famous king Edgar was rowed by eight tributary kings'; but finding no work was to be had in that place, they pushed forward to London. At first Mr. Powell's runaway apprentice was called Mr. Tommy, 'by way of eminence.' His companions, however, soon discovered his penniless condition, and promptly degraded him to the rank of baggage-bearer in ordinary. Worse than this, they brought discredit upon him by their unsportsmanlike proceedings, for they knocked down a goose in a roadside pond, and then compelled him to wade for the body. 'But,' comments Gent, grimly,

[1] 'I got a fall off my horse, riding here [Chester] from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up' ('Journal to Stella,' 2 September, 1710).

'these, my now crooked friends, got no good by their hungry theft,' for when, at a convenient place, the goose was boiled, it was found to be 'almost as tough as parchment itself.'

Journeying further southward, the travellers came up with a company of foot on their way to embark for Spain. (The year 1710, it will be remembered, was the year of that 'glorious disaster' of Brihuega, when Stanhope's eight battalions surrendered to Vendôme.) The soldiers had a recruiting sergeant with them, and a lank-jawed officer upon a horse as lean as Rozinante. Gent's male companions were at once annexed by 'Sergeant Kite,' but he himself, dropping his bundle without ado, beat a precipitate retreat. One of the new recruits, who had been himself entrapped, was speedily sent after him, and, pitying his condition, opened a way of escape. 'The officer,' he said, 'will ride up to you, as I depart on one side; you may seem to agree with what he says, by bidding you live, as his men do, along with them; but rise up early next morning, and make the best of your way from us.' Gent acted usefully and successfully on this timely counsel. The officer, however, overtook him next day; but beyond warning him that, 'in spite of his teeth,' he would assuredly be pressed in London,

made no further attempt to persuade him to trail a half-pike for Queen Anne. What became of the two women history sayeth not. Probably, like the lady in the 'Jolly Beggars,' they followed their 'sodger laddies'—at all events to the port of departure. Meanwhile Gent tramped on alone to St. Albans, where, faint and footsore, he halted 'at the sign of St. Catherine's Wheel.' Twopence constituted his entire funds, but the landlord and his wife—and it says much for the boy's prepossessing appearance, or power of inspiring pity—gave him food and lodging for nothing.

Here, unfortunately, there is a gap of a leaf in the manuscript. When it begins again Gent has found employment in that Parnassus of farthing poets, Pie Corner, with Edward Midwinter, a printer of ballads and broadsheets. He has also recently renewed acquaintance with a former schoolfellow, named Levintz (the son of an Irish judge), who, having finished his studies at St. Paul's School, was at this time preparing to start upon a tour in the East. Before his departure, young Levintz, being 'tall, exceedingly beautiful,' and of 'a fine address,' found it easy to persuade Madam Midwinter to give his friend an occasional holiday, when, 'in many pleasant arbours,' at 'Islington, Newington, Pancridge, and other

towns' [!], he treated Gent to 'wine, cider, ale, and cakes,' seasoned by suitable talk of their 'juvenile actions.' Then Levintz set out on his travels, and his companion saw him no more. With Midwinter, working often, through 'hurry with hawkers,' from five in the morning till twelve at night, and not without one or two skirmishes, arising out of what he describes in his queer language as the 'authentic nonsense' and 'unreasonable contempt' of his fellow-servants, Gent remained till he was 'about twenty.' The date is more precisely fixed by the fact that one of his last duties was to take down the substance of the 'long, dull sermon' (as Swift styles it to Stella) which, on March 29, 1713, Dr. Henry Sacheverell preached at St. Saviour's, Southwark, after his three years' enforced silence. This very unauthorized version—since, according to Swift, the doctor had already himself sold the copyright of his discourse to a bookseller for £100—kept Gent waiting patiently at the church for several hours before the service began, but it brought in one week some £30 gain to the Midwinter household. Shortly afterwards, and somewhat to his surprise, Gent was released from his 'prenticehood. Having thus got his liberty, he proceeded to lay out the solitary sixpence he

possessed in purchasing a copy of Ayres's 'Arithmetic' at a Moorfields bookstall[1]—a piece of extravagance which, for that day at least, obliged him, in his own phrase, 'to dine with Duke Humphrey.' But before sundown he had found work in Fetter Lane with a Quaker widow called Bradford. Here, applying himself closely to his craft, he rapidly earned enough to set himself up with tools. 'I furnished myself,' he says, 'with a new composing iron, called a stick, because anciently that useful material [? implement] was made of wood; a pair of scissors, to cut scale-boards [*i.e.*, thin strips of wood for obtaining close register in printing]; a sharp bodkin, to correct the letter; and a pretty sliding box to contain them, and preserve all from rustiness. I bought also a galley [to hold type] for the pages I was to compose, with other appurtenances that might be of service to me when occasion should require.'

With 'that knowing gentlewoman,' Mrs. Bradford, Gent might have remained happily.

[1] According to Horace Walpole, the great library of James West, President of the Royal Society, which was sold at Langford's in March and April, 1773, was mainly 'collected from stalls and Moorfields' (Letter to Cole, 7 April, 1773).

But being 'over fond of novelty,' he was foolish enough to leave her service upon the invitation of a Blackfriars printer named Mears. Here the ceremonious character of his admission seemed to augur exceptional advantages. Being first kindly permitted to pay the usual 'Ben-money' (benvenue, or *bienvenue*-money, a tribute approximating very closely to the 'garnish' of Lockit in the 'Beggar's Opera'), he was, in consideration thereof, initiated into the mysterious rites of 'Cuzship.' The proceedings began by a solemn procession round the 'chapel,' a name which printing-rooms are said to derive from Caxton's first workshop in Westminster Abbey. This was accompanied by the performance of an alphabetical anthem, 'tuned literally to the vowels,' after which the kneeling neophyte was stricken with a broadsword, ale was poured over him, and he was saluted by the titles of 'Thomas Gent, baron of College Green, earl of Fingall, with power to the limits of Dublin bar, captain-general of the Teagues, near the Lake of Allen, and lord high admiral over all the bogs in Ireland'—titles which at least exhibit a certain ingenuity of nomenclature. But alas! for human grandeur, all this purchased dignity proved no more than the 'prologue to an egg and butter,' since a week

or two later, not being yet a freeman, he was discharged as 'a foreigner.' Being justly ashamed, in the circumstances, to apply to his old mistress, he became a 'smouter,' or 'grass-hand,' that is to say, he took odd jobs. This, upon the whole, proved more profitable than the promises of 'Cuzship,' and afforded him a tolerable subsistence.

After some months of this desultory work, much of which must have been done for his old Smithfield employer, Midwinter, an offer came to Gent from John White, who—because he had printed the Declaration of William of Orange when it was refused by all the London presses—had in 1689 been made King's printer for the city of York and the five northern counties. White offered eighteen pounds a year, 'besides board, washing, and lodging'—an offer which Gent accepted. Finding that it would cost him about five-and-twenty shillings to get to York by waggon, he set out, with the guinea allowed for his charges safe in his shoe-lining, to make the journey on foot. This he began on Tuesday, April 20, 1714. With a chance lift on a led-horse, and the usual delay from losing his road, he reached York on the following Sunday. Two coincidences signalized his arrival in 'ancient

Ebor's city'—one being that his first inquiry for White was made at a house in Petergate, which afterwards became his own; the other that White's door was opened to him by the 'upper or head maiden' of the establishment, one Mistress Alice Guy, a young woman of 'very good natural parts, quick understanding, a fine complexion, and very amiable in her features,' who afterwards—but not until she had first become a widow—bestowed her hand upon him. He narrates nothing of importance while in York save hearing the proclamation of King George I. from the steps of York Cathedral. In the dearth of printers, however—for at this time, except in London, they were few and far between—White's hands were always full, and his journeyman had prospered so much by the end of the year that he was able to purchase a watch and chain of 'Mr. Etherington, a Quaker, in High Ouse Gate,' for six guineas. In April, 1715, from causes apparently connected with the indiscreet revelation by a compatriot of the fact that he had run away from his first master, he quitted White's service, and after relieving himself of the 'melancholy humour' induced by this mishap in some very pedestrian verses, set out to visit his friends in Ireland. Already Mrs. White's 'head maiden'

must have regarded him with favour, for she presented him with a little dog as a road companion; but, although there was a rival in the field, in the shape of his master's grandson, Gent's prudence seems to have overmastered his affections.

Sea-voyages under the first Georges were wearisome affairs, and one remembers how it took Henry Fielding seven weeks to get from the Thames to the Tagus. Gent was only going from York to Dublin, but he was not at once to reach his destination. He started on May 15. Progressing modestly as what Mrs. Nosebag in 'Waverley' calls a 'foot-wobbler,' he made his way through Yorkshire and Lancashire to Liverpool. At Liverpool he would have halted had work offered. In default of this, he took ship in the 'Betty' galley, Captain Briscoe, then waiting at Parkgate for a wind. Starting next day, the weather obliged them at nightfall to put into a creek near Holyhead. Here, unhappily, the captain took on board one Mr. Dubourdieu,[1] a

[1] This was probably the Jean Armand Dubourdieu, whose sermons at the Savoy in 1713, by their fierce denunciations of Louis XIV., provoked the remonstrances of the Duke d'Aumont, the French Ambassador, and led to the citation of the preacher by the Bishop of London. Dubourdieu is mentioned in Marteilhe's 'Memoirs of a

'tall, swarthy, venerable, and pious' clergyman of 'the Episcopal French church in the cathedral dedicated to St. Patrick, in Dublin.' This clerical addition to the passenger-list the crew considered to be of evil omen; and, as ill-luck would have it, a fearful storm that followed seemed to justify their forebodings. For some days the 'Betty' was beaten about by the waves, running at last for shelter to Douglas, Isle of Man. At Douglas they remained considerably more than a week, waiting for fair weather. Gent found lodgings on shore with a last-maker, who, 'besides, was very acute in making viols,' and he records that, until prices were raised by the arrival of other vessels in distress, you could buy at Douglas 'a good pullet for fourpence, and a quart of strong brandy for an English shilling.' These advantages failed, however, to relieve his melancholy thoughts, which (he says) now 'inspired him with a sort of poetical genius to contemplate on the unsettled affairs of this transitory life.' How much this was promoted by his attendance at a sermon over a suicide and by a theological dispute with an infidel exciseman possessed of 'a sort of mathematical genius,' is unexplained; but it does not

Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion,' 1757

seem to have been succeeded by the threatened metrical attack. At last the 'Betty' set sail, and got safe to Dublin Harbour, to the delight of many besides Gent's father and mother, who had concluded her lost with all hands. He was, of course, warmly welcomed by the old people and by his numerous nephews and nieces. One of these latter, Anne Standish, he describes, not only as 'a perfect beauty,' but a very modest and pious young gentlewoman. 'Often did we walk till late hours in the garden; she could tell me almost every passage in "Cassandra," a celebrated romance that I had bought for her in London.' At this date it wanted four years to the publication of 'Robinson Crusoe' (which Gent was hereafter to abridge), and twenty-five to 'Pamela.' Neither Defoe nor Richardson had yet dethroned the sempiternal Seigneur de la Calprenède, whom Mistress Anne probably studied in that version of Sir Charles Cotterell afterwards illustrated by Hogarth.

At Dublin Gent would doubtless have settled, having engaged himself as journeyman to a printer in Copper Alley. But to this, unexpected obstacles presented themselves from the action of his first master, Powell, who endeavoured to repossess himself of the person of his runaway

apprentice. As Powell proved intractable, Gent, philosophically reflecting that even 'the best of men had their troubles, nay, that King George himself just then, had an unnatural rebellion raised in his kingdom' (an obvious reference to the first Jacobite rising), decided once more to flee his native country—a resolve in which he was possibly fortified by the receipt of 'a letter from his dearest, at York.' On July 8, 1715, he left Ireland, and on the 12th reached Parkgate, whence, in a market boat 'mostly filled with a parcel of lovely damsels,' he made his way from Eastham Ferry to Liverpool. Again a chasm occurs in the manuscript, which must be filled with a residence in York, where in January 1716 his master John White died, leaving his business to his widow and grandson, and forty shillings to his maid-servant, Alice Guy. In 1716 Gent was once more in London, working for Midwinter, and corresponding with his 'dear,' whom he had again been ill-judged enough to leave single, seeing that her other admirer was the very grandson, Charles Bourne, to whom White's business was to fall. In the following year he was made a Member of the Stationers' Company, and a freeman of the City. About the same time news came from Dublin that Powell had

compounded his claims for £5; and thus his old apprentice became absolutely free. Joy, like grief, seems to have disposed Thomas Gent to 'drop into poetry,' and 'thinking of his kind usage in the Isle of Man,' he fell to versify the attractions of that favoured spot. One wonders if Mr. Hall Caine has ever met with this artless performance! 'What,' writes the poet, concerning the Manx children—

> 'What tho' they barefoot walk upon the sand,
> To save their shoes,—How pleasing is the strand!' etc.

Also he praises the cheapness of the provisions, and the absence of sectarianism:

> 'No Papists here, or Presbyterians dwell
> Within your isle, as I am informed well.'

Towards the close, he apostrophises Lord Nairne, who, after his reprieve, had apparently been banished to the island for his share in the rebellion. Gent regards him as exceptionally fortunate in his place of exile:

'Let him, then, bless King George. Nairne cannot crave
What's fit for man but he in MAN may have:
Doth he want liquor that is strong and stout?
No better brandy in the world throughout:
There good and wholesome beer and ale is found,
There foreign products plenteously abound;'

and so forth, the conclusion of the matter being that he may, for *summum bonum*,

> 'Live near the bishop, in fam'd Castle Town,
> And, acting well, not value mortal's frown.'

The 'Bishop' was, of course, that worthy and pious Thomas Wilson, who fills so large a part in the story of the Manx Church, and whom Gent had actually seen presiding as judge at a visitation of the clergy. But he must have been 'ill' not 'well' informed as to the Papists, since the good prelate's biographer, in speaking of his toleration, specially refers to them. 'The Papists who resided in the island loved and esteemed him, and not unfrequently attended his sermons and prayers.'

Qualified to obtain employment, and equipped with a sweetheart, as Gent now was, it might be imagined that his aspirations would tend in the direction of wedlock. But though he 'entirely loved the young woman'—Alice Guy to wit—he dreaded the responsibilities and expenses of the married state. He continued to labour unremittingly at his craft, taking little care for aught else, or he might (as he says), 'on play nights, have seen Prince George and Princess Caroline visiting the theatre.' But his old 'over-

fondness for novelty' led him often to change his masters. From Midwinter he passed to Wilkins of Little Britain, who printed the 'Whitehall Evening Post'; from Wilkins again to John Watts, whose name figures with that of Jacob Tonson on so many title-pages. Then in a fit of morbid despondency over his prospects, he practically broke off his engagement with Alice Guy, and set out, not without misgivings, to visit his parents in Dublin, renewing with Anne Standish, 'in the garden . . . near the Strand,' the old 'Cassandra' talk 'of history, travels, and the transactions of the most illustrious personages of both sexes.' 'Now and then,' he adds, 'when she would touch of their love, I believe, to know if I had ever felt its unerring dart, my dearest in England quickly recurred to my wandering thoughts, and filled my heart with such strong emotions, that my sudden sighs could not but reveal my inward trouble, which did not pass by unobserved, though I strove to hide them.' He was, however, soon back again in London, where, after a short interval with Watts, he cast in his fortunes with one Francis Clifton, a Roman Catholic, who had been educated at Oxford. Much of Clifton's work was done for members of his unpopular faith, who 'financed' him; but he was

always in difficulties, and always in fear of the 'shoulder-dabbers.' Eventually, both he and his staff, Gent included, moved into the sheltering Liberties of the Fleet, where they were at least relieved from apprehension.[1] They must, however, have been but poorly accommodated, since, by Gent's account, their only printing-room, in all weathers, was often nothing better than a mean shed adjoining the prison wall, where rain and snow fell in turn upon the cases. But Clifton contrived to pay his men; and brisk trade, the encouragement of the 'wide-mouthed stentorian hawkers,' and the occasional solace of 'a glass of good ale,' made life endurable. Now and then came commissions of a mysterious kind. Once Gent and his master were ordered to carry

[1] The 'Rules' or 'Liberties' of the Fleet—it should perhaps be explained—were certain well-defined limits within which prisoners for debt were allowed to reside; and it seems that they also afforded an asylum to others who, not being prisoners, went in fear of arrest. Richard Savage is a case in point. Pending his abortive retirement, in later life, to the 'Calm of a Cottage,' his friends 'directed him to take a Lodging in the Liberties of the Fleet, *that he might be secure from his Creditors*, and sent him every Monday a Guinea,' which, it is added, 'he commonly spent before the next Morning' ('Life' [by Johnson], 1744, p. 146).

the worked-off sheets of a pamphlet to 'a large sort of monastic building' in Westminster, where they were visited in a spacious chamber by 'a grave gentleman in a black lay habit,' who chatted pleasantly, treated them to a bottle of wine, and then politely but plainly enjoined the strictest secrecy. Neither master nor man knew the name of his employer. But not very long afterwards, in the drawn features of a State prisoner going in a guarded coach to the Tower, the obscure 'smouter' of the Fleet recognized his courteous and hospitable entertainer, and learned that he was none other than that finished gentleman and factious politician, Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

But business with Jacobite prelates, who were friends of Bolingbroke and Swift, was a hazardous distinction even in an already sufficiently hazardous calling. Almost the next thing which Gent records is the trial at the Old Bailey of a mere boy named John Matthews, who, having been convicted of printing a seditious libel in favour of the Pretender, entitled '*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*,' was drawn on a sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, and executed. 'I beheld him,' says Gent, 'as I stood near St. Sepulchre's Church; his clothes were exceeding neat, the lining of his coat a rich

Persian silk, and every other thing as befitted a gentleman. I was told he talked, like a philosopher, of death, to some young ladies who came to take their farewell, and suffered with a perfect resignation.' This was in November, 1719. Little more than a year later, Gent himself had a narrow escape of quitting this world by 'the steps and the string'—otherwise the gallows. He was suddenly arrested by a king's messenger on suspicion of treasonable printing, and with several others hurried into hold at Manchester Court (Cannon Row, Westminster), then used for the temporary confinement of political prisoners. Fortunately, nothing could be proved against him, and he was honourably discharged. At this date he had left Clifton, and gone back to Midwinter. In a small way he was prospering. He had acquired some experience as a reporter of assize trials; he had saved a little money, and bought some furniture and some founts of type. When he was released from prison, he set up a press of his own near the Two Fighting Cocks in Fleet Lane (still, it would seem, within the 'sweet security' of the Liberties), and began to think once more of his York sweetheart. But 'he that will not when he may' runs risks. Almost simultaneously with the first definite beams of

better fortune came tidings that Alice Guy had become Alice Bourne. As of old, Gent sought solace in song, producing, to the popular tune of 'Such Charms has Phillis,' etc., a lengthy ballad, 'proper for the flute,' upon which instrument he was a performer. This effusion, in which he posed—rather unfairly, looking to the circumstances—as a 'forsaken' lover, he presented to Mr. Dodd, a master printer, who sold thousands of it in broadsheet form. But Gent, with a nicer sense of fitness than he had exhibited in the composition of the verses, though he was not averse from the gift of 'a glass of comfort or so,' declined to receive any money payment for his 'melodious tear.'

It was in June, 1721, that Alice Guy was married, and her half-hearted admirer was consequently still under thirty. His ballad for the flute was not his first appearance as a printed author, since, two years before, Clifton had issued for him a Hudibrastic poem, entitled 'Teague's Ramble,' in which he satirized some of his craft 'who had used him unkindly.' For Midwinter he abridged, in 1722, the three parts of the then recent 'Robinson Crusoe,' adorning the same with thirty rude wood-cuts in the text, designed by himself. Besides this, from his Fleet Lane

press he put forth ballads and broadsides on his own account. He also issued a collection of songs 'for the Summer's Entertainment,' a treatise on 'Preparation for Death,' and a book of Emblems based on Quarles and the 'Pia Desideria' of Herman Hugo. Moreover, the better to justify the title of 'High Flyer' given to him by malicious rivals, he struck off for an old schoolfellow a Latin Ode on the Return of King George the First from Germany, with all the ceremony of an orthodox imprint: *Londini, typis Thomæ Gent, in vico vulgo dicto* Fleet-lane, *pro usu Authoris, ann.* 1724. But the bulk of his business lay in cockpit bills, and such 'Last Dying Speeches' as one meets with in Hogarth's prints. One of these was that of Counsellor Christopher Layer, who was executed for high treason in 1723. This, which Gent expanded from a few words into a handsome valedictory oration, had such a run that, for about three days, the 'wide-mouthed stentorian hawkers' were ready to pull his press to pieces in their eagerness for copies. At such times as he could not get enough work for himself he jobbed for others—for the first of the Woodfalls, and for the yet undistinguished Samuel Richardson, of Salisbury Court, then engaged with Woodfall in printing

a polyglot Dictionary. With one of his temporary employers, the new-made widow of the Dodd above mentioned, it seems probable that he might have entered into a double partnership, when suddenly news arrived that, by the death of her husband, his old sweetheart was free. Upon this occasion Gent took time by the forelock. He saw plainly that he must 'not trifle with a widow as he had formerly done with a maid,' and, making such excuses as occurred to him, he set off without delay, not on foot as of old, but by the stage which started from the Black Swan in Holborn, and carried him to York in four days. Here he found his 'dear' once more, though much altered. 'There was no need for new courtship; but decency suspended the ceremony of marriage for some time'—to be exact, for a little over three months. They were married at York Minster on December 10, 1724.

With his marriage Gent brings to a close Part I. of his 'Life,' and accomplishes about three-fourths of his book (as we have it). Like most of its class, and here again it resembles that 'Memoir' of Bewick to which it has already been compared, the concluding part is the least fruitful in incident and interest. To all appearance

his fortune was made. He had married the woman of his choice, and, what was more, had married a business as well. Where he had been a servant, he was now a master. But these advantages were not without their drawbacks, for something of freshness departs from a happiness too long deferred by prudence. His wife, he found, had lost her old amiability of disposition, and his own temper had never been good. There was war with his wife's uncle, a printer at Newcastle, who not only brought out a 'York Courant' in opposition to Gent's 'York Journal,' but set up a rival press as well in York itself. Other presses followed in the vicinity, and the once prosperous business established by White, and inherited by Bourne, began perceptibly to decline. All this tended to embarrass Gent, to embroil him with those about him, and to salt the second portion of his record with a good many doleful ejaculations and vindictive utterances. Nevertheless, for more than forty years he continued to print and to produce, and it is to this period of his life that his most memorable work belongs. The long list of the books he issued may be read, to the profit of the inquirer, in such official records as Davies' 'Memoir of the York Press.' Of those with which he is directly

associated as author or compiler, his topographical efforts are the best. These, which he commenced in order to supplement his failing business, were heralded in 1730 by the little octavo entitled the 'Antient and Modern History of the Famous City of York.' He followed up this in 1733 by the 'Antient and Modern History of the Loyal Town of Rippon,' and to this again succeeded, two years later, the 'History of the Royal and Beautiful Town of Kingston-upon-Hull.' That these volumes make no pretence to compete with the copious, copper-plated folios of the Drakes and Thoresbys of their writer's day, need scarcely be said. The type deserves that stigma of 'scurvy letter' once applied to Steele's 'Tatler'; the style is poor and prolix; the 'portraitures and views' are (as the author confesses) sadly wanting in 'the prospective.' But he had many qualifications for his task. He was interested himself, and he tried to interest his reader; he made personal inquiries wherever he could; he risked his neck in the investigation of stained glass, and he was indefatigable in copying out epitaphs and inscriptions. This last is of itself almost enough to give his work an independent value. Occasionally he had collaborators. The 'History of Rippon,' for example, is introduced by a poem on the

'surprising Beauties of Studley Park,' by Mr. Peter Aram, a gardener. The verses are less remarkable than the fact that this was the father of Hood's hero, who, as 'Mr. Eugenius Aram,' figures in the 'List of Subscribers.' And here, by the way, it may be noted that, under the year 1741, the 'Memoir' contains a brief reference to another well-known person, the new Prebendary of York, Mr. Laurence Sterne, who succeeded one of Gent's patrons, the Rev. Robert Hitch. Gent may, indeed, have witnessed Sterne's marriage in the cathedral on the preceding Easter Monday. But it is, perhaps, more curious still, in this connection, that one of the earliest of the pamphlets which Gent printed was dedicated to Daniel Draper, Esq., afterwards a Bombay Counsellor, and the husband of the 'Bramine' of that curious sentimental Journal by 'Mr. Yorick,' the original MS. of which is now to be inspected at the British Museum.

In a rude copperplate prefixed to some of his works, Gent is shown sitting in his printing-room in Petergate, a gray-haired old man, with a flageolet at his side, a music-book on his knees, and a fiddle and bow upon the wall. 'Having but too much time to spare, rather than be indolent, I studied music on the harp, flute, and

other instruments,' he writes in 1737. Over his head, on a shelf surmounting a row of unnamed smaller volumes, are the three books mentioned above, together with three others, to which, from their prominence, it must be assumed that he attached a special importance. They are the Histories of England and Rome, both issued in 1741, and the 'Most Delectable, Scriptural, and Pious History of the famous and magnificent Great Eastern Window in St. Peter's Cathedral, York, 1762'—the last-named, which is copiously (and deplorably) illustrated by 'wooden cuts of his own,' being long delayed in its production by the author's want of means. His fortunes were already steadily on the wane when he concluded his 'Memoir' in 1746. But they must have got worse in the years that remained, for in February, 1761, while the 'Great Eastern Window' was still at press, he was reduced to speak a Prologue and Epilogue to a representation, for his benefit, by puppets or fantoccini, of Rowe's tragedy of 'Jane Shore.' This 'pathetick Prologue' and 'benedictive Epilogue of Thanks' he subsequently published with the characteristic title of 'The Contingencies, Vicissitudes, or Changes of this transitory Life.' 'Strange,' the Prologue begins—

'Strange, that a Printer, near worn out thro' Age,
Should be impell'd, so late, to mount the Stage!
In silver'd Hairs, with Heart nigh fit to break,
Thus to amuse, who scarce has Words to speak. . .
Yet when we ponder on Event of Things,
How vary'd Fortune changes mighty Kings;
How rebel Traytors cause most sad Disasters;
Like treach'rous Servants to ingenuous Masters!
How cruel Combats alter pow'rful States;
And Wealth or Want proceed from dire Debates;
How num'rous Interceptors, fierce, invade
Each deep-learn'd Science; ev'ry Art, or Trade:
'Twill be no Myst'ry I descend so low
Here to harangue before a Puppet Show.'

And it goes on at some length to dwell feelingly on his misfortunes and his forlorn position. Between the delivery of these two addresses and their appearance in type, he had further evidence of life's vicissitudes, for his wife died, an event which he records in his own peculiar way. 'It was,' he says, 'on *Wednes.*, *April* 1, 1761, *N.S.* between the Hours of X. and XI. in the Night, that my beloved Dear, Mrs. ALICE GENT, meekly resigned up her precious Soul (that curious and unsearchable Particle of Divinity) to its Maker; leaving me in a disconsolate Condition.' He survived her for seventeen years;—it is to be feared in extreme indigence, and often subsisting upon what one account calls 'eleemo-

synary offers of meat and drink.' He might early have had parochial relief, but he clung tenaciously to his old books, his scanty belongings, and his Petergate house, where, in May 1778, he died, aged eighty-six. In his will he desired to be buried near the remains of his 'Dear' at St. Olave, Mary-gate. But the executor renounced his office; and Thomas Gent was laid in the parish church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, 'where,' adds Davies, 'more than fifty years before, he and his wife had wept together over the grave of their infant and only child.'

THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE DAYS.

MORALISING, in his masterpiece, over that 'square old yellow Book' he bought on the palace-step at Florence, a distinguished poet not long gone from us touches something of the unspeakable delight of the true student in presence of a genuine 'document'—an authentic and unimpeachable record—

> '. . . pure crude fact
> Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
> And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries since.'

Yet there are things more close to truth than even the sworn testimony in Robert Browning's 'Roman murder-case,' which, after all, was mainly printed matter. An actual manuscript from the pen of a person in the drama—still more a manuscript pictorially interpreted by others of the company—this, one would think, should bring us into relations far more intimate than any disposition, however typographically artful, of '*italics*' or 'Caps. and smalls.' Such a relic survives to-day in the Print Room of the British

Museum. It is an oblong book in brown ink, of which the title runs as follows:—'An Account/ of what Seem'd most Remarkable in the Five Days Peregrination/ of the Five Following Persons Viz^{t}, Messieurs/ Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill & Forrest./ Begun on Saturday May the 27th 1732/ and Finish'd/ On the 31st of the same Month./ *Abi tu et fac Similiter.*—Inscripton (*sic*) on Dulwich Colledge porch.' The 'peregrination' was from London to the Island of Sheppey; and the pilgrims were William Hogarth, the painter (whose prints of 'A Harlot's Progress' had just been issued to their subscribers); John Thornhill, his brother-in-law; the English Canaletto, Samuel Scott; a much-experienced draper of Tavistock Street, by name William Tothall, who had been a seaman and a prisoner in Spain; and an attorney called Ebenezer Forrest, father of the Theodosius Forrest who afterwards fitted a cantata to Hogarth's patriotic print of 'Calais Gate.' It was a hastily improvised expedition, concerning which Forrest, as historiographer, drew up the circumstantial record described above. Its spirit is a little that of Goldsmith's later journey to Kentish Town in the 'Citizen of the World,' and Fielding's 'Letter from a French Gentleman to his Friend at Paris,'

Like them, it is, professedly, 'a burlesque upon historical writers recording a series of insignificant events'; but at the same time it gives so unvarnished an idea of old-world middle-class merriment that, albeit the merriment in question is rather of the 'rough-and-tumble' order, it is worth while for a moment to linger over its pages. If, in common with most chronicles of the day, it has its coarse passages, they need not concern us here.

It was midnight when, to the favourite tune of 'Why should we quarrel for Riches?'—a ditty doubtless included in the collection of Mr. Richard Leveridge of Tavistock Street, for which a year or two earlier Hogarth had designed a frontispiece—the party sallied forth from the Bedford Arms Tavern under the Little Piazza in Covent Garden.[1] The economical equipment of each of the travellers consisted of a single spare shirt, stowed commodiously in the deep-flapped pocket of the period. They probably took a wherry from Somerset-Stairs,—'the first Land they made' being the notorious night-cellar in Thames-Street by Billingsgate, known as the 'Dark

[1] Not to be confused with the more famous Bedford Coffee-house in the opposite corner (See 'The Tour of Covent Garden,' in this volume.)

House,' a resort, according to the facetious Ned Ward, much affected of fish-fags and riverside folk in general. Here, says the record, 'Hogarth made a Characateur of a Porter who Call'd himself the Duke of Puddle Dock,[1] The Drawing was (by his Grace) pasted on the Cellar Door.' As the clock struck one, having wisely chartered just such a straw-strewn boat, with blue tilt stretched over the bails, as Gay mentions in his 'Trivia,'[2] — for Charles Lamb's 'hoy' had not yet attained its full popularity,—they set sail for Gravesend, experiencing (according to the log) 'much Rain and No Sleep for about Three Hours.' 'At Cuckolds Point [which, even then, had doubtless its gibbet and pendent malefactor[3]]

[1] Puddle dock or wharf, familiar to Butler and Ben Jonson and Shakespeare (the last of whom had a house hard by, which he left by will to his daughter Susannah), is a turning out of Upper Thames Street. Swift refers to it ('Polite Conversation,' 1738, p. 55). So also does Mr. Cambridge of Twickenham ('World,' No. 51).

[2] 'The rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.'
Trivia, i. 163.

[3] See Plate v. of Hogarth's 'Industry and Idleness.' The banks of the river opposite Blackwall and Gravesend were dotted with these sinister objects; and at waterside

Wee Sung St. John, at Deptford Pishoken and in Blackwall Reach Eat Hung Beef and Biscuit and Drank Right [that is, neat] Hollands. At Poorfleet wee had a Veiw of the Gibralter the Dursley Galley and Tartar Pink men of war, from the last of which wee took on Board the pilot who Brought her up the Channell, he Entertain'd us with a Lieutenants acco[t] of an Insult offer'd him by the Spaniards and other Affairs of Consequence which naturally made us Drowsy and then Hogarth fell asleep, But soon awaking, was going to relate a Dream he had, but falling asleep again when he awak'd had forgott he had Dream'd at all.'

On Sunday morning about six they arrived at Gravesend, and having had their wigs powdered at Mrs. Bramble's hostelry, set out, after coffee and buttered toast, for Rochester. They took a view *en route* of the 'New Church' (probably the parish Church of St. George, burned down in the great fire of 1727 and then just re-built or re-building), 'the unknown person's Tomb and Epitaph [?], and the Markett Place.' They must have passed by the cherry orchards of Gad's Hill where the

taverns 'perspective glasses' were thoughtfully supplied to those who desired 'to enjoy the spectacle' (Hartshorne's 'Hanging in Chains,' 1891, p. 75).

'wild Prince' robbed 'fat Jack,' and where later lived the author of 'Edwin Drood.' At Rochester, which they reached at ten, they inspected the Bridge, the Cathedral of St. Andrew and the Castle, then less ruinous than now. In the latter they watched a little boy go down the well in the middle wall 'by Small Holes Cut in the Sides wherein he plac'd his hands and Feet and soon return'd Safe bringing up with him a Young Daw he had taken out of a Nest there.' Traversing the High Street, they came, on the north side, upon Richard Watts his Hospital 'for Releif of six Travelling Persons by Entertaining them with one Night's Lodging and giving to each fourpence in the Morning, provided they are not Persons Contagiously Diseased, Rogues or proctors' [*i.e.*, licensed beggars].[1] This quaint and ancient charity, it will be remembered, Dickens, not without comments on its defective modern administration, made the scene of the Christmas Number of 'Household Words' for 1854, and

[1] By an Act of the 22nd year of Henry VIII., cap. 12 [1530], all proctors or pardoners, going about without sufficient authority, were to be treated as vagabonds. A 'pardoner,' or seller of indulgences—it will be remembered—with wallet 'bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot,' is numbered among Chaucer's famous pilgrims.

the pretext for his own excellent history of Private Richard Doubledick.

At one they dined at the still-existent, but much modified, Crown Inn, a respectable hostelry then more than four centuries old. Here is the bill of fare for five:—Soles and flounders with crab sauce; calf's head stuffed and roasted, with the liver fried and the appurtenances minced; roast leg of mutton and green peas; beverages, small beer and port. It says much for the unimpaired digestions of Hogarth and Scott that they subsequently played hop-scotch in the Colonnade under the red-brick Town Hall, and that they were shortly afterwards ready for shrimps at Chatham, to which place they next adjourned. At Chatham, where they visited the dockyard, and went on board the 'Marlborough' and the 'Royal Sovereign,' they saw the 'Royal George,' a predecessor of that ill-fated vessel of which Cowper sang the elegy, and the 'Royal Anne' which Fielding mentions in the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.'[1]

[1] The 'Royal Sovereign' and the 'Royal Anne,' both built by William Lee, were then two of the largest ships in the Navy. The former was 1,882 tons, with 110 guns and 850 men; the latter, 1,721 tons, with 780 men and 100 guns.

On the following day they crossed by Strood through the fields to Frindsbury, where a list of benefactions in the church which, despite the usual 'Witness our hands,' was subscribed by the Vicar alone, appears, in the absence of other objects of interest, to have greatly excited them. From Frindsbury they went on to Upnor, where Hogarth drew the Castle and Scott the shipping. The whole party, with the diminutive figure of Hogarth conspicuous among them, appear in the foreground of the joint picture. They dined hurriedly at 'The Smack' Inn in the ten-gun battery, after which their exuberant animal spirits found vent in a battle royal and a good deal of horse play. Their next halting-place was Hoo. Here their admiration was divided between an epitaph, more emotional than coherent, placed by a grateful servant maid upon the tomb of her master in Hoo Churchyard, and an attractive widow-landlady who had buried four husbands. Scott, who was apparently the butt of the party, then enlivened them 'by attempting to prove, a Man might go over but not through the World and for Example pointed to the Earth and ask'd them to go thro' that Element.'

In revenge for this outrageous pleasantry, they subsequently devoted themselves to the pastime

of secretly filling his pockets with stones, a procedure which in the issue proved impolitic, as it only had the effect of supplying him with ammunition for the combats for which at this time their souls seem to have thirsted. North Street, where a well afforded opportunity for cooling their courage by a water engagement, and Stoke, which rejoiced in a remarkable and highly original 'arrangement' in weather-cocks, were next traversed, and they finally put up in the latter place at the Nag's Head. Here they found 'but Three Beds and no Night Caps.' Upon the complications thus created followed a good deal of further fun, such as bolstering, 'fighting perukes' (?) and so forth. At six next morning arrived a fisherman in boots and shock hair, who shaved them and 'flowered' their wigs, which, after the severe discipline of the night before, must have stood in urgent need of renovation. Hogarth made a rapid sketch of this scene; and the old roughly-washed drawing still shows us what he saw in the low-ceiled, lattice-windowed, brick-floored room—the fisherman in his shirt sleeves taking Thornhill gingerly by the nose; Forrest at breakfast in a red coat, with a handerchief bound about his bare poll; Scott drawing at the table; Tothall, a portly personage, scraping his chin at a little

THE TRAVELLERS AT THE "NAG'S HEAD."

A. The Fisherman Shaving.
B. Mr. Thornhill.
C. Mr. Tothall shaving himself.
D. Mr. Hogarth drawing this Drawing.
E. Mr. Forrest at Breakfast.
F. Mr. Scott finishing a Drawing.

mirror on the wall, and Hogarth himself busily engaged with his pencil (or rather quill) in the corner. Milk and toast were then the order of the day, and they started for Sheerness.

After all but losing their way in the Stoke Marshes they entered the Isle of Graine, making instinctively for Goody Hubbard's Chequers' Alehouse. No ferryman could be persuaded to carry them across the Medway to Sheerness; but at last they engaged a ship's yawl, embarking with some difficulty. (From Hogarth's sketch they had to crawl on their hands and knees along two oars laid between the shore and the boat.) At twelve they landed at Sheerness, visited the fort (where Scott excited much derisive hilarity by smelling the touch-holes of the recently discharged ordnance), and then walked along the beach to Queenborough. Here the traditional smallness of the town, with its one street, its minute clock-house, and its 'plentiful lack' of provisions,[1] impressed them almost as much as the fact that the principal inn, which had for its sign a Red Lion, was nevertheless called the 'Swans.' In

[1] Matthew Green, in his 'Spleen,' puts 'a Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace' among the legitimate incentives to laughter. The tiny town seems to have been a long-standing object of satire.

the church they found an epitaph on one Henry Knight, an old whaling captain and 'Harpooneer':

> 'In Greenland I Whales Sea-horse Bears did Slay
> Though Now my Body is Intombe in Clay :'

and in the churchyard the Gravedigger, who, tongue-loosed by two pots of ale, informed them, among other things, that the Mayor was 'a Customhouse Officer,' and the parson, 'a Sad Dog'—phrases which the speaker probably regarded as synonymous. On the hill behind the town they forgathered with a boat's crew from the 'Rose' man of war, who, having been told off to carry one of the midshipmen on shore, had been left by their inconsiderate commanding officer without money or food, a few cockles excepted, a moving and Smollett-like incident which immediately excited the charity of the Pilgrims. 'Wee gave the Fellows Sixpence who were Very thankfull, and Run towards the Town to buy Victualls for themselves & their Companions who lay asleep at some distance; Wee going to Veiw their Boat that stuck fast in the Mud One of the Sailors return'd hastily and kindly offer'd us some Cockles, This seem'd an Act of so much Gratitude that wee follow'd the Fellows into the Town and gave them another

Sixpence and they fetch'd their Companions and all refresh'd themselves and were Very thankfull and Merry.' The last words almost read like an extract from Pepys. At Queenborough a chair was brought into the street for Hogarth to sketch the little Town House, an operation which soon had the effect of attracting as art-critics a larger population than had been suspected, including 'Severall pretty Women.' Nothing else of much note occurred here. The missing officer of the 'Rose' having returned, fresh difficulties ensued owing to his cavalier behaviour to a married lady of the neighbourhood; the friends were out-chirrupped at the inn by some Harwich lobster men, whose admirable sea-songs threw their own humbler efforts of *St. John* and *Pishoken* entirely into the background, and the usual misunderstanding arose with the Pantaloon of the party, Scott, in regard to his bed.

Quitting Queenborough at ten, they mounted to the little village of Minster, the highest part of the island of Sheppey. Here, in the ancient abbey church of SS. Mary and Sexburga, Scott made a sketch of the tomb of a Spanish ambassador, and Hogarth drew that of Sir Robert de Shurland, sometime Warden of the Cinque Ports, whose tragic story Ingoldsby has embellished and em-

broidered in his prose legend of 'Grey Dolphin.' Forrest's version, as collected on the spot from local tradition, is also highly picturesque, but the tale, as told in Grose's 'Antiquities,' is of a more commonplace order. The tomb, too, as described by him, differs in some particulars from Hogarth's sketch.

Little more remains to be related of our tourists. Hiring a 'Small Vessell (vulgarly call'd a Bomb boat)' at four on Thursday, the 30th, they embarked for Gravesend. They had a bad passage, were sick, and struck on the Blythe Sands, but—Tothall's old seafaring knowledge aiding—got to their destination at ten. At eight next day they hired a boat with clean straw, laid in a bottle of wine, pipes, tobacco, and light, and came merrily up the river to Billingsgate before a 'Mackrell Gale,' though not without the indispensable burlesque misadventures on the part of Scott. About two they reached their starting place, the Bedford Arms. 'I think I cannot better Conclude [says Forrest] than with taking Notice that not one of the Company was unemployed, For Mr. Thornhill made the Map, Mr. Hogarth & Mr. Scott all the other Drawings, Mr. Tothall was our Treasurer which (tho' a Place of the Greatest Trust), he faithfully Discharg'd and the

foregoing Memoirs was the work of E fforest' 'The Verasity of this Manuscript is attested by us. Wm Hogarth Saml Scott Wm Tothall J^no^ Thornhill.' It was forthwith transcribed, bound, and read out to the delighted Club. Some time afterwards it was run into Hudibrastic rhyme by the Rev. W. Gostling of Canterbury, whose version, as well as Forrest's original, has been reprinted by Nichols. For the quotations in the foregoing paper, however, we have made use of the contemporary manuscript, preserved at Bloomsbury. The total expenses of the expedition, it may be added, amounted to £6 6*s*.

A RIVAL OF REYNOLDS.

DR. JOHNSON once asserted—in a burst of benignity—that it was better to keep half-a-dozen people hungry, than to embarrass a belated guest by sitting down to table without him. Whether the Doctor was speaking under the consciousness of his own shortcomings (or rather 'late-comings') is not disclosed. But one evening in April, 1778, the party at No. 67, Harley Street, were certainly waiting for Dr. Johnson, who was the last to arrive. The dinner that followed must have been memorable even among those memorable entertainments which Boswell so well describes; and the Bill of Company should have satisfied Swift. There was, indeed, but one lady, Hannah More's correspondent, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, relict of that gallant Admiral who beat the French at Louisburg and Lagos Bay; but for men there was Boswell, there was his 'illustrious friend,' there were Reynolds, and Robertson the historian, and Langton's brother-in-law, Lord Binning. The Bill of Fare was as good as the guest-roll, and the 'flow of talk' ex-

cellent. Johnson discussed poetry and Pope; the host advanced theories of the 'Iliad' which Mr. Andrew Lang would regard as heretical; Robertson treated of history in general and of his own performances in particular. Then he went on to speak of the late Lord Clive, and the Doctor 'downed' him with an epigram; of drinking, and the Doctor countered him with abstinence; of his own favoured northern land, and the Doctor rode rough-shod over him with an inaccurate illustration, which nobody was clever enough to contradict. Johnson, in short, disported himself altogether in his most approved and characteristic fashion. To him, at any rate, the evening must have been cloudless, one of those *Noctes non ebriæ sed solutæ curis* in which his soul delighted. On the day following he was in magnificent form, and not a little self-satisfied. He valued himself—he told Boswell—in that there was nothing of senility in his talk (he was nearing seventy); and though he afterwards grew a little 'heated' at his henchman's ill-timed harping on 'the evils of old age,' it was upon this occasion that he gave vent to the remarkable utterance—'I think myself a very polite man.'

'Elegant of manners' is Johnson's own dictionary definition of the epithet he thus appropriates,

though it is difficult to conceive, at all events from Boswell's pages, that it can ever have been really deserved. Yet singularly enough, he seems to have been regarded as 'polite' by others, and even by his Harley Street host, who was certainly entitled to rank as a judge. For, if ever there was anyone conspicuous for ease and finish of address, it must have been the painter ALLAN RAMSAY, the host in question. He was a man of varied accomplishments; he was an exceptional linguist; he was a traveller who had seen men and cities; he was a scholar, a courtier, a connoisseur. He had written fluently and on many subjects, critical, historical, and political; he had even essayed with distinction the inevitable pamphlet on Elizabeth Canning, when he crossed swords with Henry Fielding.[1] 'I love Ramsay,' said his principal guest at the

[1] He also tried his hand at verse. After Prestonpans he produced a satiric imitation of the Song of Deborah, putting it into the mouth of 'a Jacobite young lady of family'; and in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' for 1813 (1815, p. cccxlv) is a paraphrase by him of 'Integer vitæ,' in which the combination of rhyme and quantity is suggested rather than achieved:

'Should I by hap land on the coast of Lapland,
Where there no fire is, much less pears and cherries,
Where stormy weather, sold by hags whose leather
Faces would fright one.'

dinner above-mentioned. 'You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, and more elegance, than in Ramsay's.' Of his gifts as a talker, Boswell gives several illustrations. Perhaps the most attractive account depicts him at Reynolds's, holding his own with such men as Gibbon, and Richard Owen Cambridge, and Shipley, the Bishop of St. Asaph; and delighting the company with his recollections of a visit to Horace's villa, a narrative in which the rest played up to him with classical quotations. The impression left is that of a man of letters and an antiquary rather than of a fashionable portrait-painter; and it is perhaps not surprising that he was suspected of caring more for his reputation as a scholar than for his reputation as an artist. Time has revenged itself—if this be true—by a disregard of his pictures which is greater than they deserve.

His sire was Allan Ramsay of the 'Gentle Shepherd' and the 'Evergrene,'—that old wig-maker-poet who 'theeked pashes' (*i.e.* 'thatched pates') at the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's-Wynd in Edinburgh, but not the less claimed kindred with the noble family of Dalhousie.

> 'Dalhousie of an auld descent,
> My chief, my stoup and ornament,'

he sang, and what is more, like the 'ruin'd spendthrift' in Goldsmith, he 'had his claims allow'd,' being, in very truth, great-grandson to the Laird of Cockpen, a cadet of that ancient house. His son Allan, the first of seven children, was born in 1713, and seems to have been an artist from his boyhood. When about twenty, he came to London, lodging in Orange Court by Leicester Fields, and entering himself forthwith at the St. Martin's Lane Academy, an institution then (or soon after) housed in Roubillac's old studio, and superintended, for the most part, by Hogarth, whose large 'Hudibras' had been dedicated to the author of the 'Gentle Shepherd.' Returning to his native town, after a two years' absence, young Ramsay set out in July, 1736, for a prolonged visit to Italy. His travelling companion was an Edinburgh physician, Dr. Alexander Cunningham (afterwards Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, Bart.), portions of whose diary were published some forty years ago in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' They give a good idea of a Grand Tour only three years earlier than that of Gray and Walpole, the same places being, in more than one instance, visited by each pair of travellers. At Amiens they admired the Cathedral; at Chantilly, the Duke of Bourbon's

magnificent palace and stables; at Paris they visited the Palais Royal and Walpole's favourite Italian Comedy. They also promenaded the Luxembourg gardens, where they were edified by the 'very flaming appearance' of the cheeks of the ladies, especially those who were married. Taking lodgings in the Rue Dauphine, they made excursions to the Academy of Painting, the collection of the Cardinal de Polignac, and the Invalides. With the French opera they were as little impressed as Gray and Walpole, holding the music to be 'loud and noisy, great in the execution, but very mean and little in the harmonious part which belongs to good music.' At Versailles they marvelled at the formal artificial character of the gardens, 'no ways in the style of nature,' though they admired the statuary of M. François Girardon, and (in the palace itself) the great canvases of wars and sieges. They were also fortunate enough to witness the '*grandes eaux*,' which intermittent and expensive entertainment was ordered for the benefit of some Polish visitors to Maria Leczinska.

At the end of August they turned their faces southward towards Italy, setting out by way of Lyons. Much of their journey henceforth was performed in the old dragboats or *coches-d'eau*,

carrying motley freights of priests, *gardes-du-corps*, Jesuits and Knights of Malta. 'In general,' says the journal, 'they [the priests, etc.] were very noisy, eat, drank, and sung perpetually; and at night those that did not go ashore lay in the boat all higgledy-piggledy, which is their usual custom.' By Sens and Auxerre, the travellers drove through the Burgundian vineyards to Chalons, and so again down the Saône and Rhone by *coche-d'eau* to Avignon. 'In our company we had a strange mixture of riff-raff sort of people, particularly a very witty, comical girl of Lyons, a Provençal priest who was very entertaining, a slattern from Marseilles without virtue or modesty, and a Roman with his wife and daughter who gave good diversion. As we went along we got every now and then a fresh cargo of Cordeliers and Capuchin monks.' Passing over roads perfumed with lavender and rosemary, they came to Aix, and thence descended to Marseilles, where they visited the great Exchange with its solemn assemblage of merchants of all nationalities, Persians, Armenians, Egyptians, Turks, and noted in the streets the pitiable spectacle of the galley-slaves, chained two and two, 'some of them gentlemen formerly of great condition.' At Nice they inspected the anchovy

fishery; at Genoa they were robbed. Off Pisa they were cast away in a *felouche*, or felucca, and all but drowned. Finally, on the 26th October, they reached what the elder Ramsay, writing to John Smibert of Covent Garden, the friend who painted his portrait, describes as 'the seat of the Beast.'

At Rome, after exploring the city, Ramsay settled down steadily to work, drawing in the evening at the French Academy, and studying by day under Francesco Imperiali, at that decadent time reckoned the foremost of the Italian history-painters. According to Allan Cunningham, he also received instruction from another Francesco, Solimena (otherwise the Abate Ciccio), then an old man of eighty. Having remained in Italy three years, Ramsay returned to Edinburgh, where he devoted himself mainly to portraits. He painted his sister Janet; he painted Duncan Forbes the judge; he painted a portrait of Archibald Campbell, third Duke of Argyll, in his robes as Lord of Session. Other early sitters were Sir John Barnard, Colonel Sir Peter Halkett (afterwards killed in Braddock's ill-fated expedition), and Dr. Mead of the Library. In due time Ramsay moved to London. Urbane, accessible and expert, he speedily found friends, one of

his first patrons being the Earl of Bridgewater. Then he leaped into fashion with a lucky full-length of Lord Bute, to whom he fitted a pair of legs that even stirred a gentle emulation in the unenvious breast of Reynolds. 'I wish,' said Reynolds, speaking of a portrait he had in progress, 'to show legs with Ramsay's Lord Bute.'

In the twenty years that followed 1740 Ramsay must have been exceptionally active. Flora Macdonald, Lady Boyd, Admirals Boscawen and Stewart, Lord Hardwicke and Judge Burnet, these, and a host of other notabilities, royal and courtly, owed their pictorial immortality to his brush, aided by the scraping tools of McArdell and the younger Faber. He painted not only portraits but decorations, and soon began to employ an army of assistants. More than this, he made money. 'I am informed,' says Allan Cunningham, probably on the authority of the son of Ramsay's pupil, Philip Reinagle, 'that before he [Ramsay] had the luck to become a favourite with the King, he was perfectly independent as to fortune, having in one way or another, accumulated not less than forty thousand pounds.' It may well be imagined that this success, coupled with his avowed adherence to those foreign masters among whom he had served

his apprenticeship, was not viewed with entire equanimity by some of his more able but less fortunate rivals; and Hogarth, whose gains by his paintings were of the poorest, may perhaps be forgiven for girding at 'Mr. Ram's-eye, and his quick-sighted and impartial coadjutors.' That Ramsay was seriously compared with Reynolds is more difficult to understand. Yet it is clear, from Rouquet and others, that at this time he was not only equally admired, but even preferred. Horace Walpole, whom he painted in 1758, reflects this view. 'Reynolds,' he says, 'is bold, and has a kind of tempestuous colouring, yet with dignity and grace; Ramsay is all delicacy. Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women [!]; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them.' Ramsay had manifestly fascinated his sitter, who praises his 'genuine wit,' his 'just manner of reasoning,' and his merits as an author; and where Walpole's partialities were enlisted, his judgment generally fails him. It is, however, but fair to add that, in 1759, the date of the above utterance, the star of Reynolds was not fully risen. Twenty years later, when the Abbot of Strawberry had become the fortunate possessor of 'The Ladies Waldegrave,' he had probably revised his verdict.

For the moment, however, the star of Ramsay

was in the ascendant, and with the accession of George III., the politic portrayer of Lord Bute's shapely extremities, who, in addition, had the advantage of being able to talk fluent German to Queen Charlotte on many topics besides art, became even a greater favourite with those in power. In 1767 he succeeded Shackelton as portrait-painter to the Court, an appointment which multiplied his commissions, especially for pictures of royal personages, to an inordinate extent, turning his studio into a mere manufactory of portraits. Little in these but the head was executed by himself, and even the head in course of time fell to pupils who, like Reinagle the elder, had caught their master's manner. The King was in the habit of presenting elaborate full-lengths of himself and Queen to all the foreign ambassadors (two of the first of these went to the Duke de Nivernais at Paris),[1] and Ramsay's studio, first in Soho and afterwards in Harley Street, where it overflowed into the hayloft and coachrooms at the back, was seldom free from Royal effigies in various stages of composition.

[1] They are referred to in a letter from Nivernais to M. D'Éon, dated 16 June, 1763. The Duke begs him not to let M. Ramsay make them, frames included, more than eight feet high at most.

With the King he was as popular as with the Queen, and his Majesty seems to have more than once plagiarised the famous anecdote of Molière and the '*en-cas-de-nuit*' of Louis XIV., by inviting Mr. Ramsay to share, or rather succeed to, his own special and particular refection of boiled mutton and turnips—a piece of condescension which fortunately escaped that caustic rhymer Peter Pindar, who was not in the habit of sparing the Harley Street picture-shop. Churchill, however, hitched Ramsay into the 'Prophecy of Famine.' 'Thence,' he says, speaking of Scotland,

> '*Thence* came the RAMSAYS, names of worthy note,
> Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote.'

—a couplet too equivocal, one would imagine, to have aroused, as it did, the 'compatriotic' wrath of Allan Cunningham. Luckily the task of adjusting vacuous royal faces to 'arrangements' of robes and regalia did not so completely absorb Ramsay's energies as to prevent him from executing many excellent likenesses of his more distinguished contemporaries. His presentments of Henry Fox, Lord Mansfield, Gibbon, Nivernais, Lord Chesterfield (in the National Portrait Gallery), Hume, Rousseau, and many others, all belong to this part of his career.

Dispersed in many places, comparison of his works is difficult, if not impracticable. But three very typical examples are to be found at Edinburgh. They are the Hume and Rousseau above mentioned, and the portrait of the painter's wife, Margaret Lindsay, the eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Lindsay, of Evelick, in Perth, and the niece of Lord Mansfield. This last, his masterpiece, and one of the many valuable bequests of Lady Murray, is a very beautiful and charming production, which goes far to make intelligible the praise which Walpole gives to Ramsay's women. The other two are historic. Both were executed in 1766, the year of that absurd misunderstanding between the Self-tormentor and his 'Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,' over which so much eighteenth-century ink was spilled. They must have been painted shortly after the arrival of the pair in England in January; and that of Rousseau was apparently interrupted by the quarrel, since it is asserted that he refused to continue the sittings, and the portrait, in which he wears the Armenian dress he had recently adopted, is supposed to have been finished from such furtive glimpses of him as could be obtained in public. That of Hume exhibits the historian in his *chargé d'affaires* period, when, as the

apostle of Deism, he divided with 'whisk' the admiration of the Parisians. Another excellent and little-known example of Ramsay, is the likeness, in later life, of that delightful Lady Hervey (once the 'beautiful Molly Lepel' of Pope and Gay) to whom Horace Walpole wrote so many letters. Indeed, the picture formerly belonged to Walpole, having been, of yore, in a Grinling Gibbons frame, one of the chief ornaments of the Cottage in the Flower Garden at Strawberry Hill.[1]

Ramsay was not entirely constant to London. Once he went back to Edinburgh for a time, and founded a 'Select Society,' which not only numbered among its earlier members his old fellow traveller, Sir Alexander Dick, but such major notabilities as Hume and Robertson and Adam Smith. Twice he returned to Rome, copying inscriptions at the Vatican with the ardour of a professional antiquary. Shortly after his second visit, while showing his Harley Street household how to escape in case of fire, he fell and dislocated his right arm. With extraordinary fortitude, he finished the picture on which he was working—a portrait of course of the reigning Monarch of

[1] It is now in the possession of Viscount Lifford at Austin House, Broadway, Worcestershire.

these isles—but he never really recovered the shock to his system. Leaving Reinagle to struggle with some fifty pairs of Royalties (a six years' task of which the life-long horror turned that hapless deputy into an animal painter), he set out on a fourth visit to Italy, where he continued to reside as an invalid, until, at last, returning in a fit of home sickness, he died in August, 1784, a few days after reaching Dover. He was buried in St. Marylebone Church. 'Poor Ramsay,' wrote Johnson gloomily to Reynolds, 'on which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown.' Others regretted him as sincerely. He was a kind friend, a good son, a worthy and a prosperous gentleman. As an artist more than one cause had served to determine the direction and conditions of his work. He paid the penalty of his versatility in its distractions from his professed vocation; he paid the penalty of his success in the depression of his standard. His portraits have the merit of intelligently reproducing their originals: had you encountered those originals in the street, you would probably have recognized them far more readily than you would have recognized the idealized sitters of Sir Joshua. He is not a great colourist, composer, character-painter. But he is instructed,

he is unaffected, he is thoroughly (in the Lambesque sense of the word) 'genteel.' Walpole thought he lacked subjects more than genius; Northcote, that his ability fell short of his conception. It is more likely that he attained the allotted limit of his powers. His art was a pleasant and lucrative pursuit, not a consuming passion.

FIELDING'S LIBRARY.

THERE is a passage in Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield which—upon one of his readers, at all events—has always jarred a little unpleasantly. He is writing of Fielding—that Fielding whose reputation his own fine lecture was afterwards to serve so splendidly, and to whose robust genius he himself is not lightly indebted. He says: 'I have just got two new novels from the library by Mr. Fielding; the one is "Amelia," the most delightful portrait of a woman that surely ever was painted; the other is "Joseph Andrews," which gives me no particular pleasure, for it is both coarse and careless, and the author makes an absurd brag of his twopenny learning, upon which he values himself evidently more than upon the best of his own qualities.' Now, it is not to the 'Amelia' part of this utterance that one need object; nor do we desire to defend the grosser lapses of Fielding's burlesque upon Richardson. But, taking into consideration both the speaker and the subject, the little outburst as to 'twopenny learning' is

certainly uncalled for. We have it upon Prior's authority that there is no obligation to swear to the truth of a song: and it would be equally superfluous to insist upon the exact justification of every light-hearted *boutade* which might escape a playful writer in a private and familiar correspondence. Something, too, in the latter case, must be allowed for the occasion, for the person addressed, and (to speak paradoxically) for the written tone of voice. Regarded, however, for the sake of argument, as the serious utterance of one great novelist concerning another, it has always seemed to us that this particular characterization is, to say the least, ill-considered. For if Fielding was anything at all, he was a genuine scholar. He had been educated at Eton; and he is declared by his first biographer, Arthur Murphy, to have left that place 'uncommonly versed in the Greek authors, and an early master of the Latin classics.' He had also for a short time studied diligently in the University of Leyden, under its professor of Civil Law, the 'learned Vitriarius'; and it is allowed, and is indeed abundantly proved by the notes to the enlarged version of 'Tom Thumb,' that, with the excesses of his later life in London, he had managed to combine an unusual amount of reading, at once

systematic and recondite. To this he must have added a certain acquaintance with modern languages. '*Tuscan* and *French* are in my head,' he tells us in his rhymed Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole. Nor was it to his younger days alone that his love of the classics was confined. 'He retained a strong admiration for them,' says Murphy, 'in all the subsequent passages of his life.' The same writer speaks of him as quietly reading Cicero 'de Consolatione' in seasons of sorrow and dejection; and he apparently carried a volume of Plato with him on his last pilgrimage in search of health, for even on the 'Queen of Portugal' he quotes a long passage from that philosopher. It is besides to be observed that his learning, as revealed in his books, has generally a singularly unforced and spontaneous air. Unless absolutely appropriate to the character represented, it seldom, in 'Tom Jones' at all events, is obtruded in the body of the story, but is restricted to those 'prolegomenous, or introductory Chapters,' in which, to use George Eliot's words, the author 'seems to bring his arm-chair to the proscenium and chat with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English.' Moreover his classical quotations were not, like Captain Shandon's, sharked out of Burton's 'Anatomy'; and however

hackneyed they have now become by constant repetition, they must have been fresh enough when he first found them at the end of his pen. In short, as, with respect to this very charge of pedantry, one of his most capable critics has remarked, 'what with some men is ostentation was in his case the simple application of materials which early habit had made so familiar that they had lost their learned air and were entirely native to him.'[1] If this is, as we believe it to be, an accurate statement of the case, it completely disposes of that random deliverance of Colonel Esmond's biographer in regard to the market value, in copper coinage, of his predecessor's erudition. And, without for a moment admitting any charge of 'absurd brag,' it is perfectly conceivable that the author of 'Joseph Andrews' may not have been unwilling to emphasize the fact that his literary equipment was something widely different from the stock-in-trade of those easy-moralled gentleman of the pen, his contemporaries, who borrowed their artless Latinity from the mottoes to the 'Spectator,' or subsisted fraudulently upon 'Proposals' for fresh transla-

[1] 'Quarterly Review,' No. cxcv. (December, 1855). Tradition ascribes the authorship of this admirable article to the Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

tions from the Greek, out of the French of Madame Dacier.

But whatever may have been the exact amount of Fielding's scholarship, there can be no doubt—though the fact has not hitherto been made known—that he was exceptionally well provided with the materials for a scholar's reputation. To the devotees of the time-honoured tradition which represents him as scribbling off farce-scenes at tavern tables upon the paper which had wrapped his tobacco, it will perhaps come as a surprise to hear that he died possessed of an exceedingly well-chosen and 'polite' library of books, as varied in character as Johnson's, more extensive by far than Goldsmith's, and—in the matter of those authors whom Moses Primrose describes comprehensively as 'the Ancients'—as richly endowed as that of Gray. His biographers have made no reference to this fact, probably for the best of all good reasons—that it was not known to them. But in the course of certain minute investigations into the first appearance of the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon,' the present writer came unexpectedly on the following notification in the 'Public Advertiser' for Thursday, February 6, 1755, four months after Fielding's death at Lisbon. As it is not likely to

be often consulted *in situ*, it is here in part transcribed: 'This day is publish'd a Catalogue of the entire and valuable Library of Books of the Late Henry Fielding, Esq., which (by Order of the Administrator) will be sold by Auction, by Samuel Baker, at his House in York Street, Covent Garden, on Monday next, and the three following Evenings, for the benefit of his Wife and Family. Among many other valuable Books are the following in Folio. [Here is printed a double column list.] There are likewise most of the Greek Commentators on Aristotle, and several Books with Mr. Fielding's MSS. Notes.'

The advertisement goes on to say when the collection may be viewed 'till the Time of Sale, which will begin at Half an Hour after Five o'clock' in the evening; and it adds that catalogues can be obtained *gratis* of Mr. Andrew Millar in the Strand (Fielding's publisher), Mr. Robert Dodsley of Pall Mall, and others. It was repeated on the 7th and 8th, and on Monday the 10th, as announced, the sale no doubt began. But of this the 'Public Advertiser' makes no further mention. Fortunately one of the catalogues is preserved in the British Museum; and the gentleman to whom it belonged—perhaps Mr. Baker himself—has been far-seeing enough

to price it for the benefit of Posterity. Against nearly every one of the 653 lots it comprises, he has inserted the sum realized, and the total of the four evenings' sale is £364 7*s.* 1*d.*, or about £100 more than the public were willing to give in 1785 for the books of Johnson, which also extended to 650 lots, and were in all probability far more numerous. The majority of the amounts at the Fielding sale are small, and prompt the inference that the condition of the volumes must have been indifferent, or the state of the market bad. Of the valuable Folios specified in the Advertisement, the Statutes at Large, 34 vols., fetched £10; Rymer's 'Fœdera' 20 vols., £15 10*s.*; Buckley's 'Thuanus,' 7 vols., £5 15*s.*; Bayle's 'Dictionary,' 5 vols., £3 13*s.* 6*d.*; Moreri's, 6 vols., £1 7*s.*; and the 1578 'Plato' of Serranus (which Fielding quotes in the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon') 2 vols. only out of 3 (?), £5. Grotius, in 4 vols., went for £2 9*s.*; Plutarch, the Paris edition of 1624, 2 vols., for £3 4*s.*, and Homer, with that commentary of Monsieur Eustathius to which the 'great author' makes reference in 'Amelia,' for £2 12*s.* 6*d.* Aristotle, strange to say, notwithstanding the stress laid upon him by the auctioneer, is quoted at prices 'which would have puzzled that stout

Stagirite.' His 'Opera,' Duval's Paris edition of 1619-29 in two folio volumes, once in high repute, was knocked down for 16*s*., or 3*s*. less than the Ammianus Marcellinus of Gronovius, 1693, while his Commentators got no higher than 20*s*.—nay, in some cases—if the fact may be inferred from the absence of any figures opposite their names—they even failed to obtain any purchaser at all. On the other hand, certain folios to which the auctioneer had called no particular attention, realized fair amounts. For example, £6 10*s*. was the price paid for the great 'History of France, of Monsieur François Eudes du Mezeray, 1643-51, the same edition as that which Matthew Prior left to St. John's College, and concerning which he wrote the pretty verses to be found in his works.[1]

Turning the leaves of Mr. Baker's little pamphlet one is struck, as in the case of Johnson, by the absence of copies of the writer's own works.[2] This is the more remarkable because, in Johnson's case, many volumes had confessedly been withdrawn from sale beforehand, but Fielding's Catalogue is described as comprising his

[1] See the close of 'Matthew Prior' in this volume.

[2] See 'Johnson's Library' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' Second Series, pp. 180-191.

'entire' library. Such being so, it must be concluded that the only books written by himself which he possessed at his death were two odd volumes of the 'Miscellanies' of 1743; two more odd volumes of his most worthless productions, his dramatic works; the second and corrected edition of 'Jonathan Wild,' 1754, and the commendable little 'Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers,' etc., 1751. There is no copy of 'Tom Jones,' of 'Amelia,' of 'Joseph Andrews.' Nor are there any specimens of those performances of his sister Sarah, for some of which he had supplied Prefaces, and more than Prefaces.[1] The same must be said of his periodical and journalistic efforts, the 'Champion,' the 'True Patriot,' the 'Jacobite's Journal,' for which last his friend Hogarth had designed the headpiece. On the other hand, there are several works which contain his MS. notes. Wood's 'Institutes' (the valuable legal authority

[1] To the second volume of the 'Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple' he contributed five epistles, which have generally escaped his editors. The most characteristic of them—an imitation of a letter from a French traveller in England to his friend at Paris—was, however, reprinted by Professor Saintsbury in the final volume of his recent edition of Fielding's 'Works,' xii. 232-242.

relied on by Parson Barnabas) was interleaved and copiously commented; so was Hedericus his 'Lexicon;' so was Ainsworth's 'Dictionary.' Lastly, there were five folio volumes of Law Manuscripts, which, it must be presumed, did not include the two volumes (also folio) on Crown Law which Fielding left behind unpublished, as these in 1760, according to Murphy, were still in the keeping of Sir John Fielding. Sir John had also preserved the laborious excerpts from the Fathers which his brother had made for his projected refutation of Bolingbroke, whose complete works, as we know from Boswell and Garrick's 'Ode' were put forth by Mallet on the very day of the death of Henry Pelham, the patron to whom Fielding dedicated the 'Proposal for the Poor.'

> 'The same sad morn to church and state
> (So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
> A double stroke was giv'n;
> Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
> *St. J——n's* fell *genius* issued forth
> And *Pelham's* fled to heav'n.'

Mallet's volumes are not included in the Catalogue, but Fielding must have had them, for he specially refers to them in the posthumous 'Fragment of a Comment on L. Bolingbroke's

Essays, which is printed at the end of the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.' With the same 'Journal,' it may be added, their date of publication (6th March, 1754) is incidentally connected. 'I was at the worst,' its author writes, 'on that memorable day when the public lost Mr. Pelham.'

But if Mallet's tardy revelation of 'St. John's fell genius' (one remembers Johnson's outburst about the beggarly Scotchman and the blunderbuss!) was not among Fielding's books when sold, being possibly left behind at Lisbon with the missing volume of Plato, there are several other items in the Catalogue of which he speaks expressly in his works, and most of all in the 'Journal.' There is the 'Hudibras' of Zachary Grey, to whose 'redundant notes' it renders testimony; there are Petty's 'Political Arithmetic' and the 'Sermons' of South, also mentioned in the same place; there are Banier's 'Mythology and Fables of the Ancients explained' (4 vols., 1739) and Miller's 'Gardener's Calendar' (1745), to both of which he calls attention in 'Tom Jones;' there are 'Montaigne' and Baker's 'Chronicle' and Steele's Plays, all specifically referred to in 'Joseph Andrews.' There is Bishop Burnet's 'History of my Own Time,' the

great folios of 1724-34, whose editor, Thomas Burnet the Judge, Fielding describes as his 'ever-honoured and beloved friend'; there are Berkeley and Prior on that Tar Water to which he had recourse before leaving England, and which has an earlier claim than Tea to the invaluable property of 'cheering but not inebriating.' Of books inscribed to him, we have only detected Coventry's 'Pompey the Little'; but even had his collection been larger and less eclectic, we should scarcely have looked to find in it another performance which did him the honour of a dedication, to wit, the scurrilous 'Apology for the Life of Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew, commonly call'd the King of the Beggars.' There are, however, certain works absent from his shelves which might reasonably have been expected to be found there. He must assuredly at some time—if only for business purposes—have owned a copy of 'Pamela'; and his mention of 'Clarissa' in the 'Jacobite's Journal,' with its admirably apposite quotation from Horace:

> '. . . Pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
> Ut Magus . . .'

shows that he thoroughly appreciated the sorcery

of Richardson.[1] Yet neither of these is in the Catalogue, nor are there copies of the 'Paysan Parvenu' and the 'Histoire de Marianne' of M. de Marivaux, an author with whose merits he was fully acquainted, and by whom, as that acute critic, Professor Saintsbury, has more than once pointed out, he was himself in a measure influenced. The absence of fiction generally from his library is indeed one of its notable features. For, with the exception of Jarvis' 'Don Quixote' (1749), and Coventry's 'Pompey,' the 'Father of the English Novel,' (*credite posteri!*) appears to have been contented to limit his examples of what has been happily styled 'anodyne literature' to the 'Harriot Stuart' and 'Arabella' of Mrs. Charlotte Lenox,—a friend to whose 'shamefully distress'd' condition in the world of letters his last book feelingly refers.

But—though we have but touched the fringes of the subject—there are limits, even in a bibliographical article, to the mere enumeration of titles. If Fielding had few novels and romances, he was fairly equipped with poets; and, as became

[1] This occurred in a notice of the first two volumes. Oddly enough, in his long 'Postscript' to 'Clarissa,' Richardson makes use of the same passage when defending his catastrophe.

the author of 'Pasquin' and 'Tom Thumb,' he was rich in playwrights. In biography, science, philosophy, theology, he had many standard works, the dates of which frequently suggest that they must have been bought as they were first issued. But his largest and most important sections are in law and classical literature. His assemblage of legal authorities is unusually extensive, and probably far more significant to experienced eyes than it seems to the layman who only recognizes here and there names which, like the Salkeld and Ventris of Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' and the 'Fletas, Bractons, Cokes,' of Swift's 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' have casually strayed into the domain of *belles lettres*. About his collection of Greek and Latin classics, however, there is no doubt, at all events as regards variety and range. Whether his editions of Lucian and Aristophanes, of Homer and Æschylus, would have satisfied the 'Doctor Dewlaps' of Dibdin's time, or the margin-measuring wiseacres who in the last century debated the merits of the 'Greek Aldus or the Dutch Frobenius' at Tom Payne's by the Mews Gate, this deponent sayeth not; but they should certainly be allowed to count towards absolving their possessor from the charge of superficial erudition. This, after all, is the

position here advanced. Of course, as we are reminded by the inimitable 'Tom Folio' of Addison, the mere accumulation of books may mean no more, nay, even less, than the—from a literary point of view—barren science of title-pages. But when it is found that in his youth Fielding had been a fervent student of the classics; that he remained throughout life a voracious reader; and that his works everywhere afford confirmation of both these things, it is perhaps not unreasonable to conclude that he made good use of the large collection of Greek and Latin authors which he left behind him at his death, and that he was, in reality, the scholar he has been affirmed to be. In any case, the evidence for his learning is a hundred times better than most of that which for years past has been industriously brought forward in regard to some of the less worshipful incidents of his career.

"CAMBRIDGE, THE EVERYTHING."

NOT for a moment to leave the reader at a loss in presence of an ambiguous title, let us hasten to copy a passage from that cornucopia of small talk—the correspondence of Horace Walpole. He is writing in the summer of 1755 to Richard Bentley (son of the famous Master of Trinity), concerning his neighbours at Twickenham. 'We shall be,' says he, 'as celebrated as Baiae or Tivoli; and, if we have not such sonorous names as they boast, we have very famous people: Clive and Pritchard, actresses; Scott and Hudson, painters; my Lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H[ickey], the impudent lawyer, that Tom Hervey wrote against; Whitehead, the poet—and' (the italics are ours) '*Cambridge, the every thing.*' Most of these names need little explanation. Catherine Clive and Hannah Pritchard have long since been offered up to the dramatic biographer; Lady Suffolk—perhaps more easily recognized as the 'Mrs. Howard' of Pope and Gay — is part of the history of George II.; Hudson and Scott are still remembered—one as

the master of Reynolds, the other as the 'English Canaletto'; while Hickey and Paul Whitehead respectively have been preserved for posterity, with more or less distinction, in the 'Retaliation' of Goldsmith and the 'Conference' of Churchill. It is only the last of Walpole's list—and strangely enough the very one upon whom his complimentary pen confers universality of merit—who now requires the assistance of the commentator. And yet, as the friend of Chesterfield and Johnson, as the author of a once commended mock-heroic poem, as a valued contributor to Dodsley's society paper, as a wit and man of the world who had enjoyed the fullest opportunities for studying what the Fine Lady in 'Lethe' calls the '*Quincettence* and *Emptity*' of things, Richard Owen Cambridge certainly seems to merit something more than the formal footnote of the forgotten. We purpose, therefore, to repair this injustice by offering to his neglected shade the tribute of a short paper.

He came of a Gloucestershire family, and was born in London in February, 1717, a few months before Horace Walpole. His father, who was a Turkey merchant, died soon after his birth, and he was left to the care of his mother, and that of an uncle, whose heir he became, and from whom

he afterwards adopted his name of Owen. At an early age he went to Eton, where his contemporaries were Walpole, Gray, West, and Jacob Bryant, the future mythologist who doubted about Troy, but believed in Chatterton. He was not a member either of the Walpole 'triumvirate' or 'quadruple alliance,' but West, Bryant, and a son of Earl Berkeley, who was afterwards killed at Fontenoy, seem to have formed with young Cambridge a group which was distinguished for its histrionic abilities—Cambridge, in particular, being noted for his renderings of Falstaff, of Torismond in Dryden's 'Spanish Fryar,' and of Micio in the 'Adelphi.' Beyond this he was mainly remarkable for a taste for Greek and Roman history, and a bias towards athletic sports and landscape gardening. At this time the head master was Dr. William George, the bombastic pedant whom his pupils nicknamed 'Dionysius the tyrant,' but who, notwithstanding Cambridge's admission (or affectation) of indolence, seems to have treated him with exceptional leniency. From Eton he passed, in 1734, to St. John's College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. Of his university career little has survived save some conventional stanzas with which he swelled the congratulatory chorus to Frederick, Prince of

Wales, on his marriage; and the brief record of a tour with Horace Walpole in Norfolk, which wound up at Houghton, where he made the acquaintance of Horace's father, Sir Robert, and of the Duke of Newcastle, afterwards also Prime Minister. He left Oxford to enter himself—again like Walpole—at Lincoln's Inn, where he lived upon the same staircase as Isaac Hawkins Browne, the parodist of 'A Pipe of Tobacco,' by whom he was introduced to some literary friends. He also made others for himself, one of the latter being Thomas Edwards, author of the once authoritative 'Canons of Criticism.' Then, the hard frost of 1739-40 having broken up a plan—which he never resumed—for the orthodox Grand Tour, he married a Miss Mary Trenchard, granddaughter of a secretary of state to William III., and settled down at four-and-twenty to live the life of an English country gentleman.

Whitminster, or Wheatenhurst, in Gloucestershire, where he took up his abode, is a little village on the left bank of the Severn, or rather, to be exact, on the right bank of its tributary, the Stroud. The country gentleman of 1740 almost inevitably suggests the type which, nine years later, Fielding created in 'Tom Jones.' Part of this famous novel, it may be remembered, is enacted

in this very county, and Mr. Cambridge was no doubt personally acquainted with that popular Mrs. Whitefield of the Bell at Gloucester, who figures in Book VIII. But Cambridge himself must have been another-guess person from Fielding's noisy fox-hunter, with his 'Wut ha's,' and his view-halloos. In the first place, besides an already-mentioned fancy for natural scenery and landscape gardening, he had a distinct gift for boat-building, a taste which the splendid opportunities of the Severn, widening southward from Westbury, seem to have stimulated to the utmost; and he must have been especially skilful in the devising of water parties, and what the French call *promenades en bateau*. One of the most beautiful of his fleet of pleasure boats was built upon the Venetian pattern, having a cabin capable of holding about thirty persons, which cabin, moreover, was tastefully decorated with marine panels by Samuel Scott, who afterwards became his neighbour at Twickenham. Another was a twelve-oared barge of his own design, capable of being propelled with great velocity by the very casual crew of villagers whom he has burlesqued in one of his poems. But his capital achievement was an adaptation of that 'flying proa' of the Malay Archipelago, which plays so conspicuous a part in

Byron's 'Island,' and which Anson vainly endeavoured to introduce into England from the Ladrones. The Cambridge variation consisted of two boats, fifty feet long, and twelve feet apart, secured to each other by transverse beams covered in with a slight platform or deck. This, from all accounts, was a great success, and was doubtless duly commended by Frederick, Prince of Wales, when he visited Whitminster with Lord Bathurst. Next to boating Cambridge's chief pastime was shooting. But here again his sport in no wise resembled Squire Western's, since his favourite weapon was not a fowling-piece, but a bow and arrow, in the use of which he had grown so expert that—like the Aster who shot at Philip of Macedon—he could bring down a bird upon the wing. Finding, however, by chance, that this pastime was not without its perils to outsiders, he changed his quarry, and practised on fish, using 'arrows made for that purpose by the Indians of America.' His collections in this way—for he was already a collector—were coloured by his tastes, and his bows of all nations ultimately found an honoured home in the long vanished Leverian museum—we beg pardon, Holophusikon—at Leicester House.[1]

[1] Sir Ashton Lever was also an archer, who apparently lived up to the character. When Fanny Burney visited

There is another respect in which Cambridge materially differed from Squire Western. But this, for the moment, we may reserve. The above were his main occupations. His leisure, when he had any, was given to letters, which he quitted and resumed with the facile irresponsibility of the amateur. Several of his traits are touched in some of those easy octosyllabics of his day which were addressed to him by Whitehead—William, not Paul:

> 'That Cæsar did three things at once,
> Is known at school to every dunce;
> But your more comprehensive mind
> Leaves piddling Cæsar far behind.
> You spread the lawn, direct the flood,
> Cut vistas through, or plant a wood,
> Build China's barks for Severn's stream,
> Or form new plans for epic fame,
> And then in spite of wind or weather,
> You read, row, ride, and write together.'

At the time this epistle was written, the 'Scribleriad,' Cambridge's chief metrical work, must

him in December, 1782, she found him 'accoutred as a forester,' and 'prancing about' with bow and arrows, in a green jacket and a round hat with green feathers—a costume which recalls the famous *fête champêtre* at Mrs. Leo Hunter's. He was accompanied by two young men in similar garb ('Diary, etc., of Madame D'Arblay,' 1892, i. 495).

have been either actually completed, or in a fair way to be completed, for it is specifically mentioned by the writer. But—

> 'that unexhausted vein,
> That quick conception without pain,'

with which Whitehead goes on to credit his versatile friend, must have been somewhat intermittent in its operation, for the poem was evidently a considerable time upon the stocks. It is difficult, indeed, to say exactly when it was really begun or ended, since, in 1744, Mr. Berkeley writes of 'your "Scribleriad"' as already existent, yet two years later the author is still speaking of his task as if it were in progress. This is plain from a pleasant little imitation of Horace to his book (Ep. i. 20), which closes thus—

> 'Should any one desire to hear a
> Precise description of your Æra,
> Tell 'em that you was on the anvil,
> When Bath came into pow'r with Granville.
> When they came in you were about,
> And not quite done when they went out.'

The reference here is to the brief three days' administration of Lords Granville and Bath in February, 1746, and though sportive in its note, proves that even at that time the 'Scribleriad'

was not ready for press. Besides this, there is a story that, because a friend had commended the manner rather than the matter of the performance, the poet, who (like Browning) attached most importance to the 'weighty sense,' concluded he had failed, and threw his work aside for several years. The probability is that it was written by instalments at Whitminster, and then retouched during the author's two years' stay in town, when he had fuller opportunities for obtaining critical opinions. Finally, Dodsley published Book I. as a shilling pamphlet in January, 1751, with an 'elegant [but singularly unpleasant] frontispiece' by Dr. Wall, engraved by L. B. Boitard. In February followed Book II., and by the middle of the year the whole was in the hands of the public.

What shall be said to-day of a quarto burlesque poem in six parts, which, albeit equipped with all the apparatus of argument and footnote, requires the additional assistance of an explanatory preface, and—according to the first reviews—an antecedent study of Pope's 'Memoirs of Scriblerus'! In the preface referred to, which was an afterthought, and is not by any means the worst part of the work, the author sets forth at some length his theory of mock-heroic. His models, he

explains, have been 'Don Quixote' and the 'Battle of the Books' rather than the 'Lutrin' or the 'Rape of the Lock'; and his object is ridicule of the false taste and false science of his age. His hero is the hero of Pope and Arbuthnot, taken up where those worthies left him, and launched upon a succession of fresh adventures, calculated to satirize, *inter alia*, the worship of the ancients, the vanity of pedantry, and the folly of alchemy. These bring him into relations with petrified cities, Surinam toads, mummies, six-legged oxen, *Sortes Virgilianæ*, people who row—not upon, but under the water—and so forth. Here—as a sample of the verse—is a description of some of the inhabitants of a 'Poetic Land' at which the traveller arrives in Book II., and from which he wisely takes flight as soon as possible. They are fluent enough to leave one in agreement with that earlier critic of the manuscript who preferred the execution to the theme—

> 'To join these squadrons, o'er the champain came
> A numerous race of no ignoble name;
> The mighty *Crambo* leads th' intrepid van:
> The rest a forward loud industrious clan.
> *Riddle*, and *Rebus*, *Riddle's* dearest son;
> And false *Conundrum*, and insidious *Pun*;
> *Fustian*, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground;
> And *Rondeau*, wheeling in repeated round.

Here the *Rhopalics*[1] in a wedge are drawn,
There the proud *Macaronians* scour the lawn.
Here fugitive and vagrant o'er the green,
The wanton *Lipogrammatist* is seen.
There *Quibble* and *Antithesis* appear,
With *Doggrel-rhymes* and *Ecchoes* in the rear.
On their fair standards, by the wind display'd,
Eggs, Altars, Wings, Pipes, Axes were pourtray'd:'—

in all of which, without the footnote, the eighteenth-century student will detect the recollection of certain essays by Addison on artificial forms of verse. Mr. Cambridge comments upon the improprieties of Pope and Boileau in making Belles and Booksellers consult oracles, offer sacrifices, and apostrophize the heathen gods; but a not-too-carping critic may also confess to a difficulty in realizing a regiment of personified Rhopalics even though they

[1] Mr. Cambridge's definition of *Rhopalics* may be given as a specimen of his learned annotations: '*Rhopalic* verses begin with a monosyllable, and continue in words growing gradually longer to the last, which must be the longest of all.

Rem regem regimen regionem religionem.

They had their name from ῥόπαλον, *a Club*, which like them begins with a slender tip, and grows bigger and bigger to the head. Hence our author draws them up with great propriety, in the military form of a wedge.'

should be escorted by a squadron of 'wanton Lipogrammatists.' In departing from this favoured region Scriblerus is unfortunate enough to shoot one of the 'bold Acrosticks' with his bow. . . . But it is needless to analyze what none would read. Doubtless, for such as 'observingly distil them out,' there are—as in Garth and the rest—many clever imitations of passages from the classics, and the notes unquestionably display a wide range of miscellaneous reading. Those, however, who, in its own day, delighted in its ingenuities (among whom must be reckoned the erudite author of the 'Pursuits of Literature') must obviously have taken pleasure in a kind of learned trifling which is now no longer in vogue.

By the time the 'Scribleriad' was published the author had for some time quitted Whitminster. About 1748, the death of his uncle considerably increased his means, and he transferred his residence to London, mainly with a view to be near a friend he had often visited from Gloucestershire, Mr. Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. But two years later he purchased a house upon the Thames, in which he continued to reside for the remainder of his long life. It was pleasantly situated in the then open Twickenham Meadows, not far from

Richmond Bridge, and in the vicinity both of Lady Suffolk's historic Marble Hill, and Twickenham Park House, at that time Lord Mountrath's. Here he amused himself, much as he had done at Whitminster, by planting and improving his grounds, winning thereby the commendation of the celebrated 'Capability' Brown, and by entertaining the persons of distinction who lived in the vicinity, or visited it periodically from London. Horace Walpole was already his neighbour, and it is sometimes (erroneously) asserted that he was acquainted with Pope. But this is a demonstrable mistake, for in 1751 Pope had been dead about seven years. Cambridge, it is true, had been in indirect communication with Twickenham's greatest resident, since, through Thomas Edwards, he had supplied for Pope's grotto some of that sparkling mundic or iron pyrites from Severn side with which he had already beautified a similar cavern or recess of his own at Whitminster.[1] In default of Pope, however, he had many guests whose names are still remembered. Lord Granville, Lord Mansfield, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, and Mr. Pitt were among his

[1] 'Some large Pieces of Gold Clift, from Mr. *Cambridge* in *Gloucestershire*' are duly chronicled in John Serle's 'Plan of Mr. Pope's Garden,' 1745, p. 8.

London friends. To these were added, now or after, Lord North, Lord Hardwicke and his famous son-in-law Lord Anson, Admiral Boscawen and Captain Cook, 'Hermes' Harris and Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick; and these were a few only of the visitors who met continually round a board which was always spread with an ample but unostentatious hospitality. As a book-lover, Mr. Cambridge possessed a considerable library, which, as might be anticipated from his tastes, was exceptionally rich in voyages and travels; and it was from his collection that Horace Walpole derived the manuscript of one of the earliest of the Strawberry issues—Lord Whitworth's interesting 'Account of Russia in 1710.' Another hobby which Cambridge contrived to gratify while at Twickenham was a taste for pictures, of which he left a carefully chosen gallery, acquired, according to his son and biographer, 'at a comparatively small expense,' owing mainly to his sound knowledge and well-trained judgment in art.

Although, like Montaigne, a literary man only 'lors qu'une trop lasche oysifveté lui pressait,' he continued, at Twickenham, to amuse himself in verse and prose. Early in 1753, Dodsley established the 'World,' with the fabulist Edward

Moore for editor. Lord Lyttelton introduced Moore to Cambridge, with the result that, after Moore himself, and Lord Chesterfield, Cambridge became the most regular of the contributors, the list of which, in addition, included Walpole, Soame Jenyns, Lord Bath, Francis Coventry of 'Pompey the Little,' Hamilton Boyle, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Cambridge's first contribution was not made until No. 50, and the bulk of his papers belong to Volume III. As in poetry he had leaned to satire, so in prose his tendency was to irony, the use of which he indeed defends in the concluding paper of the second volume. His subjects, which he treats not seldom with a facile sub-Addisonian raillery, turn chiefly on such themes as talking and listening, gormandizing, improving (an excellent paper); on landscape gardening (of course); feminine taste, the neglect of experience, and so forth, all of which he handles with that 'gentle and good-humoured ridicule' to which he makes his claim. Once he deviates into ambling octosyllabics, which he writes, if not as well as Prior, certainly not worse than Whitehead. Here is the conclusion, filled with pleasant last century detail, of a little piece that illustrates the not-yet-extinct pursuit of the inopportune. From the last couplet but one

of this passage it will be seen that his pronunciation of 'china' differed from ours:

> 'And yet, for all he holds this rule,
> Damœtas is in fact no fool:
> For he would hardly chuse a groom
> To make his chairs or hang his room;
> Nor with th' upholsterer discourse
> About the glanders in his horse;
> Nor send to buy his wife a tête
> To Puddle-Dock or Billingsgate; . .
> Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
> To parish-church instead of White's;
> Nor make his party or his bets
> With those who never pay their debts;
> Nor at dessert of wax and china
> Neglect the eatables, if any,
> To smell the chaplet in the middle,
> Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.'

The repetition of the word 'china' (or 'chaney') in the last lines suggests an inevitable criticism of these papers, from which, by their very nature, it is not easy to make quotation. They are the work of a writer who is at once a wit, a pleasant talker, and a scholar 'conveniently learned,' but they have also, in their lack of construction and indefinite message, most of the characteristics of amateur effort. This is, no doubt, the main defect of many of the unpaid

contributions to Dodsley's venture. No social periodical was probably ever started with a staff better qualified to fill the editorial programme. But, in those days, to write for money was thought to be beneath the dignity of a person of quality, and the papers of Chesterfield and Cambridge and Horace Walpole, who, after Moore himself, wrote most industriously, were, at the best, 'gift horses.' And without going to the length of Sydney Smith's dictum that 'an unpaid contributor is *ex vi termini* an ass,' it is plain that help of this nature has inherent defects which are opposed to the production of enduring literature. It is difficult to decline a voluntary contribution from a writer of distinction if it is not as good as usual; it is still more difficult to edit it if it is unsuitable. Thus it comes about that the 'World,' written, as it was, 'by gentlemen for gentlemen,' and written, moreover, by those who might fairly be supposed to be especially familiar with their subject, has scarcely continued as interesting as its humbler contemporary, the 'Connoisseur' of Colman and Bonnell Thornton.

The verses from which we have quoted appear to have been the only metrical effort which Cambridge supplied to the pages of 'Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam.' But a number of imitations of the

classics, and other occasional pieces, are printed by his son as having been written at Twickenham, some of which are included in the sixth volume of Dodsley's collection. One of these, 'The Fable of Jotham,' adapted to borough-hunting, happily recalls the cantering measure of Prior's 'Down Hall':

'Tho' much they discours'd, the long way to beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the stile,
Of the Irish, the stocks, and the lott'ry committee,
They came silent and tir'd into *Exeter* city.'

And again—almost directly suggesting Prior's scene at the Bull at Hoddesdon. Says the host:

'I never was ask'd for a book by a guest;
And I'm sure I have all the great folk in the *West*.
None of these to my knowledge e'er call'd for a book;
But see, Sir, the woman with fish, and the cook;
Here's the fattest of carp, shall we dress you a brace?
Would you have any soals, or a mullet, or plaice?'

Another of Cambridge's poems in Dodsley is a parody of Pope's 'Eloisa to Abelard,' entitled 'An Elegy written in an Empty Assembly-Room'; and a third—addressed 'To Mr. Whitehead, on his being made *Poet Laureat*'—opens thus:

'Tis so—tho' we're surpriz'd to hear it;
The laurel, is bestow'd on merit.

How hush'd is ev'ry envious voice!
Confounded by so just a choice,
Tho' by prescriptive right prepar'd
To libel the selected bard,'

—sentiments which, if the writer be not indulging his favourite vein of irony, seem to indicate a serenity in the poetical atmosphere of 1758 to which our modern meteorologists are strangers. But the best of Cambridge's verse, to our thinking, is a clever modernization of Horace (Satire ix, bk. 1), under the title of 'The Intruder,'—the *Sic me servavit Apollo* of the close being supplied by the fact that the mob in those anti-Jew Bill days mistake the Bore for an Israelite, and fall upon him accordingly. It is scarcely fair to praise it without giving a sample. Here is the paraphrase of the Mæcenas episode:

'Deaf to my words, he talks along
Still louder than the buzzing throng.
"Are you," he cries, "as well as ever
With Lady Grace? she's vastly clever?"
Her merit all the world declare;
Few, very few her friendship share.
"If you'd contrive to introduce
Your friend here, you might find an use . . .
Sir, in that house there's no such doing,
And the attempt would be one's ruin.
No art, no project, no designing;
No rivalship and no outshining.

"Indeed! you make me long the more
To get admittance. Is the door
Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,
As will not melt at half-a-crown?
Can't I cajole the female tribe
And gain her woman with a bribe?
Refused to-day, suck up my sorrow,
And take my chance again to-morrow?
Is there no shell-work to be seen,
Or Chinese chair or Indian screen?
No cockatoo nor marmozet,
Lap-dog, gold fish, nor perroquet?
No French embroidery on a quilt?
And no bow-window to be built?
Can't I contrive, at times, to meet
My lady in the park or street?
At opera, play, or morning pray'r,
To hand her to her coach or chair?"
But now his voice, tho' late so loud,
Was lost in the contentious crowd
Of fishwives newly corporate,
A colony from Billingsgate.'

The most considerable literary result of Cambridge's Twickenham residence, however, is not poetry, but prose. He was deeply interested in Indian affairs, and conceived the idea of tracing the rise and progress of British power in the East. Part of his work, the history of the war upon the coast of Coromandel, was published rather hurriedly, in 1762, when the interest in

the subject was at its height, and, though more of a compilation than he had at first intended, was highly appreciated, especially by the French, for its justice and accuracy. Then Colonel Newcome's historian, Orme, arrived from India, and Orme's more extensive material and opportunities made the further progress of Cambridge's plan superfluous. Yet his labours in the field were not without their fruit, since they brought him into intimate relations with Carnac, Scrafton, Pearson, Clive, Warren Hastings, and many others of the more prominent actors in that stirring Asiatic drama.

With Cook to talk of Otaheite, and Clive of Surajah Dowlah, with the *bons mots* of Walpole and the epigrams of Chesterfield, there must have been good company round the Twickenham table, and one naturally turns to the letters of Cambridge's old schoolfellows for some traces of these *noctes cœnæque deûm*. But, in this respect, neither Gray nor Walpole is particularly helpful, and one is left with a haunting suspicion that Cambridge was a little too like the writers to obtain strict justice at their hands. Gray's solitary reference to Cambridge is to accuse him of being more alive to the blots than the beauties of 'Clarendon's Life'; and Walpole, who seems

always to write with a certain soreness (which may be due to the fact that Cambridge had dared to make addition to the 'Heroic Epistle'), generally lays stress upon his neighbour's activity as a gossip. 'He (Cambridge) would tell anybody the most disagreeable news rather than not be the first to trumpet it,' he says in one place; and in another he complains that in 'untittle-tattling' Twickenham (surely a most inappropriate adjective for a village inhabited by himself!) 'the grass would grow in their ears' if Mr. Cambridge 'did not gallop the roads for intelligence.' Nevertheless, when Colman put Cambridge into 'The Manager in Distress' as a 'Newsmonger, who lives about twelve miles from town,'[1] he is generous enough to speak of him as

[1] Colman, who lived at Richmond, had a local grudge against Cambridge. There is no doubt that he satirized him as Bustleton. 'He is known among his friends and acquaintance by the name of the Riding Magazine; he lives above a dozen miles out of town, but doats upon London; comes up on a hard trot every day after breakfast, stops every friend he meets to receive and communicate intelligence, and inquires after news from the men at the turnpikes, nay, sometimes, to hold himself in wind, tells the keeper of the gate at Kensington what he learnt from the toll-gatherer at Hammersmith' ('The Manager in Distress,' a Prelude, 1780, p. 4).

'so benevolent and inoffensive a man, that his little foible does not deserve such treatment'; and there is always an aspect of piquancy in the idea of Walpole's objection to scandal, seeing that he is an arch-master of the craft. Such other references to Cambridge as can be traced are more unqualified. Miss Burney, who met both father and son at Mrs. Thrale's, was delighted with them; and Boswell, of course, is ecstatic. He gives a long account of a dinner at Cambridge House to which he went in 1775 with Johnson, in Reynolds's coach, and though it is Johnson first and the rest nowhere in the conversational record, he dwells upon the elegance of the entertainment and the accomplishments of the family. Moreover, he evidently marked this special occasion with a white stone, for several years later, *à propos* of some 'Johnsoniana' sent him by Cambridge (then, of course, still alive), he refers to him as a *senex fortunatus*, descants upon his excellent library, 'which he accurately knows and reads,' his choice pictures, 'which he understands and relishes,' his friends, his literary celebrity, and his rare 'colloquial talents.'

Ah! those evasive, those irrecoverable 'colloquial talents'! The posthumous reputation of a talker is like the posthumous reputation of an

actor: much must be taken on trust. Lord Ossory thought that his brother, General Richard Fitzpatrick, was a far greater wit than either Selwyn or Horace Walpole; and Lady Holland, as good a judge, would probably have endorsed this opinion.[1] And yet, beyond the couplet in 'Dorinda'—

> 'And oh! what Bliss, when each alike is pleas'd,
> The Hand that squeezes, and the Hand that's squeez'd'—

who can recall a single *bon mot* of this brilliant General Richard Fitzpatrick? What is worse, out of three witticisms that your departed *diseur* leaves behind him—and those not always his best—two at least are generally attributed to some rival practitioner. Whether Cambridge has suffered in this way we know not, but, in any case, for one who—as Walpole said—generally told three stories to explain a fourth, he has left but a slender legacy of anecdote. Here are two of his sayings, each of which oddly enough turns upon his favourite recreation. Some one had said of his friend Lord Anson, who had the reputation of

[1] 'General Fitzpatrick was at one time nearly as famous for his wit as Hare' ('Rogers's Table Talk,' 1856, p. 104). James Hare is another forgotten wit and friend of Fox, to whom Lord Ossory favourably compared his brother.

losing at play, that he was a beggar. Cambridge, after vainly dissenting, undertook to prove logically that he was not. Beggars, he postulated, could ride, whereas anyone who looked at Lord Anson on horseback must be convinced that he was an excellent seaman. The other records that late in life George III. met him at Richmond, and observed that 'he did not ride so fast as he used to do.' 'Sir,' answered Cambridge, 'I am going down hill'—which was true in a double sense. For the rest, he was in the habit of declaring that he deserved infinitely more credit for the good things he had suppressed than for anything witty he might have said. This may fairly be opposed to Walpole's *obiter dictum* as to his propensity to disagreeable communications—the more especially as it is corroborated by Lord Chesterfield, a far less prejudiced judge than either Gray or his friend, and quite as likely to be well informed. 'CANTABRIGIUS,' wrote his lordship in the 'World' for 3rd October, 1754, 'drinks nothing but water [this is the other little difference from Squire Western alluded to at the beginning of this paper], and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman, and with almost equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear; the latter, his body in health. It is not from himself

that he runs, but to his acquaintances, a synonimous term for his friends. Internally safe, he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover, and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, *though always without personal offence.*' (The words we have italicized, it will be noted, are in direct opposition to Walpole.) After this may come his own description of himself in the little paraphrase of Horace 'Ad Librum Suum,' from which citation has already been made—

> 'Thus much of me you may declare,
> That tho' I live in Country air,
> And with a snug retirement blest,
> Yet oft, impatient of my nest,
> I spread my broad and ample wing,
> And in the midst of action spring.
> A great admirer of great men,
> And much by them admir'd again.
> My body light, my figure slim,
> My mind dispos'd to mirth and whim:
> Then on my Family hold forth,
> Less fam'd for Quality than Worth.
> But let not all these points divert you
> From speaking largely of my Virtue.'

This last, of course, is playfully said. There can, however, be little doubt that those who knew

him best would have willingly allowed that, in addition to being widely gifted, he was well-meaning and kindly, devoted to his family and friends, sincerely religious, and sociable and hospitable in the best old-world acceptation of the words. If, instead of a couple of notes to Mary Berry, he had left a correspondence, it might, with his gifts and opportunities, have rivalled that of Walpole, at all events in material. But he was content to be no more than one of those plain English gentlemen, 'unencumbered by rank and easy in fortune,' whom George III. rightly regarded as among the most enviable of humanity.

It remains to say of 'Cantabrigius' that he attained to an honoured old age, dying at last in September, 1802. He was then eighty-six. His wife, for whom he had always been a lover rather than a husband, survived him for four years, when she too departed, in her ninetieth year. There is a tablet to both in Twickenham Church, under that of Pope.

THE OFFICINA ARBUTEANA.

IN July, 1757, when Horace Walpole first turned printer, he had been ten years an occupant of Strawberry Hill. Since he had bought it in 1747, out of the shop of Mrs. Chevenix, the Charing Cross toy-woman, the tiny country box originally built by the Earl of Bradford's coachman, had been pinnacled and embattled and Gothicized out of all knowledge. Ten years of trees which 'sprouted away like any chaste nymph in the "Metamorphosis"' had given a sylvan appearance to the bare meadow-land which is shown in John Rocque's plan of 1741-5, and already the proprietor could enjoy in full perfection his favourite combination—'lilacs and nightingales.' It is true that the ambitious extensions of later years were as yet undreamed of, but a refectory and library had nevertheless been added; and although, as always, the 'extreme littleness' of the house was incontestable, it was not without its genuine admirers. 'It has a purity and propriety of Gothicism in it (says Gray in 1754, now reconciled to his old comrade

of the Grand Tour) that I have not seen elsewhere'; and it seems that Thomas Wharton shared his sentiments. Something of this, no doubt, was due to the glorious situation, which even that 'simple old Phobus,' Lord Radnor, could not entirely spoil by his preposterous 'Mabland.' But when one reads the depreciatory epithets which were spent on the Twickenham castle by the critics of the last century, it may be as well to remember that Gray and Wharton praised it, and apparently praised it in good faith.

To defend or to describe Walpole's museum of curiosities, is not, however, so much the purpose of this paper as to give some brief account of the work of the *Officina Arbuteana,* or Private Press at Strawberry Hill. What first suggested its establishment is obscure. It may have had its origin with Walpole's bookseller, William Bathoe, to whose inventive genius London is said to owe, if not the first, at least one of the first of its circulating libraries;[1] or it

[1] In 1740, at No. 132, Strand. Professor Masson, in 'Chatterton' ('Essays,' 1856, p. 212), makes Bathoe the first. But this distinction is also claimed for Samuel Fancourt, a Dissenting Minister of Crane Court, Fleet Street, who established a lending library there *circa* 1740 ('Gentleman's Magazine,' 1799, p. 1019).

may have been suggested by one of his tenants, Richard Francklin, the quondam printer of the 'Craftsman.' In either case, it bursts upon us without premonition in a letter to Mr. John Chute, whose historic dwelling, the Vyne in Hampshire, was, not long since, so charmingly described by one of his descendants.[1] 'On Monday next [14th July],' says Walpole,[2] 'the *Officina Arbuteana* opens in form. The Stationers' Company, that is, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson, etc., are summoned to meet here on Sunday night . . . Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens,' he goes on, 'are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the Gazette, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it.' Later still, the news goes to his correspondent Mann, at Florence. 'I am turned printer,' he says, 'and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office.' And then he proceeds to describe his printer, William Robinson, a personage with noticeable eyes that Garrick envies ('they are more Richard the

[1] 'A History of the Vyne,' 1888, by the late Chaloner W. Chute.

[2] As a matter of fact it does not seem to have opened until Wednesday, 16th July (see letter to George Montagu of that date).

Third's than Garrick's own,' says Horace), and with an Irish head and pen. From a curious high-flown letter of Robinson, which Walpole transcribes for Mann's amusement, it appears that he was 'sole manager and operator.'

It had been intended to commence proceedings with a translation by Richard Bentley the younger, then Walpole's guest, of Paul Hentzner's Journey into England in 1598. But just at this time Gray had brought his two odes, 'The Bard' and 'The Progress of Poesy,' up to London to be printed. 'I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands,' says Walpole, 'and they are to be the first fruits of my press.' Gray seems to have consented, but reluctantly. Walpole 'was so earnest to handsel his Twickenham press with this new pamphlet,' he tells Mason, 'that it was impossible to find a pretence for refusing such a trifle. You will dislike this as much as I do, but there is no help; you understand, it is he that prints them, not for me, but for Dodsley.' Accordingly, on the 8th of August, appeared in a thin shilling *quarto* of twenty-one pages, 'Odes by Mr. Gray. Φωναντα συνετοισι—Pindar, Olymp. II. Printed at Strawberry-Hill, for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall-Mall, 1757.' Upon the title-page was Walpole's device, a graceful little

vignette of Strawberry in its earlier form, framed in a design of leaf and flower-work, and bearing on a ribbon in one corner his motto, *Fari quæ sentiat.* The book, notwithstanding the charge of obscurity, and Gray's obstinate refusal to annotate it sufficiently (there were only a few brief notes), had a considerable success. A large number of the 1,000 copies printed were sold in two months, and the part therein of 'Elzevir Horace,' as Conway christened his friend, was not forgotten.[1]

Hentzner's 'Journey into England in the Year 1598,' was the next production. It was a small *octavo*, dated 1757, with an advertisement of ten pages by Walpole, to 103 double pages of English and Latin, the translation from the latter language being, as already stated, by Bentley. The issue was limited to 220 copies, and it was printed in October, with a Dedication to the Society of Antiquaries, of which body, at this date, Walpole was a member. After this, in April, 1758, came the 'Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors

[1] One of the rarer leaflets issued from the Press was a complimentary poem of six quatrains (24 lines), addressed to Gray on his Odes, by David Garrick, of which only six copies are supposed to have been struck off. One of these is in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington.

of England,' in two volumes, *octavo;* to which followed 200 copies of 'Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose,' a collection including Walpole's early poems, his papers in Moore's 'World,' and several miscellaneous pieces. It bore the motto *Pereunt et imputantur*, and was dedicated to the author's life-long friend, Major-General Henry Seymour Conway. Although, as the title-page announces, it was 'printed at Strawberry-Hill, 1758,' it does not seem to have been issued until March, 1759, when—according to Walpole's 'Short Notes of my Life'—he began to distribute copies to his friends.[1] Next came another *octavo*, 'An Account of Russia as it was in the year 1710,' by Charles, Lord Whitworth. Of this, an extremely interesting volume, 700 copies were printed in 1758; and early in the next year (February 2nd) was issued, with the motto *Parvis componere magna*, a little book by Walpole's friend, Joseph Spence, entitled 'A Parallel; in the Manner of Plutarch: between

[1] Gray got one of these, which is in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. 'This Book (says a MS. inscription) once belonged to Gray the Poet, and has his autograph on the Title-page. I [*i.e.*, George Daniel, of Canonbury] bought it at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's Sale Rooms for £1 19*s.* on Thursday 28 Augt 1851, from the valuable collection of Mr. Penn of Stoke.'

a most celebrated Man of Florence [Magliabecchi]; and One, scarce ever heard of, in England.' Robert Hill, a self-educated tailor of Buckingham, is the second of the persons mentioned, and the book was issued for his benefit, an end which must have been attained, as 600 copies were sold by the publishers, the 'Messieurs Dodsley, at Tully's-Head,' in a fortnight, and the volume was re-issued in London.

On the title-page it is described as 'Printed at Strawberry Hill, by William Robinson.' It must have been one of the last—if not actually the last—of the performances of Robinson of the remarkable eyes, for in March of the following year Walpole, whose temper, as Scott says, was 'precarious,' had found out that his Phœnix was 'a foolish Irishman, who took himself for a genius,' and they had parted. At the date of his making this announcement to the Rev. Henry Zouch the press was at a standstill. From the 'List of the Books printed at Strawberry Hill,' the next important issue was Lucan's 'Pharsalia,' edited by Bentley. It was published in 1761 and dated 1760. Notwithstanding the difficulties attending its appearance, it is held to be one of the most beautiful volumes ever issued by Walpole. Bentley relinquished his duties before it was

completed, and the task of superintending its publication, to which Walpole's scholarship was scarcely equal, was undertaken by the editor's relative, Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, perhaps better remembered now as Sheridan's 'Sir Fretful Plagiary.' During its progress Walpole had been actively engaged on another and more important work with which he was directly connected. In 1758 he had purchased from the widow of George Vertue, the engraver, forty manuscript volumes of notes relating to English painters, sculptors, gravers and architects.[1] Vertue, who died in 1756, had in some cases begun their lives, but he had made little progress, and his literary attainments were of a very elementary kind. In September, 1759, according to his autobiographical notes, Walpole commenced to look over this mass of material, with a view to prepare it for publication. He chronicles his progress as follows. He began to write in January, 1760, and finished the first volume on August 14th. On September 5th, he began the second

[1] 'Mr. Vertue's Manuscripts, in 28 vols.'—were sold at the sale of Rare Prints and Illustrated Works from the Strawberry Hill Collection, on June 21, 1842, for £26 10*s*., being lot 1110. Walpole says in the 'Short Notes' that he paid £100. The MSS. are now in the British Museum.

volume, and on January 4th, 1761, the third. This he laid aside after the first day, not resuming it until the end of June. In August, however, he finished it; and early in 1762 600 copies of the first two volumes were published—the third being withheld until 1764. In August of 1762 he began, also from Vertue's material, a 'Catalogue of Engravers, who have been born, or resided in England.' To this, which he finished in October, and also published in 1764, he added an account of Vertue's Life and Works. In the following year he issued a second edition of the whole, and five years later still he printed a fourth and final volume, the publication of which, from a desire not to wound too many susceptibilities, was delayed until 1780. The 'Anecdotes of Painting' is the most considerable effort of the Strawberry Hill Press, if not of Walpole's entire literary productions. Most of the research, often of a special and recondite kind, was done to his hand (as, indeed, he cheerfully acknowledges), and his own duty was mainly confined to systematizing, selecting, and generally decorating Vertue's chaotic memoranda. These conditions were entirely favourable to his literary habit of mind, and the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' especially in the Wornum's three volume edition of 1839

are still worthy of respect. Besides this work, the only other issues from the press previous to 1768 were a 'Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by Himself' (1764), a small *quarto* of 200 copies, to which Walpole prefixed an 'Advertisement' and 'Dedication'; and another *quarto* of thirty-four pages, containing some dozen 'Poems by Anna Chamber, Countess Temple' (1764). Of this, which was introduced by 'commendatory verses' of his own, 100 copies were struck off, 'in a large, but not very elegant, type,' says Dibdin. The 'Short Notes' contain no reference to this book, and it is probable that Walpole attached but little importance to it.

From a letter to Zouch, the antiquary, in February, 1762, in which Walpole apologizes for the long deferred advent of the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' it would appear that there was not at that date any recognized successor to William Robinson. But from references to the roguery of a fourth printer, which, coupled with the 'tediousness of engravers,' has delayed the book 'week after week for months,' it is clear that candidates for the office were not wanting. The 'Anecdotes' bear the name of Thomas Farmer, while Lord Herbert's Life, and Lady Temple's

Poems were printed by one Prat. But after the appearance of the second edition of the first three volumes of the 'Anecdotes,' 1765, which was printed by Thomas Kirgate, a hush seems to have fallen on the Strawberry Hill Press. Neither 'The Castle of Otranto,' 1764, nor the 'Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third,' 1768, bore the Twickenham imprint; and it is not until the latter year that the list contains the record of a fresh production. This was 'Cornélie, Vestale,' a youthful tragedy by the 'decent friend' of Madame du Deffand, President Hénault, and it was undertaken by Walpole as an acknowledgment of the old man's kindness to him while in France. Only 200 copies were printed, 150 of which went to the French capital. Probably this renewed activity of the *Officina Arbuteana* coincides with the permanent instalment, as printer, of the already mentioned Kirgate, whose name is associated with all its subsequent issues. 'Cornélie' was followed by Walpole's own dubious tragedy, 'The Mysterious Mother' (1768), of which the impression was discreetly limited to fifty copies. Both this and the President's play were in *octavo*. After these, in 1769, came another *octavo*, 'Poems, by the Reverend Mr. Hoyland'; and three years later,

another of the Strawberry Hill rarities, the 'Mémoires du Comte de Grammont par Monsieur le Comte Antoine Hamilton,' 1772, a small *quarto* 'Augmentée de Notes & d'Eclaircissemens nécessaires' by Walpole himself, and gracefully dedicated to Madame du Deffand. Of this 100 copies were printed, thirty going as presents to Paris. To the same year (1772) belong 'Copies of Seven Original Letters from King Edward VI. to Barnaby Fitzpatrick' (200 copies); and two numbers of 'Miscellaneous Antiquities; or, a Collection of Curious Papers, either republished from scarce Tracts, or now first printed from original MSS.' Of these last 500 copies were struck off; but, although they were announced 'to be continued occasionally,' they never got beyond the second number, which contained the life of Sir Thomas Wyat the elder.

Apart from vol. iv. of the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' published, as already stated, in 1780, no considerable typographical effort succeeded the 'Miscellaneous Antiquities.' But to 1774 belongs one of its most interesting issues, the well-known 'Description of the Villa of Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, at Strawberry-Hill, near Twickenham, with an Inventory of the Furni-

ture, Pictures, Curiosities, etc.' To this (an issue of 100 small and 6 large paper copies) were afterwards affixed an Appendix ('Pictures and Curiosities added since the catalogue was printed'), 'Additions since the Appendix,' and 'More Additions,' all of which are usually found bound up with it. A revised issue, with twenty-seven plates, was printed in 1784, but from a passage in a letter of 1787 to Lady Ossory, it would appear that, owing to difficulties caused by the overweening curiosity of some of Walpole's 'customers,' as he called the Strawberry sightseers, its circulation was for some time deferred. Other notable volumes, subsequent to 1772, are Lady Craven's 'Sleep-Walker,' 1778, a two-act comedy from the French of Madame du Deffand's friend, Antoine de Ferriol, Count de Pont de Veyle; the 'Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton,' 1779, in which Walpole vindicates himself from being the *fons et origo mali* in that unhappy tragedy; and the 'Essai sur l'Art des Jardins Modernes,' 1785, a version of Walpole's tract upon that subject, by his friend the Duke de Nivernais, to which the English text was added. Besides these, occasionally appears in booksellers' catalogues a volume of 'Hieroglyphic Tales,' 1785, of which it is said that only seven copies at

most were printed, one of which has fetched as much as £16. It was reproduced at Newcastle, in 1822, for Emerson Charnley, the bookseller. Rarer even than the 'Hieroglyphic Tales,' since it is described as a 'surreptitious' impression, is the 'History of Alcidalis and Zelida,' 1789, 8vo., a translation of Voiture's fragment with that title. Not more than two or three copies of this are known to exist. The Newcastle book-collector, John Trotter Brockett, had one, which was sold with his books in 1823; Kirgate had another; and there is a copy in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington.

From the foregoing enumeration have been omitted a number of minor works—'loose sheets or small tracts,' the list calls them—often difficult to date. Among these may be mentioned 'The Magpie and her Brood,' a fable from Bonaventure des Périers, addressed, in 1764, to Lady Suffolk's little niece, Miss Henrietta Hotham; 'Dorinda, a Town Eclogue,' 1775, by the Hon. Richard (afterwards General) Fitzpatrick, a younger brother of the Earl of Ossory; his friend Charles James Fox's lines to Fulke Greville's daughter, that 'lover of the Whigs,' the beautiful Mrs. Crewe; Mr. Charles Miller's 'Verses to the Hon. Horatia Waldegrave' on the death of

the Duke of Ancaster (to whom she was to have been married); Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Jones's 'Muse Recalled,' 1781, an 'Ode on the Marriage of Lord Althorp and the Lavinia Bingham whom Reynolds has immortalized in her straw hat and blue ribbon; 'A Letter from the Honble. Thomas Walpole to the Governor and Committee of the Treasury of the Bank of England,' 1781; and, lastly, 'Bishop Bonner's Ghost,' 1789, a poem written by Hannah More while on a visit at Fulham to Dr. Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London. Of 'Bishop Bonner's Ghost' there were two copies on *brown* paper, one of which was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale of 1842, and is still in existence; the other belonged to Miss More. The rest of the Strawberry issues, which include a sheet of 'Rules for obtaining a Ticket and for visiting the Villa of Horace Walpole,' are chiefly labels, title-pages, short pieces and familiar verses, several of which last are supposed to emanate from the Press itself. Of this sort there are quatrains to Lady Townsend, Lady Rochford, Madame de Boufflers, Miss Berry, and others, but they are, in general, of too purely occasional a character to bear reprinting.

Most of Walpole's visitors (as distinguished from his 'customers') were invited to inspect the

Press, which, from an aquatint by F. Jukes, after a sketch made in 1783 by E. Edwards, stood in a cottage near the farmyard at Strawberry. In the foreground is Mr. Kirgate with some made-up type under his arm. In later years, when Walpole's gout grew more troublesome, Kirgate acted as his secretary; and, if Pinkerton is to be believed, was doomed to see his 'modest merit supplanted' in Lord Orford's will by 'intriguing impudence,' a statement which would be more impressive if it were a little more definite. But that there was some ground for disappointment, is plain from the 'Farewell Verses to the Press' written for Kirgate in 1797 by Silvester Harding, the Pall Mall miniature painter, in which Kirgate is made to speak of himself as 'forlorn, neglected and forgot.' His portrait, also by Harding, and engraved by William Collard, is often to be found inserted in one or other of the Strawberry issues. Of these he himself possessed an unique collection, which was dispersed at his death in 1810. It included both 'Alcidalis and Zelida' and the 'Hieroglyphic Tales'; and served as the basis of the rare little 'Catalogue of Books, Poems, Tracts, and small detached Pieces, printed at the Press at Strawberry Hill,' afterwards compiled by George Baker, the 'Quisquilius' of

Dibdin. In 1811 an impression of this catalogue, limited to twenty copies (one of which is now in the British Museum), was distributed privately among Baker's literary friends.[1]

[1] This paper first appeared in 'The Library' for October, 1889. It had already been considerably revised for re-issue in the present volume when the writer's attention was attracted to Mr. H. B. Wheatley's interesting article upon the same theme in Part ix. of 'Bibliographica' (May, 1896). The world is wide enough for both performances. Mr. Wheatley gives copies of Kirgate's portrait and Jukes's aquatint,—advantages, alas! denied to these undecorated pages.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

AMONG the treasures exhibited in the Pope Loan Museum at Twickenham,[1] were some of those large-paper—those very large-paper—*folio* volumes in which the collected works of the author of 'The Rape of the Lock' made their first imposing appearance. The 'Poems' of the author of 'Alma' belong to the same race of bibliographical Anakims. With the small copy of 1718, Johnson might have knocked down Osborne the bookseller; with the same work in its taller form, Osborne the bookseller might have laid prostrate the 'Great Lexicographer' himself. It is, of a surety, one of the vastest volumes of verse in existence. Tried, as it lies before us, by the practical test which Macaulay applied to Nares's 'Memoirs of Burleigh,' it is found to measure about eighteen inches by twelve; it weighs from

[1] The Museum was open for a week in July and August, 1888. The books lent included some large paper copies of Pope's 'Poems,' 1717 and 1735, which once belonged to Michael, the brother of Martha and Teresa Blount, of Mapledurham.

nine to ten pounds avoirdupois; and in handling it, one recalls involuntarily those complicated contortions in the throes of which, many years since, Mr. George du Maurier depicted the ill-fated student of a latter-day *édition de luxe*. As one turns the pages of the big tome, it is still with a sense of surprise and incongruity. The curious mythological head-pieces with their muscular nymphs and dank-haired river-gods, the mixed atmosphere of Dryden and 'the Classicks,' the unfamiliar look of the lightest trifles in the largest type, the jumble of ode and epigram, of Martial and Spenser, of La Fontaine and the 'weary King Ecclesiast,'—all tend to heighten the wonderment with which one contemplates those portentous 'Poems on Several Occasions.' And then, if by chance the book should contain —as it sometimes does—the famous print by George Vertue, after Belle, one realizes the fact that the author was an Envoy and Ambassador who was once privileged to 'bandy civilities' with the *Roi-Soleil*, and who, not the less, upon the strength of this very performance, in that golden Georgian age, managed to extract some four thousand guineas from the pockets of the most distinguished of his Georgian contemporaries. In the twenty double-column pages which follow the poet's

dedicatory panegyric of the Right Honourable Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,—surely a paragon of noblemen and patrons!—you may read their titles. There they are, all of them,—

> 'Art, science, wit!
> Soldiers like Cæsar,
> Statesmen like Pitt!'

poets like Swift (who took five copies) and Pope and Congreve, painters like Jervas and Kneller, bishops like Atterbury, maids-of-honour like the '*Honourable Mrs.* Mary Bellenden'—in fine, all the notabilities from Newton to Nash, and each, as must be assumed from the pecuniary result above recorded, promptly paying down his or her subscription for the monster miscellany put forth by 'left-legged' Jacob Tonson, 'at *Shakespear's-Head* over against *Katherine-Street* in the *Strand.*' In the prefatory sonnet to his 'Nuits d' Hiver,' poor Henry Murger invoked an anticipatory blessing upon '*l'homme rare*,'—the prospective purchaser who, '*sans marchander d'un sou*,' should pay a crown for his collection of verses. But what triple—what quadruple—what infinitely-extended benediction ought properly to encompass and accompany the buyer of a Brobdingnagian *folio* of poems, largely official and

didactic, for the munificent sum of two pounds and two shillings!

If to these divisions of 'didactic' and 'official' be added a third, under the general title of 'occasional or familiar' verses, we have a rough-and-ready classification of Prior's legacy to posterity. With the first group we need not greatly occupy ourselves, and, except as far as concerns the writer's biography, may practically neglect the second, always provided that we give its fitting commendation to the delightful burlesque of M. Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux his 'Ode sur la Prise de Namur.' What is vital in Prior to-day is not what he fondly deemed his masterpiece,—

> 'Indeed poor SOLOMON in Rhime
> Was much too grave to be Sublime,'

he confesses, rather ruefully, in his last published poem, 'The Conversation.' It is neither upon 'Solomon' nor the 'Carmen Seculare for the Year 1700' that Prior's claim to poetic honours is based, but rather upon those light-hearted and whimsical 'Vers de Société' which have charmed alike judges as diverse as Cowper and Thackeray. 'Every man,' says Cowper, defending his favourite against the 'king critic,' Johnson,—'every man conversant with verse-writing knows, and knows by

painful experience, that the familiar style is of all styles the most difficult to succeed in. To make verse speak the language of prose, without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme, is one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake. He that could accomplish this task was Prior; many have imitated his excellence in this particular, but the best copies have fallen far short of the original.'[1] 'Prior's,' says Thackeray again, also putting in his respectful protest against 'the great Samuel,' 'seem to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind, and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves, and his Epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master.'[2] If Prior is to be judged by his peers, we may take the decision of Cowper and Thackeray as one against which there is no

[1] Cowper to the Rev. William Unwin, 17 January, 1782.

[2] 'English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century,' 1853,—'Prior, Gay, and Pope.'

appeal. Both were lovers of Horace; both were humorists; both, when they chose, themselves excelled in that 'familiar style' of which the art is only hidden. Perhaps, if there be anything in the theory which makes kindliness one of the fundamental characteristics of the Humorist as opposed to the Wit, both Thackeray and Cowper belonged more distinctly to the former class than Prior; but, in any case, both possessed that sympathetic insight into Prior's work without which there can be no real comprehension.

Matthew Prior was of humbler extraction than either Pope or Gay. He was born, as is now generally supposed, at Wimborne or Wimborne Minster, in East Dorset, on the 21st July, 1664, his father, George Prior, being described as a joiner. From the presence in the St. John's College register of the epithet '*generosus*,' it has been surmised that the elder Prior may have held some land, but the general laxity of the record does not justify much theorizing. Of his son's life in his native town there is but one anecdote. In the library over the sacristy in the old church of St. Cuthberga is a chained copy of Raleigh's great 'History of the World' of 1614, in which a hole is said to have been burned by Master Matthew, when dozing over the book by the light of a

smuggled taper. That between the magnificent opening and the eloquent close of those thirteen hundred *folio* pages there are many nodding places, may be conceded; but, unfortunately, there are also incredulous spirits who contend that this particular defacement is the work, not of a candle, but of a red-hot poker.[1] From Wimborne the elder Prior moved to London, of which place his son, in the account drawn up by himself for Jacob's 'Lives of the English Poets' describes him as a citizen. He is stated to have taken up his abode in Stephen's Alley, Westminster, whence he sent young Matthew to the neighbouring school, then under the rule (or ferule) of the redoubtable Dr. Busby. By the time he had reached the middle of the third form his father died. His mother being unable to pay his school fees, he fell into the care of an uncle, a vintner, and the proprietor of the old-established Rhenish Wine House in Channel (now Cannon) Row, Westminster.[2]

[1] Candle or poker, it is hard to surrender this picturesque tradition entirely. But Mr. G. A. Aitken has practically demolished it by the discovery that the books were placed in the library at a much later date than Prior' boyhood ('Contemporary Review,' May, 1890).

[2] 'We took him [Roger Pepys] out of the Hall [*i.e.*

His uncle, finding him not only intelligent, but a fair accountant, took him as his assistant, his seat being in the bar, then the favourite rendezvous of Lord Dorset and his associates. Calling one day to ask for his friend, Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd, Dorset found young Prior with a Horace in his hand, and questioning him thereupon, tested his proficiency by setting him to turn an ode into English. The boy did it in verse, and so well, that it became part of the entertainment of the users of the house to get him to translate Ovid and Horace. At last, upon one occasion when Dr. Sprat, the Dean of Westminster, and Mr. Knipe, the second master of the school, were both present, Lord Dorset asked him whether he would go back to his studies under Dr. Busby. As he and his uncle were equally willing, he began again to attend school, the Earl paying for his books, and his uncle for his clothes, until such time as he became a King's scholar. One of his schoolfellows was another Dorset lad, the Thomas Dibben who afterwards translated the 'Carmen Seculare' into

Westminster Hall] to Prior's, the Rhenish winehouse, and there had a pint or two of wine and a dish of anchovies' (Pepys' 'Diary' by Mynors Bright, 3 Feb., 1660).

Latin. But his chief boyish friends were two brothers who lived in Manchester House, a great mansion opposite his uncle's tavern. These were Charles and James Montagu, the sons of the Honourable George Montagu. Charles (afterwards Earl of Halifax) was rather older than Prior, and, at Westminster, his intimacy was stronger with James, who became Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.[1] In 1682, Charles Montagu, a King's scholar like himself, was admitted a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and, a year later, Prior, finding that the younger brother would probably follow his example, and fearing also that he himself would be sent to Christ Church, Oxford, accepted, much against Lord Dorset's will, one of three scholarships, then recently established by the Duchess of Somerset at St. John's College, Cambridge. This step, although for the time it alienated him from his patron, was not, in the event, unsatisfactory, because, being the only

[1] Sir James Montagu left some valuable MS. memoranda respecting Prior, from a transcript of which several of the statements in this paper have been derived. The original document, which once belonged to the Duchess of Portland, is said to be preserved among the Harley papers at Longleat.

Westminster boy at St. John's, he attracted much more notice than he would have received elsewhere.

He was admitted to his bachelor's degree in 1686, and to the year following belongs one of his earliest excursions into letters. In 1687 Dryden published 'The Hind and the Panther,' and among the numerous replies which it called forth was a thin *quarto*, entitled 'The Hind and the Panther transvers'd to the Story of the Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.' It is not one of those performances which, in these days, offer great attractions to the reader, although, when it appeared, in addition to being exceedingly popular with the No-Popery party, it was, in all probability, full-packed with topical allusion. Ostensibly, Prior shared the honours of authorship with Charles Montagu, but it is most likely, as is inferred in more than one anecdote, that the work was mainly his,[1] and there are certainly some touches in it which might be supposed to

[1] Cf. Lord Peterborough, as reported by Spence ('Anecdotes' by Singer, 2nd ed., 1858, p. 102). Sir James Montagu, in his memoranda, as might be expected, divides the praise more equally. But he adds that the poem 'contributed not less to the credit of Mr. Prior, who became thereby reconciled to his first patron the Earl of Dorset.'

have been especially dictated by his recollections of the Rhenish Wine House:

'*Drawers* must be trusted, through whose hands convey'd
You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the Trade.
For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the poor Vintner last,
If all that drink must *judge*, and every *Guest*
Be allowed to have an understanding *Tast?*'

According to Dean Lockier, Dryden was greatly pained by this parody.[1] 'I have heard him say; "for two young fellows, that I have always been very civil to; to use an old man in misfortunes, in so cruel a manner!"—And he wept as he said it.' This last detail is one of those which are the despair of the biographer. That the evidence is fairly good it is impossible to deny; but the story is wholly opposed to all we know of Dryden, and no one can be blamed who follows Johnson and Scott in declining to believe it.

In April, 1688, Prior obtained a fellowship, and in this year he figures as the composer of the annual poetical tribute which St. John's College paid to one of its benefactors, the Earl of Exeter. This he had undertaken at the instigation of

[1] Spence, *ut supra*, p. 47.

Dr. Gower, the head of the College, who had always taken an especial interest in him. Those conversant with Prior's maturer muse will perhaps be surprised to hear that it was a rhymed exercise upon a verse of Exodus, in which some of the writer's critics discern the promise of his future 'Solomon.' It is more material to note that, as the following extract proves, he was already an academic disciple of Horace, or of such English Horatians as Dryden and Cowley:

> "Why does the constant Sun
> With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
> Why does He order the Diurnal Hours
> To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in Ours?
> Why does He wake the correspondent Moon,
> And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
> Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs
> To beautifie the World, and bless the Night?
> Why does each animated Star
> Love the just Limits of it's proper Sphere?
> Why does each consenting Sign
> With prudent Harmony combine
> In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,
> To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?'

This, it may be imagined, with its careful and perspicuous art, must have been far above the usual average of the votive verses which went annually to 'Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.'

One of its results was that Prior went to Burleigh himself. That distinguished connoisseur, John, Earl of Exeter, required a tutor for his sons, and Dr. Gower hastened to recommend the author of the metrical excursus upon Exodus. From a rambling rhyming epistle to Dorset's friend, Fleetwood Shepherd, who seems to have been Prior's mediator with his now reconciled first patron, he must have been staying at Burleigh in May, 1689, when it was dated.[1] But his tutorship was of brief duration. Lord Exeter was opposed to the Revolution and its consequences, and began to meditate migration to Italy in search of new art-treasures. Prior accordingly applied to Lord Dorset, who at William's accession had become Lord Chamberlain, for his patronage. Waiting longer than he anticipated, he sent to Shepherd, later Usher of the Black Rod,

[1] 'Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;
Sometimes at STAMFORD take a Quart,
'Squire SHEPHARD's Health,—With all my Heart.'

At Burleigh Prior wrote the verses on Jordaens' picture of 'Seneca dying in a Bath,' which belonged to Lord Exeter, and also those 'To the Countess of Exeter, playing on the Lute,' both of which are printed in his volumes of 1709 and 1718.

a second epistle by way of reminder. At the close of this comes a reference which is generally supposed to account for the absence of the verses from the authorized collections published in Prior's lifetime. Either in consequence of his share in the 'Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse,' or (as is more likely) because he was older, possessed superior interest, and had married a Dowager Countess, Charles Montagu had already entered upon what was to prove a distinguished path in life:

> 'There's One thing more I had almost slipt,
> But that may do as well in *Post-script*;
> My Friend *Charles Montague's* preferred;
> Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,
> That *One Mouse* Eats, while *T'Other's* Starv'd.'

More fortunate than Gay, whose life was frittered away in vain hopes of Court favour, Prior was not kept waiting much longer for a reply to his petition. Shortly after the above epistle, and it is only reasonable to suppose, in consequence of it, he was appointed, through Lord Dorset, secretary to Lord Dursley, afterwards Earl of Berkeley, then going as King William's Ambassador to the Hague.

With this, which, even in that paradise or patronage, must have been an exceptional eleva-

tion for an untried man of six-and-twenty, unblessed with advantages of birth, and having no distinction but a college fellowship, begins Prior's official career—a career which lasted the greater part of his lifetime. In Holland he must have remained several years. During the interim, he was made gentleman of the bedchamber to the king, with whom, owing to Lord Dursley's gout, he had frequent relations during the great Congress of 1691,[1] and, besides contributing to Dryden's 'Miscellanies,' he seems to have exhibited a commendable assiduity in the 'strict meditation' of that diplomatic muse, which (whatever else it might be) was certainly not thankless. In 1693 he prepared for the music of Purcell, a New Year's 'Hymn to the Sun'; and in 1695, he was conspicuous among the group of mourning bards who, in black-framed *folio*, shed their melodious tears for 'Dread MARIA's *Universal* Fall'—otherwise Queen Mary's death. Later in the same year, in September, he sent to Tonson, from the Hague, one of his most admirable efforts in this way—his answer to

[1] King William seems to have taken very kindly to Prior. When Lord Dursley went away on sick leave, his Majesty said he must leave Mr. Prior behind as *Secretaire du Roy*.

Boileau's 'Ode sur la Prise de Namur' in 1692, in which, taking advantage of the town's recapture by the English three years later, he turns verse after verse of the French critic's pompous and parasitic song against himself. 'A secretary at 30,' he tells Tonson, 'is hardly allowed the privilege of burlesque,' and the 'English Ballad on the Taking of Namur,' rare in its first form (for it was afterwards considerably altered), has no author's name. But neither this daring departure from metrical court-dress, nor the more fervent strain with which Prior greeted King William after the failure of the Assassination Plot of 1696, retains the characteristic vitality of a brief poem belonging to the same year, where the Epicurean '*Heer Secretáris*' describes his periodical progress—

'In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my HORACE, a NYMPH on my right'—

to the extra-mural retreat in which, for the nonce, he escaped from Dutch tea-parties, state papers, and the 'long-winded cant of a dull refugee.'

In 1697 he was again acting as secretary to the negotiators at the Treaty of Ryswick, for bringing over the Articles of Peace in connection

with which, 'to their Excellencies the Lords Justices,' he received a gratuity of two hundred guineas; and, after being nominated Secretary of State in Ireland, he was made secretary, in the following year, to the splendid embassy to France of the Earl of Portland, an office which he continued under the Earl of Jersey. At this period it must have been that he delivered himself of that audacious utterance which is seldom omitted from any account of him. Looking, in the galleries of Versailles, at the famous battle-pieces of M. Charles Le Brun, with their arrogant inscriptions, he was asked if King William's palace had any corresponding decorations. 'The monuments of my Master's Actions,' he replied, 'are to be seen everywhere but in his own House.' If this excellent retort was ever repeated to Louis the Magnificent, it must be assumed that he was connoisseur enough to admire its neatness, as Prior seems to have always been an acceptable personage at the Court of France. This is amply evidenced from existing letters both of Louis and Anne. And it may be added that the favour of three monarchs, for (as already stated) William was also exceedingly well disposed to him, should conclusively negative the assertions of Pope and the historian Coxe as

to Prior's diplomatic shortcomings. That he disliked his calling is conceivable, but, even if there were not ample evidence to the contrary in the French archives, there can be no ground for concluding that he was inefficient. Swift, in his 'History of the Four Last Years of the Queen,' specially refers to his business aptitude, and Bolingbroke testifies to his acquaintance with matters of trade.[1] These are witnesses who are entitled to a hearing, even against Pope and the 'copious archdeacon' who compiled the life of Marlborough.

But to trace Prior's political fortunes in detail would be far beyond the scope of this paper. He continued at Paris some time after the arrival of the Earl of Manchester, who succeeded Lord Jersey, and then, having had 'a very particular audience' with his royal master at Loo in Holland, was made an under-secretary of state. This was in 1699, in the winter of which year he produced another lengthy official ode, the 'Carmen Secu-

[1] Letter to Queen Anne at Windsor, 20th September, 1711. Prior's importance in the Utrecht negotiations, it may be added, is amply attested by the frequent recurrence of his name in the chapters which treat of that subject in Legrelle's 'La Diplomatie Française et la Succession d'Espagne,' vol. iv. (1892).

lare for the Year 1700,' an elaborate laudation of the exploits and achievements of his hero, 'the Nassovian.' Honours accumulated upon him rapidly at this date. The University of Cambridge dignified him with the degree of M.A., and he succeeded John Locke, invalided, as a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. In 1701 he entered Parliament as member for East Grinstead. Under Anne he joined the Tories, a step which, while it brought him into close relations with Harley, Bolingbroke, and Swift, had also the effect of ranging him on the opposite side in politics to Addison, Garth, Steele, and some other of his literary contemporaries, besides depriving him of his Commissionership. In 1711 he was employed in the secret negotiations for the Peace of Utrecht; and in the following year went to Paris with Bolingbroke, eventually, in 1713, taking the place of the Duke of Shrewsbury as 'sole Minister.' Then came the queen's death and the triumph of the Whigs. When, after a brief period of doubtful apprehensions, Prior returned to England in March, 1715, he was impeached and imprisoned for two years. During his confinement he wrote one of the longest of his poems, 'Alma; or, The Progress of the Mind. In 1717 he was excepted from the Act

of Grace, although he was, notwithstanding, shortly afterwards discharged. His varied employments had left him no richer than they found him. The Whigs had taken from him a Commissionership of Customs which had been given him by the Tories, and his means were limited to his St. John's fellowship. This, with unusual foresight, he had retained through all his vicissitudes. To increase his income, his friends, Arbuthnot, Gay, and others, but especially Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst,[1] devised the plan of printing his poems in the sumptuous *folio* already described. From one of his letters, it seems to have been delivered to the subscribers early in 1719, and, as we have said, it brought him 4,000 guineas. To this, Lord Harley added an equal sum for the purchase of Down-Hall, in Essex (not far from the Hatfield Broad Oak of Mr. Locker Lampson's 'London Lyrics'), which was to revert to himself at Prior's death. There is a pretty ballad among Prior's posthumous works, but apparently wrongly dated 1715, which relates, 'to the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,' how he paid his first visit to his new abode, in company with Harley's land-jobbing agent, John Morley of Halstead, and it proves

[1] Cf. Preface to 'Solomon' in 'Poems' of 1718.

that cares of state had in no wise abated his metrical buoyancy or his keen sense of humour. In their progress they arrive at the still-existent Bull at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, where, between insinuating Mr. Morley and the hostess, ensues the following colloquy of memories:

'Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is *Cicily* so cleanly, and *Prudence*, and *Sue?*
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the Hostler that sung about eight years ago?

'And where is your Sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear.
By my Troth! she replies, you grow Younger I think:
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

'Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust,
If I know to which Question to answer you first:
Why Things, since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
The Hostler is Hang'd, and the Widow is marry'd.

'And *Prue* left a child for the Parish to nurse;
And *Cicily* went off with a Gentleman's purse:
And as to my Sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a year.

'Well, Peace to her Ashes! what signifies Grief?
She roasted red *Veal* and she powder'd lean *Beef:* [1]
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine Dish,
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish.*'

[1] Powder'd Beef = salted beef.

In the old engraving by the once-popular Gerard Vandergucht, prefixed to the earlier editions of the poem, of which the foregoing by no means exhausts the lively humour, you shall see 'Matthew' and 'Squire Morley' lumbering along in their carved Georgian chariot, while Prior's Swedish servant Oeman, or Newman, mounted on his master's horse, Ralpho, paces slowly at the side. Having purchased Down-Hall, Prior continued to reside in Essex, for the most part, during the remainder of his life, diverting himself—much after Pope's fashion—with elaborate projects (on paper)[1] for improving the property, and, in practice, building a summer-house or two, cutting new walks in the wood, or composing 'a fish-pond that will hold ten carps.' Meanwhile, his health gradually declined, and, like Swift, he was troubled with deafness, a complaint which he whimsically said he had neglected while his head was in danger. He died, finally, of a lingering fever, at Lord Harley's seat of Wimpole, in Cambridge, where he was a frequent visitor, on the 18th September, 1721, being then

[1] In James Gibbs's 'Book of Architecture,' 1728, is A Draught made for *Matthew Prior*, Esq.; to have been built at *Down Hall* in *Essex*.' Gibbs also designed Prior's monument in Westminster Abbey.

in his fifty-eighth year,—a circumstance which did not prevent an admirer (Mr. Robert Ingram) from writing that:

> 'HORACE and HE were call'd in haste,
> From this vile Earth to Heaven;
> The cruel year not fully pass'd,
> *Ætatis*, Fifty-seven.'

A monument, for which 'last piece of *Humane Vanity*' he left five hundred pounds, was afterwards erected to him in Westminster Abbey. On it was placed a bust by Antoine Coysevox (oddly masquerading in his will as Coriveaux), which had been presented to him by Louis XIV., and, at his own desire, the inscription was intrusted to that incontinent epitaph-maker Dr. Robert Freind, of whose lengthy achievements in this line Pope said sarcastically, that one half would never be read and the other half would never be believed. In this instance, Freind's record must have been more authoritative than usual, since it seems to have supplied no small portion of their material to Prior's first biographers. Among other legacies, chiefly to friends—for only one relative is mentioned in the will—he left two hundred pounds' worth of books 'to the College of St. John the Evangelist, in

Cambridge.' These, which were to be kept in the library with some earlier gifts, included the 'Poems' of 1718, 'in the greatest Paper.' He also bequeathed to the college Lord Jersey's portrait by Hyacinthe Rigaud, together with the already mentioned picture of himself by Alexis-Simon Belle, in his ambassador's robes.

Although, at last, it fell to another hand to write Prior's epitaph, he had more than once, after the semi-morbid, semi-cynical fashion of his time, amused himself by attempting it. One of his essays :

> 'To Me 'twas giv'n to die : to Thee 'tis giv'n
> To live : Alas ! one Moment sets us ev'n.
> Mark ! how impartial is the Will of Heaven ! '—

is certainly superior to the lapidary efforts of either Pope or Gay on their own behalf. Another was doubtless the outcome of some moment when he felt more keenly than usual the disparity between his position and his antecedents, as, for example, when that haughtiest of men, Lord Strafford, declined to act in the Utrecht Treaty with a person of so mean an extraction.

> 'Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
> Here lies what once was Matthew Prior ;

The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?'[1]

Among his posthumous verses there is also a poem headed 'For my own Monument,' which, as he says he was fifty at the time of writing it, may be regarded as his last experiment in this line of literature. After referring to the fact that his bust by Coysevox is not only provided but paid

[1] This is said to have been 'spoken extempore.' It was more probably—like Goldsmith's 'Ned Purdon'—an adapted recollection, for there is an elder epitaph as follows:

'Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony can gang hieher,
I'se willing gie him leve.'

The independent spirit of Prior's lines, however, is reflected in other parts of his work. Compare, for instance, the manly stanzas in 'The Old Gentry':

'But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection,
By nature we are ADAM'S sons,
And sons of ANSTIS by election.

'KINGSALE, eight hundred years have roll'd,
Since thy forefathers held the plow,
When this shall be in story told,
Add, That my kindred do so now.'

'Anstis' was Garter King at Arms. 'Venus shall give him Form, and *Anstis* Birth'—says Pope.

for, and leaving the spectator to judge of its merit as a work of art, he bids him distrust what may be said in praise of the original, as the marble may lie:

'Yet counting as far as to FIFTY his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.'

The next stanza—claiming that while neither

'to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree,'—

may safely be assumed to describe Prior's not very elevated character. As already implied, he had adopted his profession not because he was especially fitted for it, but because the ways were open; and if he prosecuted it with industry and gravity, it was also, in all likelihood, without conviction or enthusiasm. He was *not* 'too fond of the right to pursue the expedient' (as Goldsmith said of Burke), and though, personally, he may have approved the Partition Treaties as little as the Treaty of Utrecht,[1] he was doubtless

[1] 'MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd That Mystic League.
In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
Poor Man, He found enough to do.'
The Conversation, 1720.

philosophically satisfied, if he was able to extract an intelligible action from indefinite instructions. This saved him from the irritation and disappointment to which the dilatory and tortuous diplomacy of the time would have subjected a keener and more earnest spirit. As it was, while declining to be a drudge to business, he seems to have succeeded in retaining the respect of his employers, and, if equally unwilling to act the part of faction's slave, he escaped much of the opprobrium incurred by others of his contemporaries, when, under Anne, he passed from one side to the other. Of his private life, such records as remain (and they are neither very abundant nor very authentic) exhibit him as witty and accessible, much addicted to punning, and an advanced convert to Swift's play-day creed of '*Vive la bagatelle.*' We get glimpses of him in the 'Journal to Stella'—a spare, frail, solemn-faced man ('*visage de bois*' is Bolingbroke's term) who had generally a cough, which he only called a cold, and who walked in the park to make himself fat, as Swift did for the opposite reason of making himself thin. Sometimes they dine at 'Harley's' or 'Masham's'; sometimes sup with Peterborough or General Webb ('*trompette de Wynendael!*'); sometimes sit together by the fireside at the Smyrna in

Pall Mall, 'receiving acquaintance.' Occasionally Prior entertains at his own house in Westminster, where the guests will be Atterbury and Arbuthnot, or a Lord Treasurer and a Secretary of State. 'If at the old hour of midnight after your drudgery,' he writes to Bolingbroke, 'a cold blade-bone of mutton in Duke Street will go down *sicut olim*, it, with all that belongs to the master of the house . . . is entirely yours.' At Westminster, too, met, now and then, that famous brotherhood of sixteen established by Bolingbroke 'to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons.'

> 'Our Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
> At MATTHEW'S Palace, in *Duke-street*;
> To try for once, if They can Dine
> On Bacon-Ham and Mutton-Chine.'—

says one of Prior's invitations to Lord Oxford, and it goes on to add that 'Dorset us'd to bless the Roof.' If eighteenth-century gossip is to be trusted—and it was no more trustworthy than is modern society-scandal—the host was sometimes oppressed, after these elevated festivities, by a '*besoin de s'encanailler*,' and would stroll off to smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of ale with two humbler friends in Long Acre, a common soldier

and his wife. But who knows? The author of 'Down-Hall' was manifestly a student of character. Perhaps the soldier was a humorist. Perhaps he had carried a halbert under 'my uncle Toby!' In any case, this of itself scarcely justifies Johnson in saying that Prior 'in his private relaxation revived the tavern,' by which he means the Rhenish Wine House. Unfortunately, there is strong ground for supposing that Prior's Nannettes and 'nut-brown maids' were by no means such unsubstantial personifications as the Glyceras and Lalages of his Roman exemplar; on the contrary, they were highly materialized human beings. When there is no Queensberry available,

> 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen,'

says Pope, in his epistle to Martha Blount. We have the express authority of Arbuthnot and others for believing that Prior's indolent morality accepted the alternative without troubling itself about the transformation. Certainly, he cannot claim to have shown even the fortunate discrimination of Xanthias the Phocian. But it is needless to enlarge upon the chapter of his admitted frailties. It is pleasanter to think of him as the friendly, genial, companionable man, whom two generations of Dorsets and Oxfords delighted to

honour, and whom the Duchess of Portland, the 'noble, lovely, little Peggy' of one of his most charming minor pieces, described as making 'himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature, or animal.'[1]

Like Pope, Prior must have 'lisped in numbers.' 'I remember,' he says, in some MSS. which once belonged to the above mentioned Duchess, and were first printed by Malone, 'nothing farther in life, than that I made verses,'[2] and he adds that he had rhymed on Guy of Warwick and killed Colborn, the giant, before he was big enough for Westminster. But 'two accidents in youth' effectively prevented him from being 'quite possessed with the muse.' In the first place, at his Cambridge college, prose was more in fashion than verse, and, in the second, he went promptly to the Hague, where 'he had enough to do in studying his French and Dutch, and altering his Terentian and original style into that of Articles and Convention.' All this made poetry less the business than the amusement of his life; and, as to satire, that was too hazardous

[1] Lady Louisa Stuart in Lady M. Wortley Montagu's 'Works' by Lord Wharncliffe, 1837, i. 63.

[2] 'Prose Works of Dryden,' 1800, i. 545-6.

a diversion for a circumspect placeman, who, by a fresh turn of the wheel, might find himself suddenly at the mercy of a new ministry. Hence, in his capacity of plenipotentiary and ambassador, Prior seems to have studiously deprecated the serious profession of poetry. In his witty heroics to Boileau after Blenheim, he writes:

> 'I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade:
> Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast,
> In Prose and Business lyes extinct and lost;'

and in the prose preface to his pseudo-Spenserian Ode to Queen Anne after Ramillies, he says that it is long since he has, or at least ought to have, quitted Parnassus. Three years later, in the preface to his first collection of 1709, he again characterizes his essays in verse as 'Publick Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, Serious Reflections, or Idle Tales, the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.' Whatever affectation there may have been in all this, the facts show that, dating from his first successful variation upon Exodus, more than twenty years elapsed before he ventured to collect, from Dryden's 'Miscellanies' and elsewhere, the scattered material of his earlier volume. It is notable,

also, that the largest levy is from the fifth 'Miscellany' of 1704, when he was probably least occupied as a diplomatist, and it seems, besides, that his ingathering would have been smaller, and more eclectic, had not many of his pieces been reprinted very incorrectly in 1707, without his knowledge.[1] Publication was, therefore, forced upon him, and he was obliged, as he says, to put forth 'an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse.' In the closing words of his dedication to Lord Dorset, he refers to some attempts 'of a very different Nature (the Product of my severer Studies),' which he destines for a future book. One of these must obviously have been the long-incubated 'Solomon,' which, with the subsequently written 'Alma,' and a number of epigrams and minor pieces, make up the chief additions to the *folio* of 1718. 'Down-Hall' and 'The Conversation,' which belong to a later date, are, of necessity, absent from the tall volume, but, in default of

[1] A second unauthorized collection appeared in 1716, which he expressly repudiated by notice in the 'London Gazette' for March 24 in that year. The subject is too large for discussion here; but both probably contained certain pieces which Prior—in Pope's words—'thought it prudent to disown.'

satisfactory explanation, it is certainly a curious instance of paternal blindness, or untoward accident, that three of the poems by which the author is best known to posterity, 'The Secretary,' 'The Female Phaeton,' and the incomparable 'Child of Quality,' are not to be found in its pages.[1] Nor do those pages include the dialogue of 'Daphne and Apollo,' which Pope told Spence pleased him as much as anything he had ever read of Prior's. These omissions are the more significant because Prior is known to have 'kept everything by him, even to all his school exercises.'[2]

With Prior's longest and most ambitious poem, the common consent of modern criticism had made it needless to linger. That he himself should have preferred 'Solomon on the Vanity of the World' to his other works, need surprise no one who is acquainted with literary history. 'What

[1] 'The Female Phaeton' was only published in 1718, and perhaps was written too late to be included in the volume, which, by a letter from Prior to Swift, was 'quite printed off' on 25 September, 1718. But the 'Child of Quality' appeared in vol. v. of Dryden's 'Miscellanies,' as far back as 1704.

[2] Spence's 'Anecdotes' by Singer, 2nd ed., 1858, p. 36.

do you tell me of my "Alma"?' said its author petulantly to Pope (whose opinion he had asked on 'Solomon'), '— a loose and hasty scribble, to relieve the tedious hours of my imprisonment, while in the messenger's hand.'[1] But the couplet already quoted from 'The Conversation' proves that, by 1720, he had recognized that others were in accord with Pope. There is a letter in Pope's 'Correspondence' which shows that Prior sent him 'The Conversation,' perhaps—may we not suppose?—with the vague hope that Pope might soften or reverse his verdict.[2] But Pope's reply abides in generalities, and gives no sign that he had altered his judgment—a judgment which the majority of subsequent critics have unhesitatingly confirmed. If readers like John Wesley and Cowper thought highly of 'Solomon,' it must be concluded that what they admired was rather the wise king's wisdom than Prior's rendering of it. Johnson himself admits that it is wearisome, and Johnson, whose 'lax talking' and perverse criticism have done Prior so much wrong, may, perhaps, upon this point of wearisomeness, be admitted to speak with some authority. The presence of one quotable couplet—

[1] Ruffhead's 'Life of Pope,' 1769, p. 482 n.

[2] Vol. v. (1886), Pope to Prior, February, 1720.

'ABRA was ready e'er I call'd her Name;
And tho' I call'd another, ABRA came'—

can no more secure its immortality than—

'Fine by Degrees, and beautifully less'

(which Pope copied into his—

'Fine by defect, and delicately weak')

can revitalize the hopeless dried-specimen into which Prior flattened out the fine old ballad of 'The Nut-Brown Maid.' In the more leisurely age of country book-clubs, it is conceivable that even 'Solomon' and 'Henry and Emma' may have gone soothingly to the gentle bubbling of Mrs. Unwin's tea-urn, or even to the rumble of John Wesley's coach wheels on a dusty posting road between London and Bristol; but to-day, when the hurrying reader must ask rigorously of everything, Is this personal to the author?—Is it what he, and he alone, can give me?—such efforts as Prior's masterpiece (in his own opinion), and his useless paraphrase of simpler and sincerer work, fall irretrievably into the limbo of mistaken *tours de force*.[1]

[1] Cowper justly praises the execution of 'Solomon,' and, as no recent writer seems to have dared to give a serious

With the 'loose and hasty scribble' of 'Alma' the case is different. Here, to use his own words, 'the Man We talk with is MAT. PRIOR,' and he talks in his own inimitable way. The piece or fragment—a discursive dialogue upon the locality of the soul, carried on between the author and Dick Shelton, the 'dear Friend, and old

quotation from the poem, the following may serve as a specimen:

'To the late Revel, and protracted Feast
Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest;
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reason's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;
What had been said, I ask'd my Soul, what done;
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun?
Perhaps the Jest that charm'd the sprightly Croud,
And made the Jovial Table laugh so loud,
To some false Notion ow'd it's poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing Stream was brought
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the last Regret.'
(Pleasure: *The Second Book.*)

From all of which it may be concluded that after-dinner talk, 'in halls of Lebanonian cedar,' differed but little from after-dinner talk, *temp.* Anne and Victoria.

Companion' of his Will,—has no perceptible plan; and its ultimate morality is very much the 'Begone, dull Care,' and 'Pass the Rosy Wine' of that more modern philosopher, Mr. Richard Swiveller. But it is not to be read for its argument, or for that meaning which Goldsmith failed to grasp, but for its delightfully-wayward digressions, its humour and its good-humour, its profusion of epigram and happy illustration. Butler—though Cowper doubted it—is plainly Prior's model, the difference being in the men and not in the measure. Indeed, the fact is evident from the express reference to Butler in the opening lines of Canto ii.:

> 'But shall we take the MUSE abroad,
> To drop her idly on the Road?
> And leave our Subject in the middle;
> As BUTLER did his Bear and Fiddle?
> Yet He, consummate Master, knew
> When to recede, and where pursue:
> His noble Negligences teach,
> What Others' Toils despair to reach.
> He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope,
> And balances your Fear and Hope:
> If, after some distinguish'd Leap,
> He drops his Pole, and seems to slip;
> Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,
> He rises higher half his Length.
> With Wonder You approve his Slight;

> And owe your Pleasure to your Fright.
> But, like poor ANDREW, I advance,
> False *Mimic* of my Master's Dance:
> Around the Cord a while I sprawl;
> And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.'

Prior here, naturally, and not unbecomingly, since his object is to eulogize the author of 'Hudibras,' underrates his own powers. He may, as Johnson says, 'want the bullion of his master,' but, in the foregoing passage, he is praising his art, and in the art of Hudibrastic or octosyllabic verse he himself is second to none. As it happens, the excellence of his achievement in this way is almost scientifically demonstrable. Among Pope's works is usually included an imitation of Horace's 'Hoc erat in votis' (Satire vi. bk. ii.), the first half of which is Swift's, the rest being by Pope. Criticism has not failed to make the comparison which such a combination inevitably suggests. Swift was copying Butler; Pope was copying Swift. But each gives the measure something of his individual quality: Swift makes it easier, more direct, more idiomatic; Pope, more pointed, more sparkling, more elegant. If anyone will take the trouble to study the Swift-*cum*-Pope collaboration, and then read a page of Prior at his best, he will, in all

probability, speedily arrive at the conclusion that, in craftsmanship, at all events, Prior combines the more distinctive characteristics of both. He is as easy as Swift and as polished as Pope.

With this mastery over a vehicle so especially fitted for humorous narrative, it is scarcely surprising that he turned his attention to the 'Tale, which, in the England under Anne, passed for the equivalent of the technically-admirable 'Conte' of La Fontaine. His skill in simile and illustration, his faculty for profusely embroidering a borrowed theme, his freedom and perspicuity, and notwithstanding his own disclaimer, his unfailing instinct 'when to recede, and where pursue,'—all qualified him excellently for the task. Whether he succeeded in actually rivalling his model, is debatable (Pope thought that Vanbrugh in his 'Fables' went farther),[1] but there is no doubt that Prior's essays in this direction were among his most popular performances. 'Prior tells a story in verse the most agreeable that ever I knew,' writes Lord Raby to Stepney, in 1705, and he spoke no more than the general sentiment of his contemporaries.[2] Unhappily, the coarse

[1] Ruffhead's 'Life of Pope,' 1769, p. 494 n.

[2] Fenton, for example, imitating Chaucer:

'Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,

themes of the three principal tales Prior wrote make it impossible to recommend what, in their way, are masterpieces of witty and familiar narrative. Even in the days when Hannah More read 'Tom Jones,' and Miss Burney carried Evelina to Congreve's 'Love for Love,' it was not without expostulation that Goldsmith was permitted to insert 'The Ladle' and 'Hans Carvel' in the 'Beauties of English Poesy,' and though Johnson in a moment of paradoxical opposition to the censure of Lord Hailes, contended that there was nothing objectionable in 'Paulo Purganti,' it would be a bold editor who, nowadays, should include it in a popular collection. The loss, nevertheless, is a serious one, for which the attempts of Gay, of Somerville, of Goldsmith even, cannot wholly compensate us, and certainly not those of the once-celebrated Mr. Charles Denis of the 'St. James's Magazine,' concerning whose absolutely forgotten versions of the French fabulist admiring contemporaries affirmed that they were

> 'not mere translation,
> But LA FONTAINE by transmigration.'

> A tale shold never be too long;
> And sikerly in fayre Englond
> None bett doth taling understond.'

There are, it is true, one or two other poems of Prior's which are designated 'Tales.' But one of the best of these, 'The Conversation,' is rather an incident than a story, and the claim of most of the rest to their rank is not strong. On the other hand, we may take advantage of the tale-like title of another piece, 'An English Padlock,' to cite its closing lines—lines which prove with what unalloyed good sense Prior could counsel an English Arnolphe in tribulation over an English Agnès:

> 'Dear angry Friend, what must be done?
> Is there no Way?—There is but One.
> Send Her abroad; and let Her see,
> That all this mingled Mass, which She,
> Being forbidden longs to know,
> Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
> Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau;
> A Staple of Romance and Lies,
> False Tears, and real Perjuries:
> Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold,
> And Love is made but to be told: . . .
> And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame,
> Must give up Age to Want and Shame.
> Let her behold the Frantick Scene,
> The Women wretched, false the Men;
> And when, these certain Ills to shun,
> She would to Thy Embraces run;
> Receive Her with extended Arms:

Seem more delighted with her Charms:
Wait on Her to the Park and Play:
Put on good Humour; make Her gay:
Be to her Virtues very kind:
Be to her Faults a little blind:
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd:
And clap your PADLOCK—on her Mind.'

It is not, however, by 'Alma,' or his tales and episodes, but by his lighter pieces, that Prior escapes the Libitina of letters. His clear and compact expression make him one of the best of English epigrammatists. Could anything, for example, be neater than this?—

'Yes, every Poet is a Fool:
By Demonstration NED can show it:
Happy, cou'd NED's inverted Rule
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.'

The same may be said of the cognate imitation of Martial, 'To John I ow'd great Obligation,' and the quatrains entitled 'The Remedy worse than the Disease.'[1] Here again is a less known essay in another fashion, which, for mere *facture*, could scarcely be bettered:

'When BIBO thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,

[1] Quoted at p. 339 of this volume.

He wak'd in the boat, and to CHARON he said,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern CHARON reply'd;
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you dy'd.'

It is a pity that so many of his productions of this kind turn wholly upon the decay of beauty and the tragedies of the toilet. But among them, there is one little version from Plato, which Landor might have been proud to sign:

'VENUS, take my Votive Glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this Day I shall be,
VENUS, let Me never see.'[1]

This variation upon an antique model naturally leads one to speak of Prior's classical, or rather mythological verses. In these he is most genuine where he is most modern, or, in other words, revives rather the manner than the matter of

[1] According to Dr. Garnett ('Idylls and Epigrams,' 1869), Voltaire, borrowing something from Julian the Egyptian, has extended this idea:

'*Je le donne à Vénus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle;*
Il redouble trop mes ennuis.
Je ne saurais me voir, dans ce miroir fidèle,
Ni telle que j'étais, ni telle que je suis.'

'*Puisqu'elle est* toujours *belle*'—happily enhances the pathos of the offering.

Greece and Rome. 'His Cloe Hunting,' 'Cloe Weeping,' 'Love Disarm'd' belong to those mere wax-flowers of rhyme at which Swift sneered in 'Apollo's Edict.' But where, depending mainly or wholly upon his personal impressions, he only allows his classical memories to clarify his style, his efforts are altogether charming. What, for instance, could be lighter, jauntier, more natural, than these two stanzas of 'A Case Stated,' one of his posthumously printed pieces:

'While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,
For the pains and the torments for more than a year;
She look'd in an Almanack, whence she observ'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to BARTLEMEW-FAIR.

'My COWLEY, and WALLER, how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only Hears with her Eye,
In a long flaxen-wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.'

Purists might object that 'deserv'd' and 'observ'd' are not rhymes. But in this, as in the couplet in 'Alma'—

'And what shall or thy Woods remain,
Except the Box that threw the Main?'—

Prior would probably have quoted the precedent of the French. The same qualities of elegance

and facility which distinguish the above verses, are to be found in several other well-known pieces. Such are the lines beginning 'Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty Face' (from which Tom Moore learnt so much), 'A Lover's Anger,' 'A Simile,' 'The Secretary,' and half-a-dozen others —not forgetting 'The Female Phaeton,' that charming compliment to the radiant girlish beauty of Catherine Hyde, already referred to in an earlier series of these papers.[1]

Among the remaining efforts of Prior's muse may be mentioned 'The Garland,' 'The Question, to Lisetta,' 'Her Right Name,' the verses to Charles Montagu, those beginning 'Spare, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,' and 'The Merchant, to secure his Treasure—' to which last Mr. Palgrave has given the currency of the 'Golden Treasury.' Nor should be omitted the Horatian verses in Robbe's 'Geography,' or those in Mezeray's 'History,' sacred for ever by their connection with Walter Scott. Not long before the end, his biographer tells us, when on a border tour, two broken soldiers met him, and one of them, recognizing the Laird, bade 'God bless him.' Scott looked after their retreating figures,

[1] 'Prior's "Kitty"' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 1892, pp. 19-30.

and, 'planting his stick firmly on the sod,' repeated Prior's verses 'without break or hesitation.' They turn on that clinging love of life which outlives so much, and Lockhart saw plainly that the speaker applied them to himself. Here is the last stanza :

> 'The Man in graver Tragic known
> (Tho' his best Part long since was done)
> Still on the Stage desires to tarry :
> And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,
> After the Jest still loads the Scene,
> Unwilling to retire, tho' weary.' [1]

But the crown of Prior's achievement is certainly the poem 'To a Child of Quality,' which has won from Mr. Swinburne the praise of being 'the most adorable of nursery idyls that ever was or will be in our language.' We shall not do the reader the wrong of quoting it, but will close our list with another less-known and posthumously-printed address to a little girl, who was the daughter of the poet's friend, Edward Harley, and afterwards became Duchess of Portland :

[1] Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' chap. lxxx. Sir Walter seems to have known Prior by heart, for this came at the end of a long string of quotations from 'Alma' and 'Solomon.'

'My noble, lovely, little PEGGY,
Let this, my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven:
In double beauty say your pray'r,
Our father first, then *notre père*;
And, dearest CHILD, along the day,
In ev'ry thing you do and say,
Obey and please my LORD and LADY,
So GOD shall love, and ANGELS aid, Ye.

If to these PRECEPTS You attend,
No SECOND-LETTER need I send,
And so I rest Your constant Friend,
M. P.'

O si sic omnia dixisset! If he had oftener written as he has written of these two 'children of quality,' —if he had now and then written of women as reverently,—how large would have been his portion in our anthologies! As it is, he has left behind him not a few pieces which have never yet been equalled for grace, ease, good-humour, and spontaneity, and which are certain of immortality while there is any saving virtue in 'fame's great antiseptic—Style.'

PUCKLE'S 'CLUB.'

'"A WELL-BRED man," says Sir James Puckle in his 'Grey Cap for a Green Head,' "will never give himself the liberty to speak ill of Women."' Even though it should dignify the author of 'The Club' (of which the above is but the sub-title) with a posthumous knighthood, this quotation, employed by Poe in opening his review of Mrs. Browning, deserves to be recorded. Apart from the commendable sentiment, in a general dearth of information, almost any scrap of reference is welcome. And certainly, for a writer, who, more than a century after the date of his first appearance in type, received all the honours of impressions on satin, 'Chinese paper,' and coloured ink, the fame of James Puckle has suffered unmerited eclipse. 'It was intended'—says the Preface to the illustrated issue of 1817—'to attach to this Edition a *Sketch of the Author's Life*, and in apology for its omission, the Reader is informed, that, every probable source of information having

been searched, no Memoir or Account can be obtained that may be depended upon.' We are not much better instructed in the present year of grace. It is true that the same Preface mentions two of Puckle's earlier essays, 'England's Interest' [1696], and 'England's Way to Wealth and Honour' [1699], as being in the British Museum; and it might, without much expenditure of research, have added that he was a Notary Public, since—to say nothing of the initials appended to his portrait in the third and fourth editions of 'The Club'—that fact is established in one of the works above mentioned, which the Preface-writer of 1817 was apparently too dispirited to consult. Fortunately a critic in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for March, 1822, was more adventurous, and from a passage at the end of the earlier pamphlet, promptly discovered that Puckle was a partner in the firm of '*Puckle* and *Jenkins*, Publick Notaries in *Pope's-head-alley* over against the *Royal* Exchange.' The same inquirer besides ascertained, by reference to the Rev. Mark Noble's continuation of Granger's 'Biographical History' (vol. iii., p. 363), that Puckle, as 'a notary-public *in* chambers, possessed, at one time, great reputation for integrity; but probably the love of scribbling seduced him from what was more proper

for his situation, than becoming a writer *out* of his chambers.' There is an accent of suppressed detraction about this utterance, but it is too vague to do harm.

After the efforts of Sylvanus Urban in 1822, Oblivion seems again to have scattered her poppy over Puckle's shadowy and fugitive personality. Nothing of importance was added to his biography by S. W. Singer's reprint of 'The Club' in 1834; and it was not until 1872 that he was once more revealed to the curious. In that year a contributor to 'Notes and Queries,' who, under the initials 'G. S. S.,' had shown much minute familiarity with Puckle's bibliography, collected the result of his researches in a rare privately printed pamphlet of twenty pages entitled 'The Author of "The Club" Identified.'[1] Besides bringing together all that was known on the subject, the writer, Mr. G. Steinman Steinman, of Croydon, established the further facts that Puckle was twice married, that he had several children, and that he died in July, 1724, being buried in the burial ground of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street. In addition to this, and much information respecting

[1] See Part III., pp. 171-2, of Mr. Bertram Dobell's valuable 'Catalogue of a Collection of Privately Printed Books,' 1891-3.

previous Puckles not material to this paper, he found out that the author of 'The Club' was also a South Sea Projector and that 'on May 15th (4 Geo. I.)' he obtained Letters Patent as the inventor of what reads like an anticipation of the Maxim or Nordenfeldt gun. But it was reserved to that unwearied investigator, Mr. Eliot Hodgkin of Richmond, to fill in the details of this discovery. Mr. Hodgkin happened when in Paris upon an engraving, which not only delineated but described the piece of ordnance in question. It seems to have been a species of magnified revolver, mounted on a tripod. Its breach was turned by hand, and contained six or more chambers. These—the contents of which were successively discharged through a single long barrel—were removable, so that when one description of missile had been expended, another could be substituted for it. And here comes in the 'taste and fancy' of Puckle. 'One set,' says Mr. Hodgkin, 'is depicted as intended for a ship shooting "Round Bullets against Christians"; a second as one for "shooting Square Bullet against Turks."'[1] The apparatus was also available for 'Granado shells,' and was styled—

[1] 'Notes and Queries,' 9 Nov., 1889. Mr. Hodgkin has since been good enough to permit the writer to inspect this curious design.

A DEFENCE

Defending KING GEORGE your COUNTRY and LAWES
Is Defending YOUR SELVES and PROTESTANT CAUSE.
Invented by Mr. Iames Puckle
For Bridges, Breaches, Lines and Passes
Ships, Boats Houses, and other Places.'

'Puckle's Machine,' as it was popularly christened, did not escape the graphic satirist of 1720. In a South Sea squib in the British Museum, published by Bowles of St. Paul's Churchyard, and called the 'Bubler's Mirrour: or England's Folley,'—being 'A List of the Bubbles with the prices they were Subscrib'd at and what each sold when highest: Together w^th^ *Satirical Epigrams* upon each by ye Author of ye S-Sea Ballad,'—the shares are said to have been paid in at £4 and sold at £8, which must have been profitable to Puckle. The relative *Satyrical Eppigram* is as follows:

'A rare invention to Destroy the Crowd,
Of Fools at Home instead of Foes Abroad:
Fear not my Freinds, this Terrible Machine,
They're only Wounded that have Shares therein.'

A recent communication by Mr. George C. Boase to 'Notes and Queries' (May 9th, 1896) shows us this 'rare invention' in action. It is an extract from the 'London Journal' for Saturday, March 31st, 1722, two years before Puckle's death: 'On Wednesday Sev'night last, in the Artillery

Ground, was a Performance of Mr. Puckle's Machine; and 'tis reported for certain, that one man discharged it 63 times in seven Minutes, though all the while Raining; and that it throws off either one large or sixteen Musquet Bullets at every Discharge, with very great force.'

Beyond the above, and Mr. Hodgkin's treasure-trove, the only further reference to Puckle we have personally been able to trace is contained in an advertisement inserted in the original issue of the 'Spectator' for June 25th, 1712 (No. 414). This—which is sandwiched between the announcement of 'a parcel of very fresh and fashionable Mechlin Lace,' and another of the selling off of a stock of Watered Tabbies, Farendines [?], Silk Night Gowns, and the like—chronicles the loss, 'in or near' Mr. Edward Smith's house at Iver by Uxbridge, of a necklace of Oriental pearls. If offered 'to be sod, or pawn'd,' purchasers are invited to 'stop it and the Party,'[1] and give Notice to Mr. James Puckle, a Notary Publick in Popes head Alley in Cornhill.' The

[1] Dean Alford found instances of what he calls this 'especially offensive' use of 'party' in 'Tobit' (vi. 7), and the 'Tempest' (Act iii, Sc. 2). Here is an eighteenth-century example. Indeed, Puckle himself uses it in describing 'Detractor' (Ed. 1713, p. 13).

reward offered is Five Guineas; but it is significantly added that 'if the Person that has it will bring or send it to the same place he shall have the same Reward, and no Questions ask'd.'

The literary masterpiece of James Puckle, Moralist, Notary Public, Projector, and Lost Property Agent—to which we now come—is a modest 12mo. of seventy-eight pages, bearing the date of 1711, the year of the establishment of the 'Spectator' aforesaid. Its full title is: 'The Club: Or, A Dialogue Between Father and Son. *In Vino Veritas.* London: Printed for the Author; and Sold by S. Crouch, at the Corner of Pope's-head Ally in Cornhil. 1711.' The Author's name, as will be observed, does not appear; but on the leaf following the title-page is this votive inscription: 'To Micajah Perry, *Esq.*; and the fragrant Memory of Thomas Lane *Esq.*; Deceas'd; and to *Mr.* Richard Perry, of London, Merchants: The following Dialogue (as a *Pepper Corn Acknowledgement*) is humbly Dedicated, by *Their most Oblig'd, and most Obedient Servant*, JAMES PUCKLE.' After this dedication comes 'The Preface,' which in the first edition began thus:

'No sooner had *Erasmus* put forth his excellent Enchiridion, but one cries, there's more Devotion in the Book than in the Writer.

'He that turns Author, or sets up for Knight of the Shire, must expect to have all his Faults publish'd with Additions.

'Should any say, The Writer is an *Argus* abroad, a *Mole* at home.

'It's easily answer'd, *Moses* himself might take good Counsel from a *Midianite*.'

These sententious 'forewords,'—omitted no doubt in view of the success of the volume—are not to be found in the later issues, for an account of which we are primarily indebted to Mr. Steinman, who affirms that he had inspected all the impressions he specifies, that of 1723 excepted (which is to be found in the British Museum). There was, he says, a second issue of the book in 1711; and there were two in 1713, one of which is said to be the 3rd ed. In 1721 came a Cork reprint of this; then followed a fourth edition of 1723 (with supplementary 'Maxims, Advice and Cautions,' etc.), being the last which could possibly have been revised by the Author; then two of 1733 'lettered 5th ed.'; then one without date, also 'lettered 5th ed.'; and finally a Dublin issue of 1743 described as the seventh edition.[1] With the issues of the present century we may,

[1] The publication of this paper in periodical form has revealed the existence of a formidable rival to Mr. Steinman in

for the moment, dispense. The sub-title of 'A Grey-Cap for a Green-Head'[1] was apparently first added in the impression of 1723; and in the same impression, the dedication to the three Virginia merchants was altered and enlarged to suit the fact that, by this time, both the Perrys, as well as Thomas Lane, were dead. The edition of 1713 contained a portrait of the author by George Vertue after Kneller's rival, J. B. Closterman, who died in that year. In the 1723 edition the same portrait was re-engraved by J. Cole. It represents a middle-aged worthy of the ordinary eighteenth-century type, wearing what his contemporary, Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff of the 'Tatler,' calls 'a fair full-bottomed Periwigg.'

the person of Mr. George W. Kohlmetz, of Cleveland, Ohio, who, in March, 1896, exhibited at the Rowfant Club in that city, a collection of no fewer than forty-two different copies of 'The Club,' a number of which were known to be unique. Among the rest was an edition issued from the 'Yorick's Head' in Philadelphia in 1795. Mr. Kohlmetz, we understand, contemplates a Bibliography of Puckle's treatise.

[1] Puckle seems to have borrowed this title from an earlier manual of parental counsel, the 'Cap of Gray Hairs for a Green Head,' which one Caleb Trenchfield, Gent., had put forth in 1671, and which had reached a fifth (London) edition in 1710. There are other indications that Puckle was familiar with Trenchfield's book, and had made use of it in compiling his own.

From these unavoidably arid bibliographical details, however, it is time to turn to the book itself, the scheme of which is of the simplest. The Father of the Dialogue leads off by asking his Son what made him so late the night before. The Son replies that he went with a friend to his (the friend's) club at the *Noah's Ark*, a supposititious hostelry which the topographer may, if he please, identify with that famous Pope's Head Tavern in Pope's Head Alley, once frequented by Pepys, where, seven years after the appearance of Puckle's *editio princeps*, James Quin had the ill-luck, in a quarrel forced upon him, to kill his would-be rival, the Irish actor Bowen. After a summary description of the guests who, in the low-pitched, evil-smelling room, sit drinking each other's healths 'over the left thumb,' the Son proceeds to characterize them methodically in the manner of Theophrastus. This he does, not only individually, but alphabetically, *e.g.* Antiquary, Buffoon, Critick, Detractor, Envioso, Flatterer, Gamester, and so forth,—the twenty-four letters ending, as in duty bound, with Zany, the Vintner or landlord. As each portrait is finished, the Father, who must have had either much learning or a preternatural memory, makes preceptive and edifying comment upon the personage described, quoting freely from

the Bible, 'St. Austin,' Bishop Sanderson, Montaigne, Mazarin, and other sources. This, in the original editions, he does in abrupt—and to use a Johnsonian word—decidedly 'oraculous' sentences. As thus: The Son says of his Antiquary, that 'he pity'd the Ignorance of Modern Writers, and scorn'd to read any Book less than an Hundred Years old.' To this his Elder (who is obviously of the losing camp in the great controversy) replies dogmatically that 'too servile a Submission to the Books and Opinions of the Ancients, has spoil'd many an Ingenious Man, and plagu'd the World with abundance of Pedants and Coxcombs.' Occasionally his deliverances have something of the neatness of a French *pensée*. 'He whose Jests make others afraid of his Wit,' he says of Buffoon, 'had need be afraid of their Memory.' Not a few of the old gentleman's 'wise saws and modern instances,' it has been pointed out, are to be found in previous writers,[1]

[1] An unexpected confirmation of this has turned up since the present paper was first published. The aphorism just quoted (which, by the way, is not in the first edition) is 'conveyed' almost literally from Bacon: 'Certainly, he that hath a Satyricall vaine, as he maketh others afraid of his Wit, so he had need be afraid of others Memory' ('Essays,' 1625, No. 32).

and it has been noted that the Antiquary of Puckle suggests the Antiquaries of Butler and Earle (of the 'Micro-cosmographie'). But 'it's easily answer'd'—to use his own form of apology—that Earle and Overbury, as well as their common predecessor, Bishop Hall (in his 'Characters of Vertues and Vices,' 1608), all copied, in their turns, from Theophrastus; and it is quite conceivable that the Pope's Head Alley philosopher did not so much aim at absolute originality as at apposite recollection—a considerable amount of his proverbial wisdom being clearly the mere hiving of a common-place book.[1] Concerning another charge which has been made against the author of 'The Club,' to wit, that he must have been a misogynist, because there is but one lady in his gallery, namely Xantippe, the wife of Newsmonger, we hold it to be ill-founded. For even if the insinuation were not opposed to the praiseworthy utterance with which this paper opens, it is sufficiently negatived by the fact that one scarcely looks for women in a last-century Club of men.

[1] He admits as much in the 'Preface' to an additional chapter, on 'Death,' in the 4th ed. of 1723, adding—'If the physick be proper, no matter what country produced the ingredients, nor who made up the dose.'

But it may be well to give a sample of the Puckle method, and his 'Critic' is perhaps as good a specimen as any. In this instance there is no recollection of Earle, whose type is the senseless scholiast—the 'bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,' with whom we meet in Pope. Neither is Puckle's portrait marked by the delightful 'Impertinencies' of that fatuous Tom Folio whose masterly 'kit-cat' had then so recently been drawn in the 'Tatler.' The 'Critic' of 'The 'Club' belongs to a humbler variety. He is simply the mechanical fault-finder—the 'voluntary Mole' of Addison, congenitally beauty-blind, who, 'wise enough (in his own Conceit) to correct the *Magnificat*,' presumes to censure Cicero for verbosity, and Virgil for rustic language.

'PLATO (he told us) was neither Fertile, nor Copious; *Aristotle* neither Solid, nor Substantial; and *Theophrastus* neither Smooth, nor Agreeable.

'THAT *Voiture* was dull, *Corneille* a Stranger to the Passions, *Racine* starch'd and affected, *Moliere* jejune, and *Boileau* little better than a Plagiary.

'THAT *Shakespear* wanted Manners, *Ben. Jonson* was a Pedant, *Congreve* a laborious Writer, and *Garth* but an indifferent Imitator of *Boileau*.

'THAT *Dryden*'s *Absolom*, and *Achitophel*, was a Poem [that] wanted Vigour of Thought,

Purity of Language, and Aptness and Propriety of Expression; nor were many of the Elisions to be allow'd, or Accents and Pauses duly observ'd.

'An Instance being requir'd; *Critticone* hung his Ears, and fell a cursing his Memory.'

This description naturally affords the paternal commentator an opportunity of saying several edifying things. But none of his bursts of 'scatter'd sapience' is more to the point than the old-new illustration with which he concludes. It is borrowed from the *Ragguagli di Parnasso* of Trajan Boccalini, a revised translation of which, under the title of 'Advices from Parnassus,' had been issued a few years earlier (1706) by John Hughes of the 'Spectator.' 'A Critic, presenting *Apollo* with a very severe Censure upon an Excellent Poem, was ask'd for the good Things in that Work: But the Wretch answering, He minded only its Errors; *Apollo* order'd a Sack of unwinnowed Wheat to be brought, and Critic to pick out and take all the Chaff for his Pains.'

In such a piebald collection as this of Puckle, the reader seeks naturally—as in Overbury—for some of those chance touches of minute local colouring which help to portray the manners of the times. But in this respect his pages are disappointing. Once, in the case of 'Quack,' who

is introduced 'with a supercilious Brow, Ebony Cane, and Band in Querpo,' a costume-piece (which is not achieved) appears to be impending. 'Youth,' again, is rather elaborately described at the outset as a 'Mushroom-Squire,' 'accouter'd with a large Muff, long Peruke, dangling Cane, Sword, Snuff-Box, Diamond-Ring, Pick-tooth-Case, Silk Handkerchief, &c., all of the newest Fashion.' Also he is stated to have been in the habit of throwing back his wig 'to discover the fine Ring in his Ear.' Beyond these, however, there is little indication of the dress or outward appearance of the company, of whose doings what approaches closest to a 'conversation' is contained under the heading of 'Gamester.' Gamester—a 'pretty Fellow' whose chief care in life is to keep himself clear-headed enough to cheat his fellow-creatures at cards—comes to the Club after ten, 'well dress'd and powder'd,' to inquire for Knave, who is his led-friend and accomplice. These 'Brethren in Iniquity,' employing—to preserve their wits—all the approved expedients of 'Finger-shade, Mouth-spirt, or Shoulder-dash,' contrive to drink but moderately until the rest grow mellow, and the glass circulates freely. Then the drawer is ordered to place cards and candles on the little table, and the pair adjourn to 'Whisk'

with 'Critic' and 'Buffoon,' who, suffered to win at first, are speedily stripped not only of their money but their rings and watches, at which juncture, 'from the Gulphs of Despair in their Aspects, *Angelo* might have finish'd his famous Piece of the Last Judgment.' Upon this the Father comments austerely: 'Well might he, that was ask'd the Difference between *Aleator* and *Tesserarum Lusor*, answer, the same that there is between *Fur* and *Latro*.'[1] Indeed the old Gentleman's familiarity with the subject of gambling is remarkable, and suggests that his own

[1] One scarcely looks for an illustration of this dubious distinction in a black letter Elizabethan sermon. Yet the kindness of Mr. A. W. Pollard has furnished us with the following: 'I remember a tale concerning a theefe, that was indyted of felonie, for robbing by the highe wayes syde, and being indyted by the name of *Latro* was condemned by ye name of *Fur*, for which the theefe quarrelled, and sayde the Judge had done him wrong. And when he would not cease exclamation Mayster Skelton the Poet, being a maister of wordes, and cunning in Grammer, was called to declare the difference betweene *fur* and *latro*: whose answere was, that he saw no great difference between *fur* and *latro*, saving this, that *fur* did sit on the bench, and *latro* stoode at the barre' ('A Sermon [in Paules Church] of god's fearefull threatnings for Idolatrye . . with a Treatise against Usurie,' by Richarde Porder (1570), p. 68).

juvenile experiences must have been peculiar or unusually varied. He describes in detail the different kinds of cogged dice: the 'Doctors' and the 'Fulloms,' whose nefarious property is that they can be thrown high or low at will—the ingenious sub-varieties known as 'Flats,' 'Bars,' and 'Cuts'—the 'Dice with their Edges polish'd off, so as to make 'em run high'—the 'Chain-Dice' which are 'link'd together, so as to Rattle in the Box, yet close enough to hide the Chain,' etc. He also dilates upon the 'several Sorts of false Boxes'; and lastly, upon the fraudulent devices known professionally as 'Top,' 'Peep,' 'Eclipse,' and 'Thumbing,' by all of which, even 'supposing both Box and Dice fair,' the accomplished sharper, with the aid of a little sleight of hand, can still contrive to bamboozle his unfortunate 'Cully.'

It is from the portrait of 'Rake' that Poe borrows the quotation with which this paper opened. 'Rake,' by the way, inveighing against Matrimony, which, he says, men praise as they 'do good Mustard, with Tears in their Eyes,' is cleverly countered by Wiseman, who asks him gravely if his mother was ever married—a home-thrust which sets 'all the Company a Laughing.' Other prominent members of the Clubs are

'Traveller' who has returned well versed 'in the amorous Smirk, the alamode Grin, the antic Bow,' etc., but has brought little else of any value with him from abroad; and 'Projector,' to whom the Author, perhaps with an eye to the forthcoming 'Puckle's machine,' is somewhat lenient, since, while admitting that he has never yet 'oblig'd the World with any Thing so useful as a Mouse-Trap,' he writes him, not the less, of the race of Raleigh and Columbus. Towards the close of the volume, as the alphabet becomes exhausted, there is a scolding scene between 'Xantippe' and her husband 'Newsmonger,'—the butt of most character-makers from Theophrastus downwards. Then, with the small hours, 'Zany' the landlord falls to sing drinking songs, 'Youth' babbles of his horses and dogs, 'Impertinent' and 'Rake' revile Religion and the Bible; the rest betake themselves to ribaldry and foolish noise. At length, after 'Youth' has called for the fiddlers to make a night of it, he is mortally affronted by 'Moroso,' bottles and candlesticks are freely exchanged as missiles, 'Flatterer' crawls under the table screaming 'Murder,' the Watch are summoned, and the combatants are carried off to cool in the nearest Compter. The Father and the Son nevertheless continue to con-

verse. But the book henceforth is mainly occupied with the reading by the latter of a long paper of dispersed precepts, compiled by 'Wiseman' for the benefit of his relative 'Youth,' by whom, it is to be feared, they were never perused. '*Qui monet amat*,' says the closing epigraph: '*Ave & Cave*.[1]

[1] The quotations in this paper, it should be stated, are taken, not from the modern (and modernized) versions, which, in their arrangement of type, etc., differ materially from the earlier issues, but from the edition of 1713, on which they are based. The copy used (in the possession of the present writer) has, moreover, a certain individual interest. From inscriptions on its title-page it must have been the identical volume presented for registration at the Stamp Office, Lincoln's Inn, in April, 1713, on the 29th of which month it was 'Registered & Entered Acording to ye Statute [as] conteining Three Sheets & a halfe,' a duty of 7*s*. thereupon being duly received, for the Receiver-General, by one J. Sharp. Its margins are crowded in places with MS. additions and corrections, for the most part cancelled on second thoughts, but apparently in Puckle's own handwriting. Thus, after 'Talk not much of your self, for tho' it be done so as not to argue Pride, yet it may Ignorance of worthier Subjects,' is inserted, and then run through, 'Laus Proprio Sordescit in Ore.' Again, on page the last, after 'Because you find any Thing difficult to practise, don't presently conclude you can't Master it'—comes, in MS., 'in gallant Spirits Difficulty doth but whet Desire.' This is not

That Puckle's 'Club' can now ever have a modern public may reasonably be doubted, unless, indeed, it be recruited from those who—like Horace Walpole in his old age—read only what nobody else would read. '*Le style en est vieux*'—as Alceste says in the song; and the scheme is scarcely skilful. Nor can the writer be said to exhibit any marked aptitude for character-building; while it must be confessed that the majority of his maxims have the peculiarly musty flavour of the pre-Addisonian morality. But the book is honest and well-meaning; and its author's good intention is unquestioned. Towards the middle of the last century its vogue had apparently become exhausted, since there are no records of any English editions subsequent to that of 1743. In 1817, however, the text of 1713 was rather unaccountably selected by a Mr. Edward Walmsley, described by Singer as 'a gentleman whose taste led him to the love of embellished books,' as the medium for a series of illustrations by John Thurston, who, at that date, practically monopolized designs for the wood. Thurston prepared, and drew on the block, head- and tail-pieces for each of Puckle's characters; and he also added a

crossed out; though it does not seem to have found its way into any subsequent impression.

title-page exhibiting 'The Club' at the moment of the final *fracas* between 'Youth' and 'Moroso.' His compositions are good examples of his skilful but very mannered style, and they were beautifully reproduced by the graver. The title-page, which was intrusted to that prince of craftsmen, John Thompson, is one of the most successful specimens of his work, and he also engraved several of the head-pieces, *e.g.* 'Antiquary,' 'Flatterer,' 'Wiseman,' 'Usurer,' 'Xantippe,' etc. Others were executed by some of Bewick's pupils, —'Quack' and 'Zany' being by Charlton Nesbit, then living in retirement at his native place, Swalwell; 'Buffoon,' by Henry White; and the tail-piece to 'Xantippe' by William Harvey, soon to be the prolific and popular successor of Thurston, but in 1817 only just landed in London as a raw lad from Newcastle. The rest of the engravings were by the two Branstons; by Hole's pupil, William Hughes; and by Mary Byfield (sister of the John Byfield who, with Bonner, did Holbein's 'Dance of Death' for Francis Douce). To Miss Byfield was intrusted the design for 'Rake.' Great stress is laid in the Preface upon the manner of these performances, and it is clear that—some modern authorities notwithstanding —they professed to be in exact *facsimile* of Thur-

ston's originals. 'Every line of the drawing is marked out upon the block by the Designer, exactly as it appears upon the paper; from this delineation it is the province of the Engraver to cut out a perfect and well-wrought resemblance; to effect which, great ability is requisite, as the least deviation is irremediable, especially when what is technically termed *cross-hatching* occurs, as is fully exemplified in the decoration of this volume.' It was further stated that, in the effort after perfection, 'four beautiful Designs' had been ruthlessly thrown aside on account of deviations by the engraver, and re-traced upon fresh blocks. The book, which has a copper-plate portrait by Thomas Bragg after Vertue's print of Puckle, is tastefully printed by John Johnson of Clerkenwell and *Typographia*, and it was issued in several forms. Besides an ordinary edition of 500 copies, there were 200 on large paper; 18 on white, and 7 on yellow Chinese paper; 7 on satin, and 3 in coloured inks. In 1820 the illustrations were struck off from the original blocks without text, and in different tints; in 1834, they were again used for Singer's edition, which was printed at the Chiswick Press. In the story of the revival of wood-engraving, the Puckle's 'Club' of 1817 comes honourably between the Ackermann's 'Religious

Emblems' of 1809, and Bewick's 'Fables of Æsop' in 1818. 'Bewick, Mr. T., *Newcastle Tyne*,' it may be added, figures in the 'List of Subscribers,' and his copy was among the books sold at the Bewick sale of February, 1884.

MARY LEPEL, LADY HERVEY.

WE have it on record that a celebrated whip of fiction, Mr. Tony Weller, taught in the hard school of experience, solemnly advised his son Samuel never to marry a Widow. But it is, perhaps, not so well known that another eminent (and not fictitious) 'handler of the ribbons' entertained as confirmed an objection to a less insidious branch of the Beautiful Sex. The coachman at that 'pouting-place of Princes,' Leicester House, not only enjoined his heir never to take to wife a Maid of Honour, but, emphasizing that injunction by a substantial money penalty, lent to it all the peculiar and melancholy interest attaching to a death-bed wish. Upon condition that the young man complied with his desires, he bequeathed him a sum of three hundred pounds. This careful forethought in face of an obviously remote contingency seems to argue a deep-rooted prejudice on the testator's part against the ladies he had been privileged to drive. That—in so far as history affords information—the Maids of Honour

under Anne and the first two Georges were fully entitled to the epithet 'gamesome,' which Tennyson gives to the charming heroine of the 'Talking Oak,' may, perhaps, be admitted, and even expected. Well born, good looking, and high spirited, they were condemned to a life in which yawning and wearisome etiquette must have predominated, and it may be conceived that, in their hours of ease, they were likely to be especially irritating to the long-suffering charioteer whose duty it was to carry them hither and thither, cheapening brocades and sarsnets like Steele's 'silkworm,' or travelling on a circuit of interminable 'How-dees.' When they were not hunting, or eating the perpetual Westphalia ham which Pope has included among their crosses, they probably enjoyed what—in that vulgar speech of which Lord Chesterfield deplored the use—would now be characterized as 'an uncommonly good ti..e.' Clever poets, like Gay and Prior, wrote them verses as gallantly turned and as metrically impudent as any 'couplets' contrived under Louis the Magnificent; wits like Chesterfield and Pulteney treated them to elaborate raillery and mock-heroic adulation; grave humorists, like Arbuthnot and Swift, not only drew up mocking 'proposals' to publish their biographies (by sub-

scription), but undertook in addition to prove that they made the best wives,—which, as a general proposition, was probably a specimen of the form of rhetoric described by the excellent Mrs. Slipslop as 'ironing.' But, if some of them were frivolous and some were frail, there were also some, especially in the princeship of the second George, who, besides being lively and attractive, were accomplished and sensible as well, and who, as a matter of fact, did develop into exemplary helpmates. Such, for example, was that bonny, good-humoured Mary Bellenden, 'fair and soft as down,' who afterwards became Mrs. Campbell; such, again, the 'beautiful Molly Lepel' who forms the subject of this paper. Others have written of this lady; and she has been praised by Thackeray. But about her later life not very much has been said, and the few new facts contained in the recently-published 'Diary' and 'Letter Books of the first Earl of Bristol' seem to warrant some fresh attempt to revive the memory of one who has been cited upon good authority as the perfect model of a finely-polished woman of fashion. Of itself this would, perhaps, be scarcely a sufficient excuse for a new study. But Lady Hervey, like Mrs. Primrose's wedding-gown, was not merely conspicuous for a 'glossy surface.' She

had other qualities of a more durable and less external character.

A certain *enjoûment* and vivacity of manner, coupled with a habit of speaking playfully of France as if it were her native country, seem to have led to the tradition that Miss Lepel was of Gallic extraction. Following this clue, the indefatigable Mr. Croker, discovering that the Lepelles or Le Pelleys were lords of Sark, made the suggestion that she must have belonged to this family; and what Mr. Croker stated as a plausible conjecture was, of course, immediately converted into an established fact. But, even in the very correspondence he was annotating, Lady Hervey says expressly that the Sark Le Pelleys were no relations of hers, and the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey, who edited the Bristol Papers, satisfied himself that she was right. After much investigation he came to the conclusion that her father, Nicholas Wedig Lepel, page in 1684 to Prince George of Denmark (husband of the Princess Anne), and afterwards an officer in the English army, was not of French but of Danish or North German descent. In August, 1698, Mr. Lepel married Miss Mary Brooke, daughter and sole heiress of John Brooke, of Rendlesham, in Suffolk, deceased, who brought him a dowry of £20,000.

His daughter was born in September, 1700, and nine years after he was made a Brigadier-General, which is almost all that we know of Nicholas Lepel. But, according to the Duchess of Marlborough, he was lucky enough to obtain for his daughter, even from her birth, the rank, or rather the pay, of a cornet of horse, which pay, according to the same not unimpeachable authority, Miss Lepel continued to draw until the absurdity of a Maid of Honour figuring as a Gentleman of the Army became too manifest to be maintained. Whether this be true or not—and the pen of Sarah Jennings is not precisely that of a recording angel—it is clear that she must have become a Maid of Honour at the earliest possible age. And it is equally clear, though the records of her service in this capacity are of the scantiest, that she was a popular favourite from the beginning. 'Tell dear Molly I love her like any thing,' writes in 1716 to Mrs. Howard (afterwards Lady Suffolk) the widow of that Lord Mohun who was killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton. Another glimpse of her is contained in a letter from Pope to Teresa and Martha Blount in the following year. (Mr. Carruthers is uncharitable enough to suggest that it was inserted with the special intention of making his correspondents

jealous.) After telling them that Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel had, 'contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists,' entertained him at Hampton Court, he goes on 'I can easily believe, no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you Mrs. L[epel] walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King [George I.], who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall.'[1] The bard of Twickenham was not the only poet who took pleasure in the society of these girlish beauties. They were subscribers to Prior's great *folio* of 1718, and John Gay must have been among their intimates, for a year later he, too, sends to Mrs. Howard (who was bedchamber woman) his respects to both, in addition to which he joins their names in his 'Damon and Cupid.' 'So well I'm known at Court'—says his modish Georgian deity—

[1] It is impossible to quote Pope's letters with perfect confidence. This anecdote has been accepted as historical, and it probably is so. But it is only right to state that a year later it re-appears, moonlight, rookery and all, but without Miss Lepel and the Vice-Chamberlain, in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

'None ask where *Cupid* dwells,
But readily resort
To *B——n's* or *L——ll's*.'

He also refers to the latter lady with greater felicity, in 'Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece.' In one of his most poetical lines, he couples her with 'Hervey, fair of face,' as 'Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.'

This conjunction in Gay's verses seems to imply that Mr. Hervey's name was already linked to Miss Lepel's in the minds of those who knew them, and not without reason. Early in 1720—the year of that completion of the 'Iliad' which prompted Gay's poem—the lady had been ill, for in March Pope tells Broome that he had been constantly engaged in attending her during her convalescence at Twickenham. Of the nature of this indisposition he says nothing; but in the following month she was married privately to Lord Bristol's second son, the John Hervey above referred to. Hitherto, the date of this occurrence has been more or less matter of guess-work, but the publication of her father-in-law's diary removes all ground for uncertainty. Under date of April 21, 1720, is the following entry by the Earl. 'Thursday, my dear & hopeful son Mr. John Hervey was marryed to Mrs. Mary Le Pell.' The

marriage was not at first avowed. 'I met Madam Lepell coming into town last night,' writes Mrs. Bradshaw to Mrs. Howard on August 21 following. 'She is a pretty thing, though she never comes to see me; for which, tell her, I will use her like a dog in the winter'; a passage that—besides supplying in its last words unexpected confirmation of the accuracy of Swift's 'Polite Conversation'—shows clearly that at this time the facts were still unknown to many friends.[1] The suggested reason for secrecy is that Miss Bellenden had also contracted a clandestine alliance with Colonel Campbell, and that the two couples had 'for mutual support agreed to brave the storm together,'—the storm anticipated being apparently the royal anger. In Miss Lepel's case, at all events, it cannot have been parental. 'My son,' writes Lord Bristol, 'has shown ye nicest skill in choosing you, since in you alone he could securely promise himself not only every quality essential

[1] An earlier letter makes this plainer still. Writing to Mrs. Howard on April 31, ten days *after* the marriage, Mrs. Molesworth says: 'Pray give my service to Miss Lepell, and tell her I am glad I did not hear of her illness until it was over. I believe it would have saved Mr. Harvey a great deal of pain if he could have been as ignorant of it' ('Suffolk Corr.,' 1824, i. 53).

to his own happiness, but has also made a wise provision to intaile good sense and virtue (its constant concomitant) on our (now) flourishing family.' The date of this letter is May 20, but from an editorial note it appears that the marriage was not publicly announced until October 25, or five months later. How it was received by the Court does not transpire. But as it involved the resignation of the two brides, it effectually broke up the little *coterie* at Hampton, and put an end for ever to those pastoral delights of *frizelization*, *flirtation*, and *dangleation*, which, in a letter addressed years afterwards to Lady Hervey, Mrs. Howard includes among the unforgettable diversions of the formal palace by the Thames.

Lord Bristol, who, from his courteous and very copious correspondence, must have been not only an accomplished and a scholarly, but an affectionate and a singularly amiable man, appears from the first to have appreciated his son's wife. In the letter quoted he hopes that the newly-married pair will prolong his 'declining daies' (he was then fifty-five, and he lived to be eighty-five) by residing with him. His letters to his 'dear daughter' are always couched in the most cordial terms, and it is evident that Lady Hervey became genuinely attached to him. But as regards her

husband, one has certainly to fortify oneself by the recollection of Horace and his *sic visum Veneri.* Everything that one hears of the brilliant and cynical John Hervey, with his 'coffin-face' and his painted cheeks, his valetudinarian, anaemic beauty, and his notorious depravity of life, makes it difficult to understand what particular qualities in him—apart from opportunity and proximity—could possibly have attracted the affection of a young and very charming woman, who was besides far in advance of her contemporaries in parts and education. Yet it must be remembered that

> '—when Hervey the handsome was wedded
> To the beautiful Molly Lepell'

(as the ballad has it), he was only four-and-twenty; that it was not until thirteen years later that Pope began to attack him as 'Lord Fanny,' and that the same poet's portrait of 'Paris'[1]—a passage of matchless malignity—is a year later still. His health, besides, was not yet broken; and it is probable that at this date he exercised to the full that extraordinary gift of fascination which captivated Queen Caroline and Lady Mary, made of his father his blind and doting

[1] Afterwards altered to 'Sporus.'

admirer, and secured the love and respect of a wife, to whom in point of fidelity he was by no means a pattern husband. Perhaps in later years the respect was stronger than the love. Of the early days of wedlock, however, this could not be said. More than a twelvemonth after marriage —according to Lady Mary—the billing and cooing of the pair still continued with such unabated ardour as to oblige that austere on-looker to take flight for Twickenham. But, as Lady Mary candidly says, her own talents did not lie in this direction, and she is scarcely an unprejudiced observer.

For nearly twenty years we practically lose sight of Mr. Hervey's wife. As has already been said, her Maid-of-Honourship came to an end with her marriage, and for a long time she was rarely at Court, although her husband, in his capacity as Lord Chamberlain, was almost continuously in attendance on the Queen. It is probable that she was frequently with his parents at Ickworth; and Lord Bristol's diary for several years continues to record methodically the births of sons and daughters, with the names of the illustrious sponsors who in each instance 'answered for them.' In November, 1723, Carr, Lord Hervey, died at Bath, and Mr. Hervey became

Lord Hervey. Five years later he went abroad for his health, remaining absent for more than a year, during which time his wife was left behind in her father-in-law's house to mourn his absence, which, from expressions to Mrs. Howard, she seems to have done very genuinely. It is, indeed, chiefly from the Suffolk correspondence that we gain our information about her at this time. Some of her letters are written in a spirit of levity which does not always show her at her best, although she is uniformly amiable and lively. From one of these epistles we get the oft-quoted picture of Swift's 'Mordanto'—Lord Peterborough, strolling about Bath in boots in defiance of Nash and the proprieties, cheapening a chicken and cabbage in all the splendours of his blue ribbon and star, and then sauntering away unconcernedly to his lodgings with his marketings under his arm. In another despatch from Ickworth we find a reference to Arbuthnot, who Lady Hervey trusts may not at Tunbridge either lose his money at quadrille or over-indulge in his favourite John Dory—a taste which he shared with Quin and Fielding. Here and there one detects traces of her love for reading, although her correspondents are not bookish. There are also pleasant and affectionate references to her

children. But with her mother-in-law, Lady Bristol, if we are to believe certain indications in the Suffolk correspondence, she does not seem to have been always on amicable terms. 'Pray,' she says to Mrs. Howard, 'when you are so kind as to write to me, get sometimes one body, sometimes another, to direct your letters; for curiosity being one of the reigning passions in a certain person' [obviously, from the context, Lady Bristol], 'I love prodigiously both to excite and to baffle it.'

From this utterance and other passages, it is clear that Lady Hervey's relations with Lady Bristol were at times considerably strained, and, indeed, if contemporary gossip is to be trusted, the antagonism of the two occasionally ripened into actual warfare. But there were also apparently peaceful interspaces, and Lady Suffolk is informed, as an item of extraordinary 'news out of the country,' that for a whole fortnight Lady Bristol has been all civility and kindness. 'I am become first favourite,' writes Lady Hervey. 'It would puzzle a poet to find anything soft, kind, and sweet enough to liken her to it—down, turtle-doves, and honey, are faint images of her disposition.' But this can only have been a 'Martin's summer' of the elder lady's goodwill,

for a letter two years later contains a most sarcastic picture of her infirmities, both physical and mental. Probably, in this *bellum plusquam civile*, there was much—to quote Sir Roger de Coverley—to be said on both sides. Lady Hervey was too clever a woman not to see and accentuate Lady Bristol's weak points, and she had considerable gifts as an observer when her critical powers were excited. On the other hand, Lady Bristol was by no means deficient in ability. She was both witty and vivacious, and her copious letters to her lord during her absences at Bath and at Court (she was a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Caroline), if, as her editor admits, scarcely literary, are at all events fluent and natural. They are extravagant in their expressions of affection, and those of Lord Bristol are equally so. But the pair in many respects were a curious contrast. She was a courtier, he was a country gentleman; he delighted in domesticity and fresh air, she in Bath and the racket of the ill-ventilated Pump Room; she gambled freely; he had forsworn cards. To these peculiarities on the lady's part may be added a passion for dosing herself with rhubarb on the slightest provocation; a temper as sensitive as a barometer, and a gift of tears which equalled

that of Loyola. Yet to the end the letters of this apparently ill-matched husband and wife are those of newly-married persons, and they occupy two quarto volumes.

In May, 1741, Lady Bristol died suddenly 'of a fitt which seized her as she was taking the air in her Sedan in St. James's Parke,'—the Sedan in question being, as her editor suggests, possibly that very specimen which still stands in the entrance hall of No. 6, St. James's Square, a house which Lady Hervey must often have visited during her father-in-law's tenancy of it.[1] With this event Lord Bristol's letters to his 'ever new Delight' naturally ceased, and he does not seem to have lamented his loss with the same 'terrific length and vehemence' of epistolary regret which, in the case of his first wife, had provoked the rebukes of his father. Two years later he suffered a fresh bereavement in the death of Lord Hervey, when Lady Hervey became a widow. Both by his wife and his father Lord Hervey was sincerely mourned. But Lady Hervey refrained from verifying the old saying that short widowhoods follow happy matches, since, although still, to quote her husband's couplet to Lady Mary,—

[1] It still belongs to the Bristol family, but was re-built in 1819-22.

'—in the noon of life—those golden days
When the mind ripens ere the form decays,'

she never again entered the married state. At Lord Hervey's death, her eldest son George, who was twenty, had become a soldier, not entirely with the approval of his grandfather, who hated standing armies. Lepel, her eldest daughter—'a fine black girl,' Horace Walpole calls her—was already married to Mr. Constantine Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, while her second son Augustus, later one of the two husbands of a later Maid of Honour, Miss Elizabeth Chudleigh, was already a midshipman in the navy. After Augustus came another daughter, Mary, a girl of eighteen, and then two little boys—Frederick, who lived to be Bishop of Derry, and William, a general in the army.[1] These last two were under the charge of a country clergyman, the Rev. Edmund Morris; and it is to Lady Hervey's prolonged correspondence with this gentleman, which extends from September, 1742, to a month or two before her death, that we are mainly indebted for our further knowledge of her life. These letters were published in 1821, with a brief memoir and notes by

[1] There were two other daughters, Emily and Caroline, who died unmarried.

Mr. Croker. Subsequent to Lord Bristol's death, they are dated from different places, but up to that time the majority went out from the Suffolk family seat at Ickworth.

Ickworth, or Ickworth Hall, where Lord Hervey died, was not the ancestral home of the Herveys, which, from various reasons, had been allowed to fall into decay. It was a farmhouse in the vicinity, to which in April, 1702, Lord Bristol (then plain John Hervey) had brought his second wife pending the construction of a better building. But the arrival of a large second family made architectural improvements impossible, and the gradually transformed and extended farmhouse became the 'sweet Ickworth' to which Lady Hervey's father-in-law refers so often in his Diary. From the copy of an old oil-painting prefixed to the volume containing this record, it seems to have been a straggling and battlemented building, standing in a well-wooded park, and having that profusion of chimneys which is popularly supposed to indicate hospitality and good housekeeping. To the left, facing the spectator, is a garden with a sundial, perhaps the very inclosure which Lady Hervey describes to Mr. Morris as containing such a show of flowers and sweet shrubs, and to which her care had attracted

so numerous a colony of birds. Here also she no doubt planted the rosery mentioned in another letter, which included 'all the sorts of roses there are'—apparently, in 1747, a collection of no more than fifty. Her life at Ickworth must have been a thoroughly peaceful one, and, when she was not occupied in her correspondence with her friends and children, absorbed almost wholly by reading, gardening, riding, or nursing Lord Bristol, whose infirmities (he was now over seventy) had greatly increased with age. Such glimpses as we get of him exhibit a most affectionate and polite old gentleman, much attached to his home and his family, but sadly preoccupied with dismal forebodings as to the inevitable collapse of the kingdom. Lady Hervey, who frequently acted as his amanuensis, was evidently very fond of him, but her distaste for these wearisome jeremiads, 'which she sometimes hisses, and sometimes parodies,' peeps out repeatedly in her letters. 'When I remind Lord Bristol how long it is since he bespoke my tears for my *ruined country*, he shakes his head and says, "Ay, madam! but it is nearer and nearer, and must happen at last," therefore, according to his method, one should begin to weep for one's children as soon as they are born; for they must die at last, and

every day brings them nearer to it. Let his lordship be a disciple of Heraclitus if he will; I prefer Democritus, and should be glad to have you of the same sect. *Ride si sapis!*'

Speaking in his 'Verses on his Own Death' of Woolston's works, Swift says:

> 'Those Maids of Honour who can read,
> Are taught to use them for their creed.'

Here is a quondam Maid of Honour who could not only read, but quote the ancients at large. Lady Hervey (as Lord Chesterfield affirmed) 'understood Latin perfectly well,' and her letters to Mr. Morris are freely sprinkled with citations from Horace and Tully (which Mr. Croker obligingly translates). Often they are exceedingly appropriate, as when presently she applies to Lord Bristol the *Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est* of Seneca. In the lines that precede she defines her own placid philosophy. 'I cannot,' she says, speaking of politics, 'like some people, pass the whole day in sighing, fretting, or scolding about them: I have but a little more time in this world, and I choose rather to follow Anacreon's advice, and—

> 'Of a short life the best to make
> And manage wisely the last stake.'

The same feeling comes out in her first letter, *à propos* of Young's then recently published 'Night Thoughts.' They are excellent, no doubt, but she does not intend to read them again. 'I do not like to look on the dark side of life, and shall always be thankful to those who turn the bright side of that lantern to me.' It was a similar attitude of mind which predisposed her towards France and things French, where she found that perpetual sunlight and good humour which constituted her fitting environment. 'Here,' she says, later, of Paris, 'are *coteries* to suit one in every humour (except a melancholy one)'; and in the same letter she praises a theological discussion as having been conducted with warmth enough for spirit, and not heat enough for ill-temper. In her own religious opinions she evidently inclined to the *esprits forts*, and she had naturally been somewhat influenced by the opinions of Lord Hervey and the free-thinking writers in vogue at the Court of the Princess of Wales. Mr. Croker sighs a little over her unorthodox but intelligible partiality for Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose 'Life of Cicero' had not only been dedicated to her husband, but even purged by his editorial pen from many of those 'low words and collegiate phrases,' of which, with Lord Chester-

field, Lady Hervey had a horror.[1] But her good sense and her good taste alike recoiled from the senseless political parodies of the liturgy which were current *circa* 1743, and which even Walpole so far forgot himself as to imitate in his 'Lessons for the day.'

Sound sense and an eminently practical intelligence are conspicuous features of these epistles, and not alone in their comments upon the retention of the Hanoverian troops, and upon the other political complications which wrung the withers of Lord Bristol. In that earthquake mania of 1750, which Mr. Croker describes as 'unusually rabid and contagious,' Lady Hervey seems to have kept her head, as she also did in that other minor madness which agitated so many people four years later—the case of Elizabeth Canning. She regarded it, and rightly, 'as, on her [Canning's] part, one of the silliest, worse formed, improbable stories she ever met'—which is very much the modern verdict. In her literary leaning there is the same bias to the concrete and the tangible. Unlike the friend of her youth, Lady Mary, she wholly eschewed the old romances of

[1] Middleton practically confirms this by saying, in his Dedication, that the book owes its 'correctness to Your [Lord Hervey's] pencil.'

Scudéry and the rest, and even swelled her 'Index Expurgatorius' by classing with them political Utopias like the 'Oceana' of Harrington. Of 'Tristram Shandy,' in common with Goldsmith, Walpole, and other of her contemporaries, she could make nothing. To her it seemed but a 'tiresome unsuccessful attempt at humour,' only relieved by the excellent sermon of Mr. Yorick, which read like the effort of another author.[1] On the other hand she studies attentively such works as Swift's 'Battle of the Books,' Brown's 'Estimate,' Berkeley's 'Tar Water,' Rousseau's 'Emile,' Bolingbroke's 'Letters on History,' Montesquieu, Davila, and the Cardinal de Retz—the last of whom she calls her favourite author (she had read him six or seven times), devoting, indeed, more attention to commentaries on his Memoirs than her editor thinks desirable, since there are large excisions at this stage of her correspondence. It is *à propos* of one of the Cardinal's heroes, the Prince of Condé, that she digresses into the following excursus on good temper and good nature, which is a fair

[1] Home was more fortunate with her, for according to Lord Haddington (as reported by Scott), she wept like an infant over the manuscript of 'Douglas' ('Quarterly Review,' xxxvi. 204).

specimen of her style in this way. 'As I take it' (she says), 'good nature is a quality of the soul, good temper of the body: the one always feels for everybody, the other frequently feels for nobody. Good tempers are often soured by illness or disappointments, good nature can be altered by neither: one would choose the one in a companion, the other in a friend. I judge good nature to be the effect of tenderness, and good temper to be the consequence of ease and cheerfulness: the first exerts itself in acts of compassion and beneficence, the other shows itself in equality of humour and compliance.'

In Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, a long paragraph is devoted to Lady Hervey, to whom he gives young Stanhope an introduction. The time of writing is October 22, 1750, at which date she was in Paris, where indeed she seems to have resided until the close of the following year. His lordship's admiration of his old friend is unbounded. 'She has been bred all her life at courts,' he says; 'of which she has acquired all the easy good-breeding, and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have; and more than any woman need have; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it.' [Lord

Chesterfield had obviously not seen her correspondence with Mr. Morris, where it is rather *en évidence.*] 'No woman' (he goes on) 'ever had more than she has, *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les maniéres engageantes, et le je ne sçais quoi qui plait,*' and he bids his awkward offspring consult her in everything pertaining to good manners. 'In such a case she will not put you out of countenance, by telling you of it in company; but either intimate it by some sign, or wait for an opportunity when you are alone together.' She will not only introduce him, says his lordship, but ('if one may use so low a word') she will *puff* him, as she lives in the *beau monde.* Of this last, unhappily, her letters to Mr. Morris of Nutshalling afford few traces. But she was evidently acquainted with many of the personages who figure in Walpole's later letters from the French capital. Her chief friend was Mademoiselle de Charolais, a witty, verse-making princess of the blood, sister of that homicidal maniac who was wont to divert himself by firing upon the helpless Parisians from the roof of his palace.[1] With 'Mademoiselle,' who was some years older than herself, she lived much; and she also went frequently to the Prince de

[1] See Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' Letter xxxviii.

Conti's *château* at L'Isle Adam on the Oise—a delightful country-seat of which, thirty years ago, nothing remained but a terrace walk shaded by ancient trees. Another intimate was that Duchess d'Aiguillon whose singular fancy led her to translate and recite the 'Eloisa to Abelard' of Pope and the 'Solomon' of Prior.[1] In the summer of 1751 Lady Hervey was ill, and, like Walpole, testifies to the extreme kindness and solicitude of her French friends, who overpowered her with delicate attentions in the shape of light quilts, couches, easy-chairs, 'little chickens, out of the country,' and 'new-laid eggs, warm from the hen,' all of which things naturally heighten her 'reluctance to quit this delightful place [Paris], and most agreeable people.' But the only approach to a portrait which she draws for her correspondent is the following pen-sketch of the now venerable Cydias of La Bruyère—the author of the 'Pluralité des Mondes.' 'I dine sometimes' (she says) 'with a set of *beaux esprits*, among which old Fontenelle presides. He has no mark of age but wrinkles, and a degree of deafness: but when, by sitting near him, you make him hear you, he

[1] Madame de Boufflers was another Anglomaniac, who composed a prose tragedy upon a paper in the 'Spectator.' It was excellent, says Walpole; but it remained unprinted.

never fails to understand you, and always answers with that liveliness, and a sort of prettiness, peculiar to himself. He often repeats and applies his own and other people's poetry very agreeably; but only occasionally as it is proper and applicable to the subject. He has still a great deal of gallantry in his turn and in his discourse. He is ninety-two, and has the cheerfulness, liveliness, and even the taste and appetite of twenty-two.' He was two years older than Lady Hervey thought: but he had still six years to live before, in January, 1757, he experienced that final *difficulté d'être* to which his death-bed words referred.

As far as one can judge from the dates of Lady Hervey's letters, it must have been during her absence in Paris at this period that she lost her father-in-law, who departed this world on January 20, 1751, in his eighty-sixth year. His last communication to her is filled with paternal concern lest an indisposition of which she had spoken should have been promoted by the ill hours and good cookery of Paris; and from the one that immediately preceded it, it seems that premonitions of her impending departure had for the time been distracting him from the misfortunes of his native land, since he refers to France as a 'corrival country' which 'hath now provd to have had that

superior ascendent long apprehended by, Madam, your Ladyships disconsolate, faithfull friend & servant, Bristol.' Some years previous to his death, and partly in anticipation of the severance from her Suffolk home which that event would involve, Lady Hervey had been re-building her London house in St. James's Place, her architect being Henry Flitcroft, the 'Burlington Harry' to whom we owe Hampstead Church and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Her letters contain frequent references to the progress of this enterprise, and to the prolonged familiarity with compasses, rulers, Greystock bricks, cornices, fascias, copings, and so forth, which her minute supervision of the subject entailed. Besides making it comfortable, her object was to render it as countrified as possible, so as to compensate her, as far as might be, for the loss of the bird-haunted lawns and leafy shrubberies of Ickworth; and as its five windows in a row looked uninterruptedly over the Green Park towards Chelsea (not far from the spot where in 1731 her husband had fought his duel with Pulteney), her desire in this respect was doubtless gratified. The house, which stood between Spencer House and that of Sir John Cope (of Preston Pans), is still in existence, though at a later period it was divided into two. At St. James's Place Lady

Hervey resided when she was in town, and here she entertained her particular friends with delightful little dinners, cooked and served *à la Française*, where the guests would be wits like Walpole or Chesterfield, and philosophers like Mr. Hume from Edinburgh (who sends her his account of his quarrel with Rousseau), or M. Helvétius from Paris,[1] whose treatise 'De l'Esprit' is, with Voltaire [2] 'Sur la Tolérance,' among the latest literary novelties which her Ladyship reports to Mr. Morris. Lord March, afterwards 'Old Q,' who was also a favoured visitor at the *Hôtel de Milady*, as he calls it, writes enthusiastically to Selwyn of these charming gatherings. Another of the *habitués* was Pulteney, both before and after the period when, in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, he 'shrunk into insignificancy and an

[1] Hume warned Helvétius that in England men of letters were not made as much of as in France; and Helvétius confirmed this upon his return to Paris (Hume to Blair, 6 April, 1765). But he no doubt made an exception in favour of his amiable hostess at St. James's Place.

[2] Lady Hervey had known Voltaire during his residence in England in 1726-29, and he had even addressed to her some conventional amatory verses. In the 'Histoire de Jenni,' 1775, he makes mention of her, as also of Mead, Cheselden, and Peterborough.

Earldom.' A passage or two from one of Lady Hervey's letters at the period of his death in July, 1764, serve to complete and confirm Lord Chesterfield's by no means flattering portrait of their common friend, whose brilliant social gifts seem never to have blinded even his chosen associates to his essentially selfish and sordid character: 'He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good-humoured man; but I, that have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of anyone when he did not see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see.' . . . He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always, with reason, despised, and a great deal to a man he once liked, but had lately great reason to think ill of. I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining; and whenever I was well enough to go downstairs, and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that; one must take people as they are. . .'

Lord Bath died at eighty-two, and when this letter was written Lady Hervey was sixty-four. She returned to France several times after her first visit, and made excursions into Scotland and its 'frightfully dirty' capital. But in later years, as

hereditary gout grew upon her, her travels became restricted to such distances as would enable a postchaise to bring her home at the first approach of an attack. Her letters to Mr. Morris, whose firm friend and benefactor she continued to the last, extend to a little before her death; but she doubtless wrote many others to her favourite daughter Lepel; to her eldest son, the ambassador; and to his brother, the Augustus Hervey who afterwards became an admiral, which, we suspect, must have been even better reading than many of those to her clerical correspondent. To Mr. Morris, of necessity, she shows only the more serious side of her character, although even her communications to him are sufficient to reveal her as a woman of great intellectual capacity, of very superior attainments, and of a happy and cheerful habit of mind. To those she loved she was uniformly affectionate and sympathetic, and it is not difficult to believe her assertion that she never lost a friend except by death. She herself died in September, 1768. Walpole, who dedicated to her the first three volumes of his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' and to whom she left a small remembrance in her will, thus writes her epitaph to Mann: 'She is a great loss to several persons; her house was one of the most agreeable in London; and

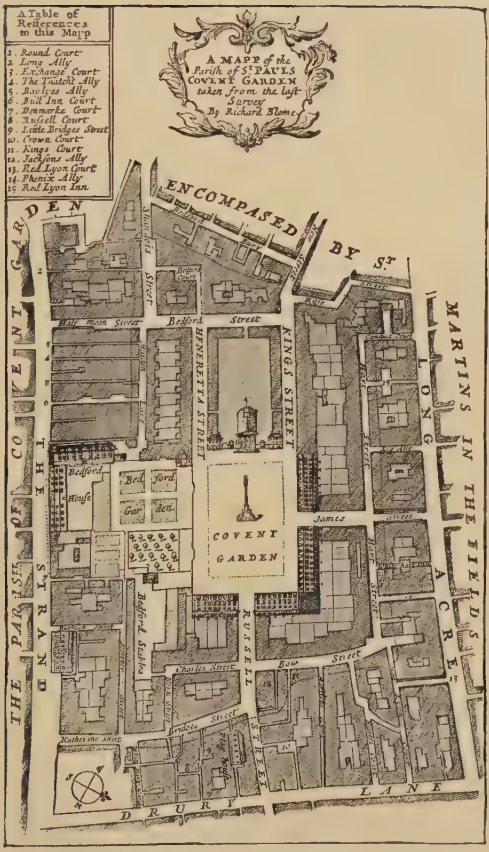
her own friendliness, good breeding, and amiable temper, had attached all that knew her. Her sufferings, with the gout and rheumatism, were terrible, and yet never could affect her patience, or divert her attention to her friends.' There was a miniature of her at Strawberry Hill; but her best likeness in middle life is another portrait by Allan Ramsay (referred to at page 161 of this volume), which also belonged to Walpole, and which Lady Hervey probably gave him in return for his own portrait by the same artist.

THE TOUR OF COVENT GARDEN.

WHO would imagine that the Covent Garden of to-day, with its shady, many-scented arcade,—with its Babel of voices and crush of baskets,—its flowers 'a-growing and a-blowing,' —its curious mingling of town and country—who would now imagine that this had once been an 'Enclosure or Pasture,' 'browsed by deep-udder'd kine,' and where, maybe, the nightingale—

> 'in April suddenly
> Brake from a coppice gemm'd with green and red?'

Yet so it was. Covent Garden or 'Convent Garden,' lying between Long Acre and the Strand, originally formed part of the grounds of the ancient Abbey of Westminster. There is still extant a document, 'writ in choice Italian' (if one may so style law Latin), describing it as '*le Covent Garden* . . . nuper pertinens Monasterio Sancti Petri Westmonasteriensis.' Under Edward the Sixth it was granted by that king to his uncle, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Jane Seymour's brother. At Somerset's attainder it reverted



PARISH OF ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN.

to the Crown; and then, says the meritorious Strype, 'with seven acres called Long Acre,' was re-granted by patent to John, Earl of Bedford. This was in May, 1552. Upon part of the 'terre, et pasture' so acquired, the earl built the old semi-wooden structure known as Bedford House, which looked into the Strand, and the long wall of whose spacious garden at the back corresponded to what is now the south side of the market. Under Francis the fourth Earl about 1631, the square was laid out, and the arcades or piazzas erected.[1] Next came St. Paul's Church; and Russell Street, Bow Street, Charles Street, Henrietta Street, and King Street followed in quick succession. For several years after this the square was little more than a gravelled space, and the market was confined to a 'small grotto' or grove of trees which ran along the before-mentioned wall of Bedford House garden. In the centre of the square stood a tall dial, with four gnomons, and having a gilt ball at the top, a capital representation of which was to be seen at Burlington House, not very long ago, in a picture

[1] All of the houses in these latter, according to the Rate Books, were inhabited by persons of rank. 'Covent-garden (says J. T. Smith) was the first square inhabited by the great' ('Nollekens and his Times,' 1828, i. 221).

ascribed to Joseph Nollekens, father of the sculptor. In 1671, the market rising in importance, Charles II. granted it to William, fifth Earl of Bedford. Then, gradually, as Bedford House was pulled down, and Tavistock Row built, the market people began to creep further into the body of the square; and by the middle of the eighteenth century had begun to be largely supplemented by parasitic bakers, cooks, retailers of Geneva, and other personages—only Arcadian in one sense—who haunted the upper chambers of their sheds and booths, much to the 'injury and prejudice' of the neighbouring householders. The doubtful reputation thus acquired clung long to the locality, and seems to have increased with its prosperity. But in 1830 the present Market House was built, and apart from the disappearance of the eastern piazzas, in the last sixty years the general appearance of the place has little altered, while its character has improved. If, as is not impossible, its present owner should some day sell it, many of its traditional associations may be expected to disappear. Other buildings in the towering modern taste will replace its 'brown old taverns,' and 'fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history,' and the Covent Garden so dear to Addison and Steele, to Smollett

and Fielding, to Dickens and Thackeray, will have vanished as a tale that is told. It is proposed, therefore, while it retains something of its ancient aspect, to make a brief tour of this time-honoured precinct.

The old Church of St. Paul's, the portico of which forms a convenient starting place, still looks much the same as it does in Hogarth's 'Morning,' where the withered prototype of Bridget Allworthy,—

> 'With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
> The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
> And sails with lappet-head and mincing airs
> Duly at clink of bell to morning pray'rs.'

As a matter of fact, however, it is not the same. The 'handsomest barn in England,' which Inigo Jones built about 1631 for Francis Earl of Bedford, was burnt down in September, 1795, by the carelessness of some workmen who were repairing its red-tiled roof; but it was re-erected on the old plan and proportions by Thomas Hardwick. Many persons of distinction lie within its walls or inclosure. Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,'

> ('Of all his gains by verse, he could not save
> Enough to purchase flannel and a grave!')

was buried here at the charges of an admirer,

while Steele's friend, Dick Estcourt, Kynaston, Charles Macklin, Cibber's partner, Robert Wilks, Lely, Grinling Gibbons, Strange the engraver, and 'Peter Pindar' (Dr. Wolcot) are all somewhere in the vicinity. And there are small as well as great. In the church or churchyard lie Charles the First's diminutive favourites, the dwarf Richard Gibson and his wife—that fortunate couple, whose epithalamium was written by Edmund Waller:

> 'Thrice happy is that humble pair,
> Beneath the level of all care!
> Over whose heads those arrows fly
> Of sad distrust, and jealousy:
> Securéd in as high extreme,
> As if the world held none but them.'

Both lived to threescore years and ten, and (say the chroniclers) 'had nine children of a proper size.' In front of St. Paul's the members for Westminster were elected, and here, at the close of the last century, and even well into the present, took place, on these occasions, those fierce and protracted riots of the anti-Reform Bill days which survive in the prints of Gillray and Rowlandson. One of these exhibitions of popular feeling—as may be remembered by the readers of an earlier series of these 'Vignettes'—was

witnessed in 1782 by Parson Charles Moritz of Berlin.[1]

Passing from St. Paul's to the left, we come to King Street. At the corner of this, old plans show the Swan Tavern, perhaps the very hostelry which, in Hogarth's (reversed) print, is distinguished by a pot or jug upon a post. In King Street dwelt Edward Arne, the 'Political Upholsterer' of the 'Tatler,' father of Thomas Augustine Arne the musician, and Mrs. Cibber the tragic actress. At the elder Arne's house, the 'Two Crowns and Cushions,' lodged the Iroquois Indian Kings who came to England in 1710 to assure themselves that the subjects of Her Majesty Queen Anne were not mere vassals of France, a fiction which had been carefully instilled into their 'untutored minds' by the Jesuits. Garrick and Rowe also lived in King Street,—Rowe, indeed, died in it. Just where King Street ends and Covent Garden begins, stands, at right angles to the *façade* of St. Paul's, the National Sporting Club, once known to the amateurs of hot suppers and '*Integer vitæ*' as Evans's Hotel, or Evans's. The old house, one of the most prominent objects in the market, has

[1] See 'A German in England' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 1892, pp. 222-3.

a long and chequered history. Among the earlier residents were Denzill Holles, and Sir Kenelm Digby of the 'Sympathetic Powder,' who, says Aubrey, had here his laboratory. A later tenant was the Lord Bishop of Durham, upon whose episcopal doorstep it seems to have been the pious but embarrassing custom to lay all the foundlings of the parish. Early in the century the house was re-built by Edward Russell, Earl of Orford, the famous admiral who beat the French off Cape La Hogue. To his seafaring repute it must be attributed that the *façade* was long held to represent the stern of a vessel, to which indeed it bears a rudimentary resemblance. This, however, as the late Sir George Scharf pointed out, is simply a feature it has in common with many Dutch houses, some of which probably served for its model. Lord Russell died in 1727, and the house passed to Lord Archer of Umberslade, who had married Russell's grand-niece, Catherine Tipping. Towards the middle of the last century, Lady Archer's stately figure was well known in the market, and may be discovered in more than one contemporary picture. To the Archers succeeded James West, M.P., President of the Royal Society, and a notable bibliographer, who here accumulated the library so vaunted by the Lisardos

VIEW OF COVENT GARDEN FROM RUSSELL STREET.

and Lysanders of Dibdin for its wealth of Caxtons, Pynsons, and Wynkyn de Wordes. Subsequently, the house was opened by one David Lowe, formerly a hairdresser, as a 'family hotel,' the first of its kind in London, and an hotel it continued to be until its present transformation into a club. Next door to Lord Orford once lived William Hunter, John Hunter's elder brother, the 'great surgeon and anatomist of Covent-garden,' whom Fielding sent for on his last journey to Lisbon. Hunter's house was afterwards known as Richardson's Hotel, the proprietor of which, besides being celebrated for his excellent wine, was also, says the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'a diligent collector of everything relative to the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden.' But we are already in the Piazzas.

The Piazzas formerly extended from Lord Orford's house along the northern and eastern sides of the Market as far as Bedford house garden,—the northern side being known as the Great, the eastern as the Little Piazza. The Great Piazza still exists, and that portion of the Little Piazza which lay to the north of the present Russell Street existed until very recently.[1]

[1] It was removed in 1889 in order to enlarge the market.

The portion south of Russell Street, however, disappeared as far back as 1769, when it was burned down. 'Yesterday morning about five o'clock,' says the 'London Chronicle' for March 18-21, 'a fire broke out at Mr. Bradley's shop and distil-house, the corner of the Piazza in Great Russel-Street,[1] Covent Garden, which in a short time, there being no water, consumed the following houses, viz., Mr. Bradley's large shop and distil-house, where it began; the apartment of Mr. Vincent, musician, over it; Mr. Bradley's dwelling house in Russell-street; Mr. Hall's, cheesemonger, in the same street; Mr. Lovejoy's Bagnio; Mr. Rigg's Hummum; Mr. Carrol's, Peruke Maker, another of the same business; and great part of the Bedford Arms Tavern [this, it may be observed in parenthesis, must have been the joyous hostelry from which Hogarth and his friends set out on their 'Five Days' Peregrination'],[1] all under the Piazza. The whole front of the said Piazza fell down about eight o'clock, with the most terrible concussion. The flames

[1] Russell Street was then divided into Great and Little Russell Streets—the former extending from Covent Garden to Brydges Street; the latter, from Brydges Street to Drury Lane.

[2] See *ante*, p. 136.

were so rapid, that several of the Inhabitants lost most of their effects. A party of Guards was sent from the Savoy to prevent the sufferers from being plundered.' The Piazza at this point was never restored; but 'Mr. Rigg's Hummum' (Hummums) was rebuilt as an hotel. It was at the old Hummums that Johnson's relative, Parson Cornelius Ford, the 'fortem validumque combibonem, Laetantem super amphora repleta,' of Vincent Bourne and the 'Midnight Modern Conversation,' ended his dissolute life; and here his ghost is said to have appeared, appropriately haunting the cellar. Johnson himself told the story to Boswell. 'Sir,' said he, 'it was believed. A waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again he met him a second time. When he came up, he asked some of the people of the house what Ford could be doing there. They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some women from Ford; but he was not to tell what, or to whom. He walked out; he was followed; but somewhere

about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered the message, and the women exclaimed, "Then we are all undone." Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and he said the evidence was irresistible.'

But the Hummums are in the eastern corner of Covent Garden, and we have not yet gone further than Richardson's Hotel. Between this and James Street, where once, in the brave days when the 'best red port' was five shillings a gallon, stood the famous 'Bumper Tavern' advertised in the 'Spectator' (Nos. 260 and 261), there seems to have been no resident of note, unless, indeed it be Lady Muskerry, the dancing 'Princess of Babylon' who figures (not very worshipfully) in Grammont's 'Memoirs,' and, says Cunningham, lived 'in the north-west angle, corner of James Street.' In James Street itself once dwelt Sir Humphry Davy and Grignion the Engraver. If, however, the 'north-west angle of the Piazza' has but a few memories, the north-east angle is crowded with them. The second house eastward from James Street was Sir James Thornhill's, where, from 1724 to 1734, he held his academy for drawing, and whence, in all probability, his handsome daughter Jane ran off with William

Hogarth.[1] Somewhere hard by, at an earlier date, lived the wit Tom Killigrew, in a house afterwards occupied by Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford. Near this again were the famous sale rooms of Cock, whom Fielding introduced into the 'Historical Register' as 'Mr. Auctioneer Hen'; and here, between 1745 and 1750, the 'Marriage à la Mode' was exhibited *gratis* to an ungrateful world. In the front apartments of Cock's, and in convenient proximity to a favourite house of call, the 'Constitution' in Bedford Street, lodged Richard Wilson. Zoffany seems also to have resided in this house, afterwards Messrs. Langford's, and later George Robins's; and here he painted the picture of Foote as 'Major Sturgeon' in 'The Mayor of Garratt' which Boydell's engraving has made familiar. Here, too, according to 'Rainy Day Smith,' the second Beef Steak Society held its meetings, when it migrated from its eyrie at the top of Covent Garden Theatre. Another house of which it is difficult to fix the precise position, must also have been in

[1] According to George Vertue's notes in the British Museum, Hogarth himself lived in this house while the plates of the 'Harlot's Progress'—the paintings of which had reconciled Sir James to the marriage—were being engraved.

the immediate neighbourhood. This was the tavern which Macklin, the actor, opened in March, 1754, and which, with the nondescript 'Grand Inquisition' in Hart Street 'on Eloquence and the Drama,' brought him in brief space to the brink of ruin. In the advertisements Macklin's ordinary is stated to have been in the Grand Piazza and the author of his life says it was 'next door to the playhouse' (*i.e.* the Piazza entrance to Covent Garden). While it continued, it must have been a good speculation for everyone but Macklin. The price was three shillings, which included port, claret, or whatever liquor the guest preferred. The proceedings were of the most impressive character. Ten minutes after the hour fixed—which was four o'clock—the doors were shut punctually. Then Macklin, in full dress, himself brought in the first dish, with a napkin slung across his left arm. Placing it on the table, 'he made a low bow, and retired a few paces back towards the side-board, which was laid out in very superb style. . . . Two of his principal waiters stood beside him, and one, two, or three more, as occasion required. . . . Thus was dinner entirely served up, and attended to, on the side of the house, all in dumb show. When dinner was over, and the bottles and glasses all laid upon the

table, Macklin, quitting his former situation, walked gravely up to the front of the table, and hoped 'that all things were found agreeable'; after which he passed the bell-rope round the back of the chair of the person who happened to sit at the head of the table, and making a low bow at the door, retired. . . . The company generally consisted of wits, authors, players, Templars, and lounging men of the town.' Excellent, however, as was the entertainment at this 'temple of luxury' as Fielding called it, it could not last. State ordinaries at four, lectures in Hart Street afterwards, and suppers into the small hours, were too much even for the energies of the eccentric projector. Moreover, he was robbed right and left by his servants; and in January, 1775, Charles Macklin, of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, figured in the 'London Gazette.' He paid twenty shillings in the pound; but he was poorer by some thousands for his nine months' experience as 'Vintner, Coffeeman, and Chapman.'

In the angle of the Great and Little Piazza, with Rich's old theatre at its back, stood the Shakespeare Tavern, whose sign was painted by Clarkson, the artist of the picture of Henry VII. in Merchant Taylors' Hall. Next door to the Shakespeare was the Bedford Coffee House (not

to be confused with the already mentioned Bedford Arms), long used by Quin, Murphy, Garrick, Foote, and others. 'This coffee-house,' says the 'Connoisseur,' in 1754, 'is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost everyone you meet is a polite scholar and a wit.' Later it was the home of the Beef Steak Society, whose laureate in the Sheridan era was Captain Charles Morris of the 'Life Guards' and the musical 'Toper's Apology'— a *chanson à boire* that might have delighted the heart of Golias himself:

> 'Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
> And many a lass grown old;
> And as the lesson strikes my head,
> My weary heart grows cold.
> But wine, awhile, drives off despair,
> Nay, bids a hope remain—
> And that I think's a reason fair
> To fill my glass again.'

Rich's house came next to the Bedford. It must have been in the Little Piazza, too, that lived Sir Godfrey Kneller, whose garden ran back as far as Dr. Radcliffe's house in Bow Street, and gave rise to an oft-told anecdote. 'As there was great intimacy between him (Kneller) and the physician' (says Walpole) 'he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Ratcliffe's

servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door. Ratcliffe replied peevishly, 'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it!' 'And I,' answered Sir Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but physic.' It was Radcliffe whose conversational powers occasioned Prior's verses—'The Remedy worse than the Disease':

'I sent for Radcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

'But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my physician.'

The author of 'Alma,' however, was not the man to spare his friend and spoil his epigram; and it is probable that he was as unjust as he was ungrateful to 'his physician,' who has the reputation of being a brilliant rather than a tedious talker.

Russell Street, which turns out of the end of Covent Garden, now extends as far as Drury Lane, passing Drury Lane Theatre. It would carry us beyond the limits of this paper to give any detailed account of its many illustrious residents. But in the short portion of it which lies between Covent Garden and Bow Street, were no

less than three of those famous old coffee-houses of the Augustan and Georgian eras, the names of which can never be disassociated from the market. At No. 17, on the left, two doors from the vanished Piazza, was Tom's (not to be confounded with Tom's in the Strand or Tom's in Cornhill). 'Here,' says Defoe in 1722, 'you will see blue and green ribbons and Stars sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home.' Tom's survived until 1814. In the latter part of the eighteenth century it was frequented by Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Philip Francis, and a host of notabilities, literary and otherwise. From a water-colour by Shepherd in the British Museum dated 1857, it was then a tea and colonial warehouse, occupied by one Allen. Nearly opposite Tom's was Button's, established in 1713. Daniel Button, the first proprietor, was an old servant of Addison, who, with his 'little senate'—Carey, Philips, Budgell, Tickell, and the rest—patronized the house. It was at Button's that Philips hung up the legendary rod that was to chastize Pope for his perfidies in the 'Guardian,' and it was here, too, that as a post-office to the same paper, was erected the lion's head letter-box upon the Venetian pattern which is still preserved at Woburn

Abbey. When Button's was taken down, this grotesque relic was transferred to the Shakespeare Head Tavern; thence it passed to the Bedford Coffee-house, where it was used for the 'Inspector' of Fielding's rival, Dr. Hill. Finally it came into the hands of Mr. Charles Richardson above mentioned, whose son sold it to its present possessor, the Duke of Bedford. Higher up Russell Street, on the same side as Tom's, and at the north corner of Bow Street, was 'Will's,' an older house than either of the other two. 'Will's,' so called from its first proprietor, William Urwin, dated from the Restoration, and is mentioned by Pepys. Its centre of attraction was Dryden, who visited it regularly until his death. In winter his seat was by the fire; in summer his chair was moved to the balcony. Cibber could recall him there 'a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes'; and it is supposed that when Pope saw him in his last years it must have been at 'Will's.' '*Virgilium vidi tantum*,' Pope said to Wycherley, but he nevertheless remembered that the author of the 'Fables' was 'plump, of a fresh colour, with a down look and not very conversable.' He was, however, not unwilling to talk about himself, if we may trust an anecdote in Spence. 'The second time that ever I was there' [*i.e.* at 'Will's'], says

Dean Lockier, 'Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. "If anything of mine is good," says he, "'tis Mac-Fleckno; and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in Heroics." On hearing this I plucked up my spirit so far as to say in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, that "Mac-Fleckno was a very fine poem; but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way." On this Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long I had been a dealer in poetry; and added with a smile, "Pray, Sir, what is that you *did* imagine to have been writ so before?" I named Boileau's "Lutrin," and Tassoni's "Secchia Rapita," which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. "'Tis true," said Dryden, "I had forgot them." A little after Dryden went out; and in going, spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly: and was well acquainted with him after, as long as he lived.'

At No. 20, Russell Street, once lodged Lamb, commanding from his windows, to his intense

satisfaction, both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, while Davies, the bookseller and quondam actor, whose 'very pretty wife' survives in a couplet of Churchill, had his shop on the south side, No. 8, opposite 'Tom's.' It was in Davies' back parlour that Boswell was first introduced to Johnson, and it was here, also, that the 'great Cham of Literature' might have been heard inquiring the price of a thick stick (such as we learn from old sketches were sold in the neighbouring Piazza) in order to protect himself against the insolence of Foote. Here, too, came the arrogant Warburton (in a coach 'sprinkled with mitres'), and Goldsmith and Reynolds, and Beauclerk and Bennet Langton. But we must turn once more into Covent Garden.

The 'Hummums' has already been described; and about that portion of the south-eastern side once occupied by the extension of the Piazza burned down in 1769 there is little to say. At the extreme end of it, where Tavistock Row began, stood that highly popular puppet-show of the younger Powell, to which—witness the under-sexton's letter in No. 14 of the 'Spectator'—the public used to flock whenever the bell of St. Paul's tolled for morning and evening prayers. 'I have placed my Son at the *Piazzas*,' writes

the worthy man, 'to acquaint the Ladies that the Bell rings for Church, and that it stands on the other side of the *Garden;* but they only laugh at the Child.' Powell's show went by the name of 'Punch's Theatre,' and seems to have included set pieces such as 'Whittington and his Cat' and the 'History of Susanna; or, Innocence betrayed' (with a 'Pair of new Elders'). At the same house was exhibited another popular show—Mr. Penkethman's 'Pantheon: or, the Temple of the Heathen Gods,' where, as per advertisement, 'the Figures, which are above 100, move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fingers so exactly to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another, like living Creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age.'

Tavistock Row, mentioned above, ran halfway along the southern side of the market, where of yore went the old garden wall of Bedford House. At No. 4 lived Lord Sandwich's mistress, the unfortunate Miss Martha Reay, whom, under the influence of ungovernable jealousy, the Rev. James Hackman shot in the Piazza as she was quitting Covent Garden Theatre.[1] In the same house

[1] This tragically terminated story, told originally in Sir Herbert Croft's 'Love and Madness,' 1780, has recently been cleverly rearranged by Mr. Gilbert Burgess in an

died Macklin. But Tavistock Row seems to have been most patronized by artists. Vandervelde the younger, the miniaturist and enameller Zincke, Nathaniel Dance, and Thomas Major the engraver, all had abodes in this little range of houses.

In front of Tavistock Row, according to J. T Smith, stood a shed or building, which, apparently by artistic license, Hogarth, in his print of 'Morning,' has placed under the portico of St. Paul's. This was the coffee-house, 'well-known,' says Henry Fielding, 'to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown, which went by the name of 'King's' or 'Tom King's.' Fielding refers to it more than once (in 'Pasquin' his 'comic poet' is arrested as he is leaving this questionable resort); and it frequently occurs in eighteenth-century literature. King, its first proprietor, had been an Eton boy, but he is not enrolled among Sir Edward Creasy's 'Eminent Etonians.' At his death his dutiful widow continued the business, ultimately retiring, after an ill-spent life, to Haverstock Hill, where, facing Steele's cottage, she built three substantial houses, long known as 'Moll King's Row.' Mr. Edward Draper, of Vincent Square, Westminster, has a picture of

attractive volume entitled 'The Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R., 1775-1779' (Heinemann, 1895).

her, attributed to Hogarth, in which she is represented as a bold, gipsy-looking woman, with a cat in her lap. Southampton Street, with its recollections of Garrick and Nance Oldfield, and Henrietta Street, sacred to Kitty Clive, need not long detain us. In Henrietta Street lived Nathaniel Hone the painter, extracts from whose interesting diary for 1752-3 were published some years since in the 'Antiquary,' and the engravers Strange and McArdell; while it was in the Castle Tavern that Richard Brinsley Sheridan fought the memorable duel with Captain Mathews (afterwards so discreditably repeated at Bath) for his beautiful 'St. Cecilia,' Miss Linley. A few steps bring us once more to the portico of St. Paul's, and the Tour of Covent Garden is at an end.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, p. 17.—AT THE DOOR OF VOLTAIRE. Voltaire, referring to what he calls the "buffooneries" in Shakespeare's "monstrous Farces," says—"You know that in HAMLET *Prince of* Denmark, two Grave-Diggers make a Grave, and are all the Time drinking, singing Ballads, and making humourous Reflexions, (natural indeed enough to Persons of their Profession) on the several Skulls they throw up with their Spades;" and then he goes on to say that Otway has imitated Shakespeare in *Venice Preserv'd* (*Letters concerning the English Nation*, by Mr. de Voltaire, 1733, p. 168).

NOTE 2, p. 28.—THE LATTER BY FAR THE FINER OF THE TWO. Dance's portrait of Richard the Third "is (says John Taylor) the best and most spirited representation of that unrivalled actor that ever appeared, though all the most distinguished artists of the time employed themselves on the same admirable subject" (*Records of My Life*, 1832, i, 46). It was effectively engraved by John Dixon. Nathaniel Dance (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland), who painted it in 1771, was the fervent admirer of Angelica Kauffmann. He behaved rather ill to Garrick about this particular portrait. Having agreed to sell it to the actor for a certain sum, he sold it for more to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. It contains "an egregious anachronism." Richard wears the Star of the Garter, which was then non-existent in history. But Scott makes a similar mistake in vol. i, ch. vii of *Kenilworth* (Smith's *Nollekens and his Times*, 1828, i, 161).

Note 3, p. 70.—A picture by "M. Raynolds." This was engraved in mezzotint in 1766 by Edward Fisher, being one of his best efforts.

Note 4, p. 80.—Skulls found in the bed of the Thames. Newman mentions this in his parody of anti-Roman rhetoric. "An intelligent Frenchman, M. Pellet, who visited London in 1815, deposes that he saw a number of sculls on each side of the river Thames, *and he was told they were found especially thick at the landing-places among the watermen*" [the italics are mine] (*Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, 1851, p. 34).

Note 5, p. 88.—The "Adventures of Mr. Loveill." This (1750) was by Fielding's adversary on the *Covent Garden Journal*, Dr., or Sir John Hill, of the "Inspector" essays in the *London Daily Advertiser*. Another of his books was *The Adventures of Lady Frail*, 1751, a variation on that story of Frances Anne, Viscountess Vane, which Smollett had persuaded himself to include in *Peregrine Pickle*.

Note 6, p. 90.—The cryptic "Widow of the Wood." This, which owed an unmerited vogue to the offence it gave to certain county families, was by Benjamin Victor, the theatrical manager. It appeared in 1755; and strenuous efforts were made to suppress it by those concerned.

Note 7, p. 91.—"Jerry Buck" . . . "Lucy Wellers." The former of these was by John Slade; the latter was written by the author of *The Brothers*, and of *The Stage-Coach* mentioned at p. 89.

Note 8, p. 108.—In spite of his teeth; *i.e.*, "of his unwillingness, or opposition." Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, Sc. 5,—"in despite of the teeth

of all rhyme and reason." Swift uses the expression in the *Journal to Stella*, Aitken's ed., 1901, p. 406 (Feb. 19, 1712).

NOTE 9, p. 136.—THE "DARK HOUSE." Apparently this was the starting-point for the Gravesend tilt-boats. In *Low Life* [1752], p. 2, "*Dark-House Lane* near *Billingsgate*" is said to be in an uproar between twelve and one in the morning with Sailors' Wives, City Apprentices, and others "waiting for High Water, in order to go in the Tilt-Boat to *Gravesend*."

NOTE 10, p. 138.—TO RELATE A DREAM. In Gostling's version (Nichols's *Biographical Anecdotes of William Hogarth*, 1782, p. 404, this is rhymed as follows:

> While he these insults was deploring,
> *Hogarth*, like Premier, fell to snoring,
> But waking cry'd, "I dream'd"—and then
> Fell fast asleep, and snor'd again.

NOTE 11, p. 139.—PROCTORS. In the first edition of 1896, I erroneously described these as "itinerant priests." This brought me a courteous letter from the present Archdeacon of Rochester (Dr. S. Cheetham), who wrote: "There is in fact not the smallest reason to believe that these 'proctors' were priests. Proctors were men appointed by lepers and other bed-ridden persons to beg on their behalf (1 Edw. VI, c. 3, sec. 19), and such proctors were exempted from the penalties of 3 and 4 Edw. VI, c. 16. A man once provided with letters of procuration, or "proxy," from a hospital—for which no doubt he paid—became a licensed vagabond and beggar, and was no doubt often not distinguishable from a rogue. There are several allusions to them in sixteenth-century litera-

ture. See (e.g.) Utterson's *Early Popular Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 28. The whole matter is well explained in *Archæologia*, vol. 18, p. 9, by F. Cohen [Sir F. Palgrave]."

Note 12, p. 165.—In the University of Leyden. There is much uncertainty as to the exact date and duration of Fielding's residence in Leyden. In Peacock's *Index to English-speaking students who have graduated at Leyden University*, 1883, p. 35, his name occurs under date of 16 March, 1728. This is confirmed by a "Scotchman in Holland" [James Hannay ?] (*Cornhill Magazine*, 1863, viii, 553) who gives the record in the University *Album* under 1728 as "Henricus Fielding, Anglus, Ann. 20. Stud. Lit.," when he was living at the "Hotel of Antwerp." In the *Modern Language Review* for 1906, p. 327, Mr. A. E. H. Swaen repeats this with greater particularity. On p. 915 of the *Album studiosorum Academiae Lugduno Batavae* occurs the following entry: "Febr. 16, 1728: Rectore Johanne Wesselio, Henricus Fielding, Anglus, 20, L." Arthur Murphy, Fielding's first biographer, says he "studied the civilians." He may have done so; but it is clear from the above that he also studied the classics. Meanwhile his first play, *Love in Several Masques*, was certainly produced at Drury Lane in February, 1728.

Note 13, p. 167n.—The Rev. Whitwell Elwin. This excellent paper is now included in the volumes entitled *Some XVIII Century Men of Letters*, 1902, published since Mr. Elwin's death.

Note 14, p. 179.—Mr. H[ickey]. This was *Joseph* (not "Tom," as he is usually called) Hickey, the legal adviser of Burke and Reynolds.

Note 15, p. 205.—For whom he had always been

A LOVER. "To and at this moment," he said to Fanny Burney in July, 1783, "there is no sight so pleasing to me as seeing Mrs. Cambridge enter a room; and that after having been married to her for forty years" (*Diary*, etc., *of Mme. D'Arblay*, 1904, ii, 220).

NOTE 16, p. 239.—THE MONUMENTS OF MY MASTER'S ACTIONS. John Taylor compares with this the reply of Mr. Planta of the British Museum to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who praised the superior collections at Paris. "Your Majesty should consider that we have nothing here but what has been honestly bought and paid for" (*Records of My Life*, 1832, ii, 388).

NOTE 17, p. 242.—JOHN MORLEY OF HALSTEAD. There is an interesting account of this prosperous ex-butcher and land-jobber in the *Essex Review* for July and October, 1902 (Nos. 43 and 44), based upon material supplied by the Rev. T. G. Gibbons. Morley grew distinguished enough to be painted (in 1716) by Kneller, and mezzotinted by Jean Simon. He died in 1733, aged 77. Through Lord Harley, afterwards second Earl of Oxford, whose manager or agent he was, Morley made acquaintance with Pope, Prior, and Gay.

NOTE 18, p. 275n.—THE PARTY. I borrow the following further illustration from Mr. D. C. Tovey's excellent *Gray's Letters*, 1900, i, p. 124: "I went the following evening to see *the Party* (as Mrs. Foible says)." A note refers the reader to Congreve's *Way of the World*, Act iii, Sc. 5.

NOTE 19, p. 278n.—A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PUCKLE'S TREATISE. This was printed in 1899 for the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., under the title of

Bibliographical Notes on a Collection of Editions of the Book known as "Puckle's Club," with an "Introduction" by the present writer.

Note 20, p. 280.—Oraculous. Johnson certainly speaks in the *Idler* of the changes of the barometer as the "fallacious promises" of the "*oraculous* glasses"; but the word is employed by Bacon in his sixth Essay ("Of Simulation and Dissimulation") in its sense of "ambiguous."

Note 21, p. 296.—As if it were in her native country. Gibbon refers to this. "Nor was I displeased," he says, writing of 1758-60, "at her preference and even affectation of the manners, the language, and the literature of France" (*Autobiographies*, 1896, p. 160).

Note 22, p. 322.—Never lost a friend except by death. Cf. Penn's *Some Fruits of Solitude*, dear to R. L. S., "Chuse a Friend as thou dost a Wife, *till Death seperate you*" (Reprint of 1900, p. 30).

Note 23, p. 329.—The Iroquois Indian Kings. Their "highly respectable names"—which Leigh Hunt not inaptly likens to "a set of yawns and sneezes"—were Sa Ga Yeath Qua Pieth Tow, King of the Maquas; Etow Oh Koam, King of the River Nation; Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row, Emperor of the Six Nations; and Ho Nee Yeath Taw No Row, King of the Generethgarich. There are mezzotint prints of them by Simon after Verelst.

Note 24, p. 335.—Later George Robins's. George Robins died in 1847. But from a notice in the *Daily Advertiser* quoted in Mr. Holden Macmichael's *Charing Cross*, 1906, p. 215, there seem to have been auctioneers of the name under the Great Piazza in Covent Garden as early as March 1, 1742.

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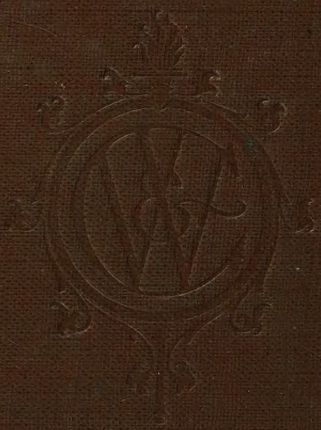
CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.